Collier's

TEN CENTS

APRIL 27, 1946

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BABES IN WALL STREET

BY LESTER VELIE

PAGE 12

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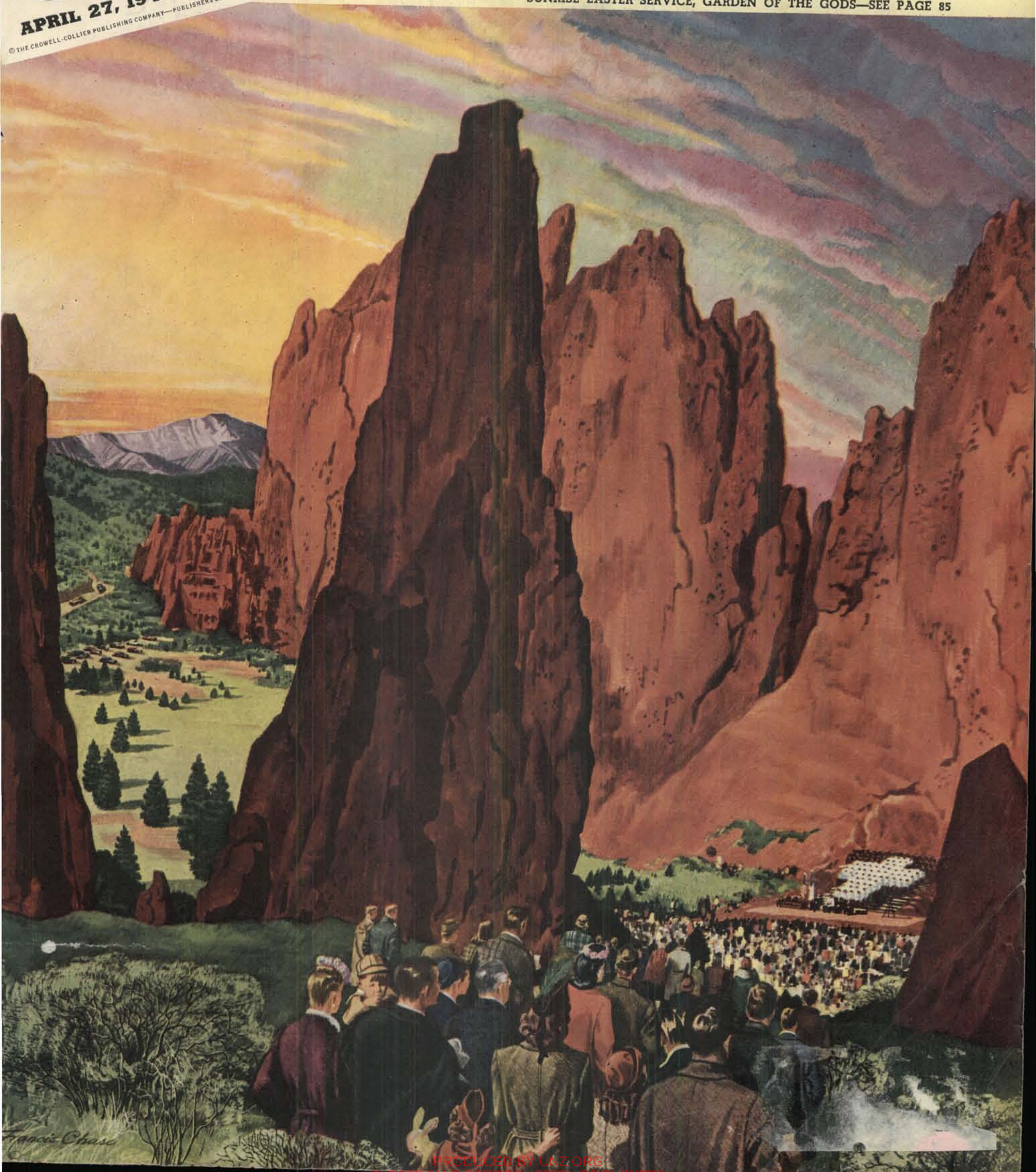
SUNRISE EASTER SERVICE, GARDEN OF THE GODS—SEE PAGE 85



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Getting back into Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes is like getting back to close friends—they're the same fine, confidence-inspiring clothes they've always been. Quality is strictly *right*—style-wise and otherwise!

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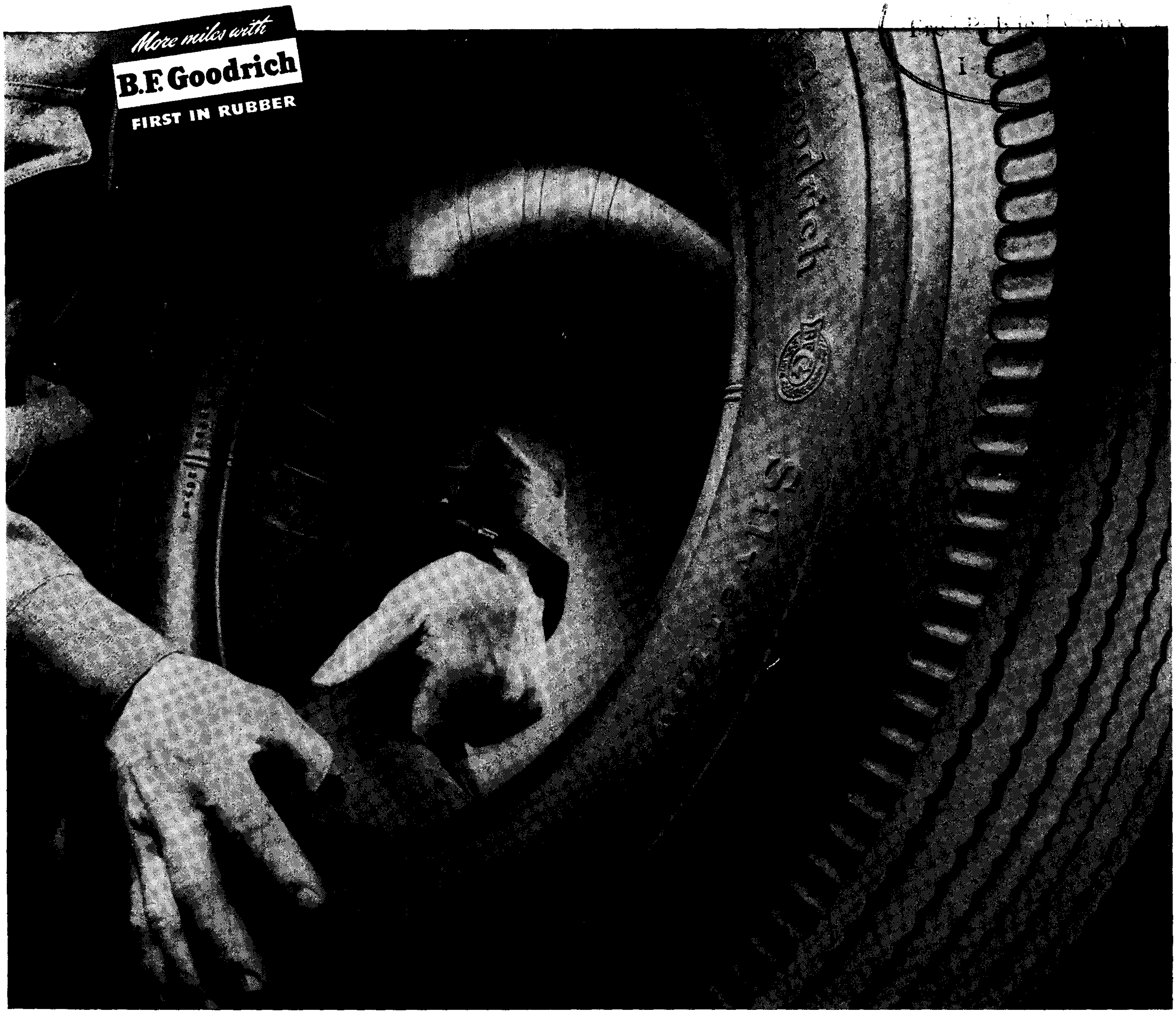

Now . . . a better tube to match the tire that

OUTWEARS PREWAR TIRES

Ask for the new B. F. Goodrich Silvertown tube

If you've ever bought a toy balloon for a child, you've seen it shrink to half its size overnight, even though the stem is sealed tight. The air, or gas, goes right through the rubber. Scientists explain how the molecules work their way out, but the point is that the same thing happens in a smaller degree with all inner tubes.

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Like the B. F. Goodrich tire that outwears prewar tires, this new Silvertown tube has been tested in the laboratory and on the road under the most extreme conditions. It has stood scores of tests more severe than any driver is ever likely to give it.

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April showers bring May flowers, but this April there's a rip-roaring cloudburst of thrills and suspense that brings the Big Three . . . ALAN LADD, VERONICA LAKE and BILL BENDIX . . . in Raymond Chandler's story of murder in full bloom.

"the BLUE DAHLIA"

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So sit tight in your seat, and check your blood pressure at the door, because Director George Marshall has come through with this year's most exciting whodunit. And you can take our word for it . . . "THE BLUE DAHLIA" won't loll ya to sleep!

Paramount Pictures

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FOR APRIL 27, 1946

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this week

FICTION

PAGE

JUNIOR GENIUS By MAX SHULMAN 11
Trifles like the housing shortage were duck soup for Haskell's I.Q.

THE CUB By H. VERNOR DIXON 14
Tommy's problems were psychological—with his plane and with Dotty.

FLASH FLOOD By FRANK O'ROURKE 19
There was a better prize at stake for Joe than ice cream and pop.

JEALOUSY By ZENITH BROWN 22
The Serial Story. Conclusion.

THE WASP'S NEST By MARION FRADIN 26
Kathleen wasn't the type for Kenneth to try his Casanova stuff on.

APRIL SHOWERS By HERBERT GUTTERSON 60
The Short Short Story.

ARTICLES

BABES IN WALL STREET By LESTER VELIE 12
About Joe Plunge, who's looking for easy money in the stock market.

RUMANIAN RHAPSODY By RUTH CARSON 15
Actress Lisette Verea dreams up utterly thrilling dress prints.

BILLION-DOLLAR DAM BUILDER By CAREY LONGMIRE 16
Jack Savage, designer of Grand Coulee, now plans to harness China's mighty Yangtze.

HOW TO ANNOY AN UMPIRE By STANLEY FRANK 18
Squawking at his decisions has more than a nuisance value.

THE SHOW-OFFS By WILLIAM S. ABBOTT 20
Birdland's male beauties stage a spring fiesta of fascination.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF EDDA CIANO By ANDREA NICCOLETTI 23
Conclusion. She used her husband's diary as her trump card in the desperate game of life and death with his enemies.

THE VETS' BEST BET By SUTHERLAND DENLINGER 34
Meet General G. B. Erskine, who is directing their retraining and re-employment program.

DAIREN: SECRET SOVIET BASE By DICK WILSON 63
Where Russian military power seems permanently established.

●

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD By FRELING FOSTER 6

WING TALK By ROBERT N. FARR 8

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW By DAVID O. WOODBURY 76

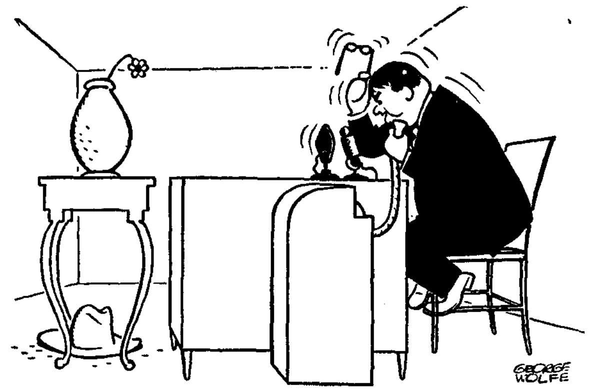
THE WEEK'S WORK By AMY PORTER 85

EDITORIALS: *FCC Rides Again* • *Dig Some More, Please* • *How's Your Veterans' Center?* 86

COVER By *FRANCIS CHASE*

any week

BEFORE we could get to the mail, a fellow came in to tell us that he'd just been to call on Fiorello H. La Guardia, the high-pitched ex-mayor of New York. Mr. La Guardia is now broadcasting at what we'd say was random, for a cheese, a magazine and a newspaper. He is also writing a newspaper column and is, as ever, in a terrible temper about things. But what this fellow wanted to tell us was that Mr. La Guardia's new office where he writes, broadcasts and rages is only somewhat smaller than an auditorium. In the center is a desk in keeping—vast, polished, bare. In front of the desk is a noble table on which there's only a huge vase. And in the vase there is a single little flower. But under the table, on the plushy rug is The Hat—wide, deep, alone. No, our friend said, Mr. La Guardia was not under the hat. He was at his desk, not at all satisfied with the way the world was spinning.



SO NOW, to our mail. Here's one from a veteran who is not wholly satisfied with the way we're running things in these offices. He's not any too specific either. But he's willing to pitch in and help straighten us out. As for his qualifications: "I am an author in my own right, having had a letter written by me to an admirer reprinted in the New York newspaper PM, for which I never got the five bucks. Also I received a couple of slight wounds which gave me a working idea of our military hospital system."

WHEN the war came to the United States, a friend of ours, Mr. Walter G. Stillwell who was prosecuting attorney for Marion County, Missouri, left Hannibal to collect himself a war record, a very handy thing for an aspiring young politician to have. Whereat the Navy assigned him to a Judge Advocate General job—on the drear, cold, vegetationless, nativeless and crimeless Aleutian island of Attu. He tells us that his experience was neither heroic nor hilarious. All sixteen native Aleuts had been killed by the Japs. About the only serious task he had was to tie his boot in the morning and spend the rest of the day, between meals, wishing for a twinge or so of crime, just to keep his hand in. But now he's back in Hannibal, a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Congress, handicapped only by our good wishes. We've just told him, however, that he might be elected and go to Congress and spend two years wishing he was back on crimeless Attu.

A COUPLE of telephone calls. The first came from San Antonio, Texas. "Hello," he said, picking his words a bit too carefully. "I don't want to have no trouble with you." We thanked him saying that if we spent all day at it we could think of no one less eager for trouble than we were. "Did you run a serial by Ernest Haycox?" he demanded. We said we had—several. And *(Continued on page 73)*

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"I worry, every time you pack a bag!"

"Forget it, Mary," Tom Bunton reassured his panicky wife. "You know I never take chances on a crowded highway." But he WAS taking an awful chance. And Mary *couldn't* forget! She knew that over-confident Tom had neglected to get auto insurance . . . that an accident could have terrible consequences. One auto accident had cost her best friends their home and life's savings, and they were careful drivers, too!

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oh-oh, Dry Scalp!
56
51
53

"**. . . THE TRUTH COMES OUT** when a man checks his hat. Goodness, how his hair spoils his appearance. It's so dull and lifeless . . . and full of loose dandruff. Well, that's Dry Scalp for you . . . Maybe I should tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic . . ."

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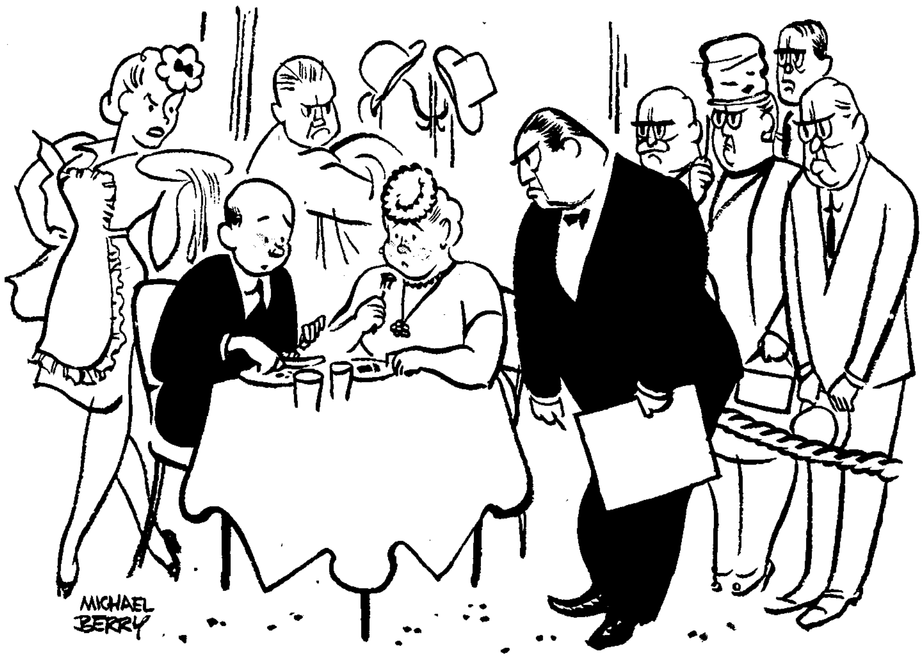

MICHAEL BERRY

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

Although most persons associate an excessively red nose and cheeks with heavy drinking, this disorder, *acne rosacea,* may arise in both sexes from several other causes, one of which is nervous indigestion.

Of the some 25 different games of solitaire played with cards in this country, four have a total of ten names: Corners is also known as The Four Seasons, and Russian Bank as Crapette; while Forty Thieves is also called Big Forty and Napoleon at St. Helena, and Royal Marriage is also called Accordion and Tower of Babel.

The pollenation of plants is affected not only by wind, water, insects, birds and man, but also by mammals such as Javanese bats and Australian honey mice. Incidentally, in different species of plants, the interval between pollenation and fertilization ranges from a few hours to more than a year.

The most sacred object in every synagogue is its Torah, or the part of the Hebrew Bible containing the Law which is read during the service. Enclosed at all other times in a shrine facing the congregation, the Torah is handlettered on a scroll of parchment and rolled between two cylinders whose handles enable it to be used without being touched, which is prohibited. In case the scroll is dropped during the service in an orthodox synagogue all present must fast for 24 hours.

The position of Poet Laureate of England has been refused by three of the 19 men to whom it has been offered: Thomas Gray in 1758, William Mason in 1785, and Sir Walter Scott in 1813.

The Sultanate of Oman on the southeastern coast of Arabia is one of the hottest and most barren and backward countries in the world. Although its area equals that of Kansas and its population that of Cincinnati, Oman has only 30 miles of road, one small hospital, and most of its people live in huts and sleep on the floor. Yet its ruler, Sultan Saiyid Said, receives a salary of $225,000 a year.

The keys on a typewriter with a standard keyboard are so arranged that, even when a trained typist uses eight fingers, 63 per cent of the work is done by three fingers—the first finger of the right hand and the first and second fingers of the left.

The ancient custom of burning effigies of Judas on Easter Saturday is still observed in the villages of several Christian countries.

Melodies played on the famous old carillons of Europe are heard for more than a mile because their bells are suspended from heavy pieces of timber. But many modern American carillons cannot be heard with reasonable fidelity for more than a block or two because their bells are suspended from steel girders connected with the structure's framework, which absorbs and grounds from 60 to 75 per cent of the musical vibrations.—*By Captain Gerald J. Rabe, Staten Island, N. Y.*

Seven major countries combined suffered 77 per cent of the military deaths in the first World War and 90 per cent in the second World War. Yet their losses in each conflict varied tremendously as shown by the following figures, the first being for War I and the second for War II: France 1,358,000—167,000; British Empire 908,000—390,000; Italy 650,000—175,000; United States 126,000—325,000; Russia 1,700,000—3,000,000; Germany 1,774,000—3,250,000 and Japan 300—1,500,000.

An unusual mystery resulted from the Hartford, Connecticut, circus fire on July 6, 1944. Of the 168 killed, six are still unidentified, one being a little girl of about six. As her features were uninjured, a photograph of the child has been widely circulated in the hope that she might be recognized by a relative, playmate or teacher. But no one, it seems, remembers ever having seen her and no one answering her description has been reported missing to any police department in the United States.

While only five states have laws permitting resident insurance companies to invest in the construction and ownership of housing projects, 37 other states allow nonresident companies, with the approval of the insurance commissioner, to make this type of investment if it is permitted under the laws of their home state.

The latest maps of Russian possessions in the Arctic Ocean still carry the place names of nearly 20 Americans which were assigned between 1881 and 1905 by U.S. explorers. Among them are a bay named for Helen Gould, a sound for William K. Vanderbilt, a strait for J. P. Morgan the elder, and islands for James Gordon Bennett, Charles G. Dawes and Alexander Graham Bell.

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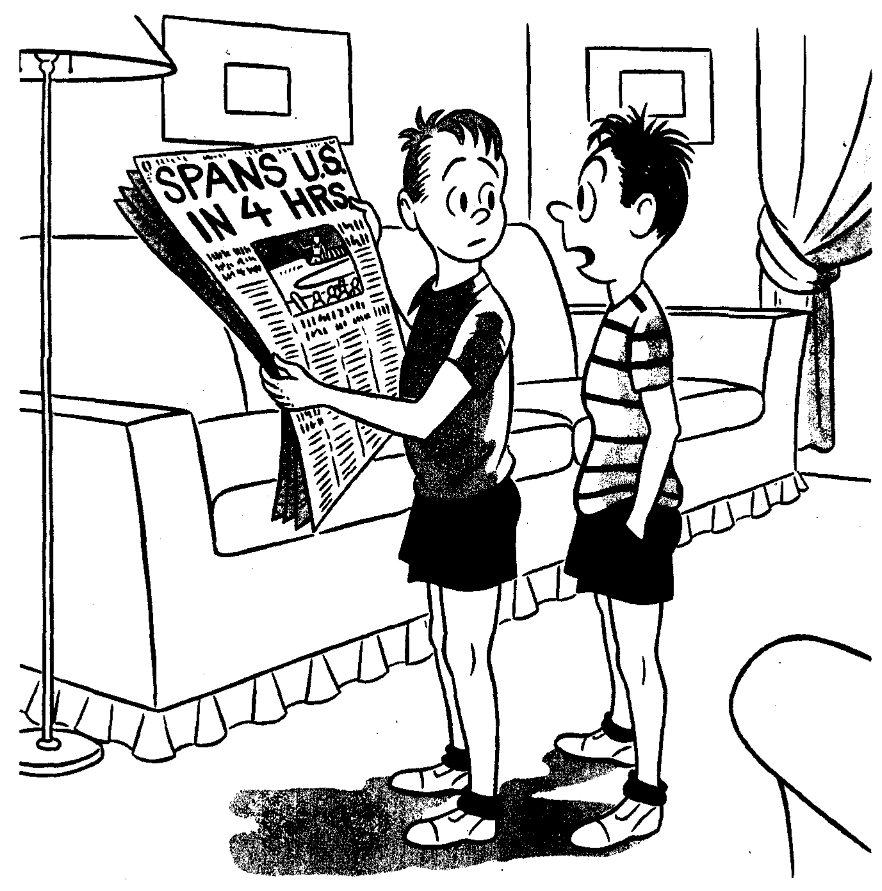
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COLLIER'S "It seems even more remarkable when you consider it took our grandparents 16 hours, doesn't it?" JEFF KEATE

Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

A DECADE ago, skywriting stopped most earthbound folks in their tracks as they sought to decipher the message being spelled out in the heavens by a plane so far up it was almost invisible. But the novelty has worn off to a certain extent and the people who heretofore wrote with white smoke are busily experimenting with colored signs, particularly reds, blues and browns; line drawings and pictures and, for after-dark reading, luminous writing. When this is perfected, they believe it will cause more cricked necks than ever, and there's no telling where the airplane's capabilities as a pen and brush will end.

For nearly four years skywriters have been grounded by the government, but soon after V-J Day, the ban was removed and skywriting returned to its unique niche in the advertising field, and with a very ambitious program for the future.

Skywriting was born in England in 1922 when a pioneer British military pilot, Major J. C. Savage, spelled The Daily Mail over Epsom Downs during the racing season. Word of this sensational new method of advertising reached an American airman, Allan J. Cameron, who, a grain broker by profession, secured patent and license rights to operate the idea in the United States and who set up the Skywriting Corporation of America, which in turn appointed the S. S. Pike Company as its sole licensee here.

A YEAR later, the first message was written over this country. It said, "Hello, U.S.A.," and it wasn't long before a million dollars worth of orders were on the books. Among the firms which used skywriting before the war were the Pepsi-Cola Company, General Motors, the New York Post, Columbia Pictures, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the American Tobacco Company and the Infantile Paralysis Foundation. During the Willkie-Roosevelt election battle an anonymous Republican paid for the sky ad, "No Third Term."

In 1938, the Pepsi-Cola Company contracted for exclusive skywriting rights in the soft-drink field. Today, Pepsi-Cola has ordered more than 7,000 sky ads for 1946. The only other current user is I. J. Fox, the furrier, who has contracted for 350 writings.

The cost of a sky ad ranges between $150 and $500, depending on the number of ads ordered, the length of the message, and the location. Advertisers have to take their chances on sudden changes in the wind which sometimes wreck the message before it is completed, or limit its life to a few seconds. Skywriting is done only on "blue-sky" days, because the message stands out better. The color of the sky won't matter as much in the future when colored smoke comes into use.

The "ink" used in skywriting is prepared from a secret oil formula, known only to a few. The heat of the airplane's exhaust turns the substance into smoke, which is shot out through a long tube running underneath the fuselage of the airplane. The Skywriting Corporation holds a virtual monopoly in the field, due to patents which cover the art, method and apparatus.

The pilot writes the letters—each nearly a mile long—in reverse, so they will appear right side up to spectators below. He flies at an altitude of about 15,000 feet and parallel with the ground. After finishing a letter he climbs 50 feet for the next one to keep the propeller wash from smudging the writing. His speed, while spelling, is around 140 miles an hour.

About 50 miles of flying are required to write 12 letters readable at least 15 miles away. Skywriting planes carry about 30 gallons of "ink," one gallon being required for each letter.

There are only a dozen skywriter pilots in the United States; all war veterans with previous experience. Skywriting demands the most precise flying; it is learned the hard way and there are no schools to teach it.

In the winter, skywriters operate over Florida, Texas and California, and in the summer they work mostly over heavily populated northern cities like New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago. The skywriting program for this year calls for operating over more than 1,000 cities in this country, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, and Latin America. . . .

ROBERT N. FARR

Never has it been more true that in heating, the best you can buy is the cheapest to own.

Whirlpool Combustion

Utilizes air as a fuel, with a Fuel-Saving efficiency that even goes so far as to give you a Soot-Free furnace. This is but one of the advanced, exclusive features which make the Holland Furnace *the Best you can Buy . . . the Cheapest to Own.*

HOLLAND

FURNACE COMPANY

HOLLAND, MICHIGAN

WORLD'S LARGEST INSTALLERS OF HOME HEATING EQUIPMENT

Long Distance is catching up too

More Long Distance calls go through as you hold the wire. Long delays are fewer.

The service is getting better, but we've still got a good way to go before we get back to pre-war service.

Once we catch up with that, we'll keep right on going and try to make the record even better.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR APRIL 27, 1946

Junior Genius

BY MAX SHULMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

A clever child is an asset. A pompous child is a liability. Haskell was a mixed blessing

WHENEVER you get to feeling sorry for yourself, think of what I went through. I don't mean my three years in the Navy, although wearing those pants for three years was something less than comfortable. I mean what happened after I came home. The housing shortage. And Haskell.

Haskell, that's my son. Haskell, when I left for the Navy, was five years old, a pleasant little citizen fond of dogs, candy and tricycle riding. Haskell, when I got home from the Navy, was eight years old, and this is what he said to me. His first words, mind you, and I hadn't seen him for three years.

"Hello, Pater," he said. "As a discharged Navy man you will probably be interested to know that the first all-metal vessels built in the United States were not, as is popularly believed, the Monitor and the Merrimac, but the Chatham and the Lamar, constructed in 1837."

"Huh?" I said brightly.

"The length of one degree of longitude along the equator," Haskell continued, "is 69.2 miles."

I looked at my wife in alarm. "Sophie," I demanded, "what has happened to this boy?"

Sophie smiled proudly. "Isn't it wonderful?" she said. "He's a Junior Genius."

"A what?"

"A Junior Genius," she repeated. "That's a radio quiz program. Four little children called the Junior Geniuses. Haven't you ever heard them?"

"No," I answered, shuddering.

"The brightest lighthouse in the United States," said Haskell, "is at Hillsboro Inlet, Florida—5,500,000 candlepower."

"The Junior Geniuses," Sophie explained, "travel around the country and broadcast from a different city each week. When they were in Minneapolis a couple of months ago, one of them came down with measles, and Haskell substituted for him. Haskell was simply marvelous. The quizmaster, Uncle Ned Rappaport, said that as soon as one of the regular Junior Geniuses passes into puberty, he will give Haskell a steady job on the program."

"The first time," said Haskell, "that radio was used in a sea rescue was on August 1, 1909, when the S.S. Florida and the White Star liner Republic collided in the fog off Nantucket Lightship. Because of the alertness of the wireless operator, one Jack Binns, who immediately sent out a distress signal, only six lives were lost."

"Put him to bed," I said.

"But, Harry," Sophie protested, "he learned all these nautical facts just for your homecoming."

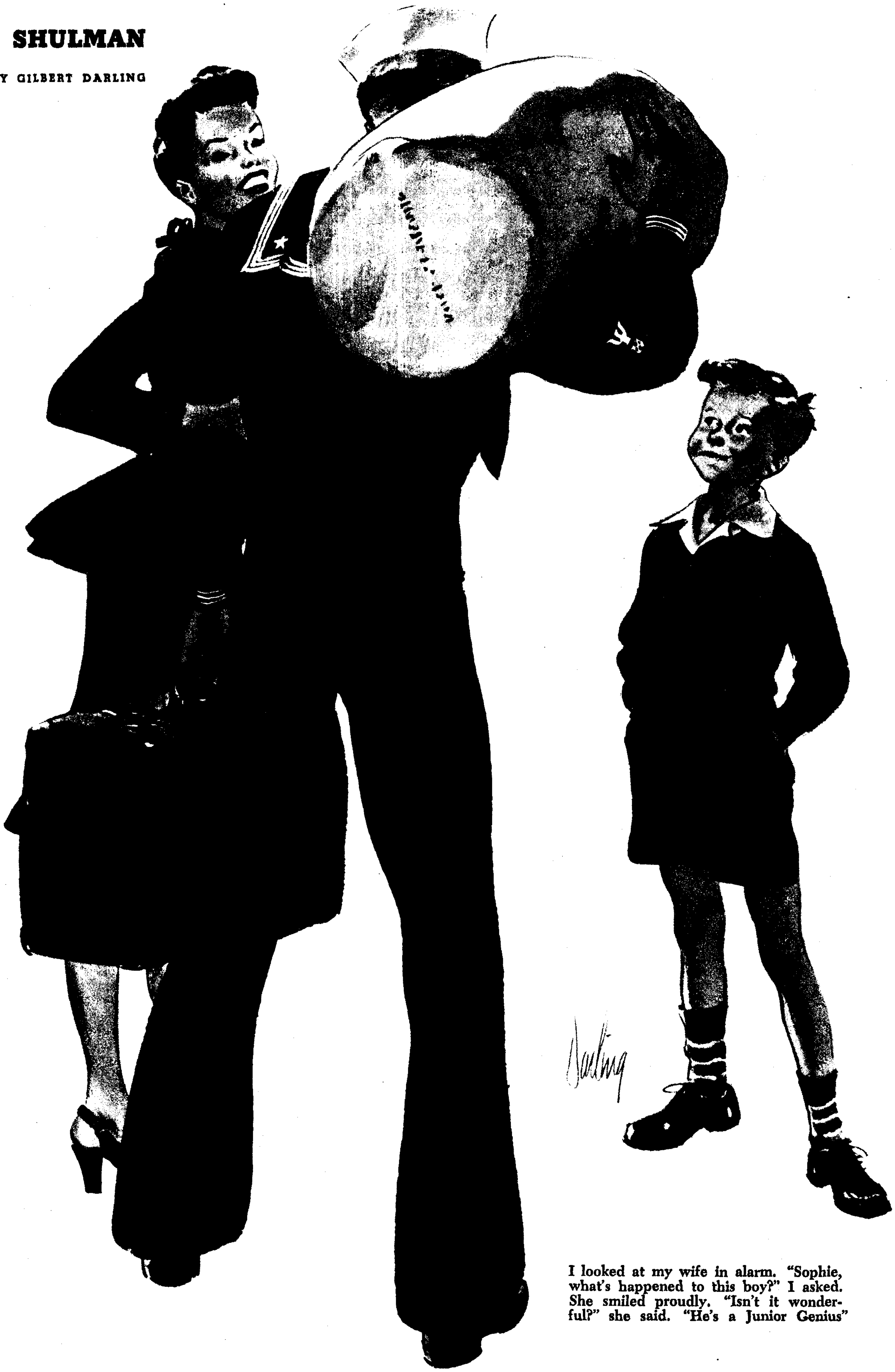
"Incidentally," said Haskell, "the signal that Jack Binns transmitted was 'CQD.' The more familiar 'SOS' had not yet come into use at that time. 'SOS' was not adopted until—"

"Will you," I interrupted, keeping my voice calm with difficulty, "put that boy to bed?"

"All right, Harry," said Sophie. "Come, Haskell. It's time for bed. You've had a hard day at the public library."

"Nonsense, Mater," said Haskell. "Thomas

(Continued on page 69)



I looked at my wife in alarm. "Sophie, what's happened to this boy?" I asked. She smiled proudly. "Isn't it wonderful?" she said. "He's a Junior Genius"

BABES IN WALL STREET

BY LESTER VELIE

Everybody is playing the cheap stocks today, in blithe ignorance of the published odds against him, and in defiance of the idea that the stock market is not exempted from Newton's law of gravity

IN BROOKLYN, a housewife who doesn't know a preferred stock from a pickled herring, calls up her bank and asks an astonished vice-president "for some television." When he suggests she try an electric-appliance dealer, she replies: "Oh, I mean some television stock. Something selling for about $25 would do."

In Philadelphia, officials of the Securities and Exchange Commission, the government's security-markets policeman, puzzle over earnest letters from veterans and others who "have heard of money being made in the market, and can the SEC please let them have a list of stocks to buy?"

In Boston, an "adviser on stocks" does a flourishing business by selling counsel based on his reading of the stars (he's duly registered with the SEC under the Investment Advisers' Act of 1940). And in New York, when the Stock Exchange takes advertising space in 420 newspapers to warn readers against gambling on "tips from the grapevine," an Army major writes in asking if he can have a copy of "The Grapevine!"

The great game of blind man's buff which Americans call "playing the market" is getting its biggest whirl since 1929. For four years, stock and bond prices have been bobbing corklike on a rising flood of wartime government spending. With only an occasional setback to interrupt the rise, it's been the longest bull market since Coolidge.

Casting amazed eyes on this "take a chance" fever by cash-happy innocents, brokers in Wall Street, New York; LaSalle Street, Chicago; and Market Street, San Francisco, are gasping, "Here we go again." For Wall Street is back in business again—in a big way. In Wall Street, it's either the hilarity of New Year's Eve or the sobriety of Lent; it's never just plain Monday or Tuesday.

As this is written, it's New Year's Eve again. The paltry 250,000 daily transactions on the Stock Exchange which barely kept brokers alive a few short years ago have leaped to 2,000,000. The new money that's in Wall Street is black-market money, war-overtime money, war-profits money—all stemming from the flood of cash poured out by our government to win the war. The ten billions of brokers' loans which fed the gambling blaze of 1929 are piker stuff to the war-produced billions (bank deposits and currency in circulation have advanced two and one half times since Pearl Harbor) now available for investment and speculation.

Since there are no OPA ceilings on stocks and bonds as there are on shirts and shoes, cash in the hands of informed investors, speculators and financial innocents bids the prices up. Like a rising thermometer, the security markets register the inflationary fever of the body economic. Profits, real or on paper, are made. And Joe Plunge, still nursing scar tissue from the fleecing he took in '29, comes running hopefully for his share of the easy money.

Joe Plunge isn't interested in the high-grade, high-cost, blue-chip stocks. They're for the conservative folk who look for sound earnings records, for stocks that will continue to pay dividends. Joe isn't looking for dividends. He's looking for a cheap stock that'll rise in price and yield him a profit.

Joe notices that many of the blue-chip stocks have doubled in price since 1942. But what's a paltry 100 per cent rise compared to the sensational 1,200 to 6,000 per cent advances which have made fortunes (at least on paper) for the lucky holders of some of those depressed stocks that were selling under $2 in 1942? So Joe rushes in to buy a low-priced stock—any low-priced stock.

This article does not attempt to appraise or criticize the rise in blue-chip securities. They are quite another story. What we're interested in at the moment is the "cheap stocks" on the market, and the gamble Plunge takes because he knows too much to investigate before he buys.

This time it's different, thinks Joe. And in many ways it is. Joe must pay cash, and his broker can't sell him out. (But that will be cold comfort to Joe Plunge when he owns a stock that's dropped from $30 to $3.) The unabashed loaded-dice gambling against the public by big pool operators of 1929 is gone, forbidden by law. Securities and Exchange Commission ticker sleuths watch the stock-reporting tape for manipulation and jiggling. The customers' man is no longer the tout of 1929; he can read a balance sheet, and look up a company's earnings for you. And then there's the SEC, thinks Joe, to stand guard over new stock promotions. "A new stock has to be good to get by the SEC," says Joe. "Things are different now."

But the French have a proverb: "The more it changes, the more it remains the same."

Did 1929 abound with highly speculative new stock promotions? If Joe clamors for a chance to put his money down on cheap stocks, bankers and promoters will oblige him. Supplementing securities already in the market are a flood of new stocks, issued by new and old companies. Many have demonstrated first-rate earning power. But many others, according to documents filed with the SEC and available to anyone who cares to read them, are "speculative," a polite description.

Did 1929 abound with investment bankers who arranged rich windfalls for themselves and company insiders in the deals they sold to the public? This sort of banker is rarer now, because most of Wall Street now strives to be both legally and ethically correct. But fabulous though legal cuts are still made by bankers and company officers and other insiders who handle other people's money.

Joe Plunge knows little about "warrants and options" through which bankers and insiders can make legal fortunes from stock deals into which Joe buys. Nor does he know much about the "bail out."

Quite Legal—and Profitable

Last year "bail outs" transferred $273,000,000 from the pockets of small investors to those of company insiders who unloaded companies (wholly or in part) on the public, in many instances at fantastic prices. There was nothing illegal about the deals. Complete information about them was filed with the SEC, in strict accordance with the law. But Joe paid little heed to this information.

Here's how a bail out works: John Doe and two associates control a company that makes widgets. Global Widgets, Inc., they call it. Before the war, the widget business wasn't profitable, and Global Widgets, Inc., lost about 15 cents a share in both 1940 and 1941. But through war work, Global Widgets made money. Now war contracts are vanishing, and insiders John Doe and his two associates decide to sell part of the company to the public.

How do they price the shares—on the basis of prewar business? No, they offer their shares to the public at $5 each or *83 times* what Global Widgets common earned in boom 1944. The shares which John Doe and his two associates sell to the public for $5 cost John Doe 10 cents apiece, and for a $30,000 investment he and his associates get a $1,200,000 profit if the shares are sold. This may well be considered a profitable deal, since John Doe and friends also retain the only stock that has voting rights, a Class B common, and so continue to control the company.

The above is an actual case, although the name is fictitious. The facts of the deal set forth are taken from a registration statement filed by a camera company with the *Securities and Exchange Commission*. A prospectus based on the registration statement is public property, and is available at both the SEC and the brokers who sold the stock.

The bail out is a typical postwar phenomenon, because substantial war orders permitted companies to acquire impressive-looking balance sheets and earnings statements. As the war drew to a close, there was a rush to bail out. In the last three months of 1944, for instance, one third of all the stock-security deals registered with the SEC were bail outs.

A False Line of Reasoning

Bail outs at fancy profits to insiders, though legal, are possible largely because the little investor won't investigate before he lays his money down. "Stock prices are going up, so why worry about the value of the property represented by the share of stock?" thinks Joe. "And anyway, hasn't the stock been passed by the SEC?"

Joe Plunge doesn't know something that's exceedingly important for him to know. The SEC neither approves nor disapproves of securities. Under law the only thing the SEC can do is to disclose all the facts about a security to the public. If the public persists in disregarding the facts which the SEC collects and makes easily available to buyers, government regulation of the security markets becomes a mockery.

With the clamor for reform after the 1929 collapse, Congress had two choices. It could invoke the government's police powers and set up an agency to tell bankers, promoters and companies what stocks they could sell. Or, Congress could let men who sought other people's money sell the public anything, providing only that the stock offerer would tell all: how the money was to be used, what fees the bankers would take for underwriting the securities, and the health of the company as reflected in earnings and prospects.

Congress chose the disclosure method on the theory that an informed public would buy wisely. The burden is still on the buyer. He is protected only in so far as he investigates what he buys. From the stock offerer the SEC gets, in minutest detail, information to guide the prudent investor and sees that *this information is printed in a document* known as a prospectus. Under the Securities Act of 1933, brokers (agents for customers) or dealers (who buy and sell on their own account) must have a prospectus available for the customer's inspection.

"Do I have to read that thing?" protests Joe as he slaps down his good money for a holding-company stock, and the broker hands him the prospectus, an 87-page closely printed document, rich with small type and formidable earnings tables.

No, there's no law to compel Joe to read the prospectus; but if he did, he'd find that the assets supporting the stock he is buying would have to double in value before his stock has any value (assets) behind it at all! (Since a large amount of prior or senior securities must be supported first.) The assets (securities owned by the holding company) would have to go up a total of 135 per cent, before the stock Joe is buying at $6 has $6 worth of assets behind it.

Now this was public information, available to everybody. Let's see how Congress' theory that an informed buyer is a wise buyer works out in practice. The holding-company common, whose underwater state was minutely described in the prospectus, was quickly oversubscribed, and demand was so great that the original $6 price went up to $8.

Joe Plunge puts down his cash for a frozen foods company stock at $6 a share. Frozen foods. A booming new industry, isn't it?

It says here in the prospectus (on page 1), "These securities are offered solely as a speculation." It says, too (on pages 7 and 9), that the company processes no foods itself, but operates as primary distributor under its own brand name and on January 1, 1946, had 16 employees, including officers.

What has the frozen foods company been earning? It says here in the prospectus (page 6) that the company lost money continuously from 1935 through July, 1942. In 1943, the company made 3 mills per share. In booming 1944, it made less than 2 cents a share, and last year 2¼ cents.

Let's take Joe by the hand and wade into some really deep financial waters. Joe buys the new stock at $6. What is the book value (assets divided by number of shares) of the old stock already issued and held by officers and others? The book value, it says here in the prospectus (page 12), is 31 cents a share. After the public puts its money in, the book value will rise to $1.91. Joe is paying, says the prospectus, $5.69 *per share in excess of the net book value of $.31 per share.*

But that isn't all. Insiders already own 900,000 shares of the company. When Joe Plunge and the rest of the public put up their money at $6 a share, the stock held by insiders—with a book value of pennies during the war—also moves up to a book value of $1.91 a share.

It's Too Much Trouble to Study

Why doesn't Joe read the prospectus and find out facts like those above? Might as well ask him to curl up for the evening with a treatise in Sanskrit. Although the SEC makes the promoter disclose all, it takes some financial sophistication to dig out the nuggets of intelligence. As a rule only brokerage-house analysts and prudent big investors take the trouble to do it.

Besides, in these days of ample cash and little to spend it on, little and big people scramble for the new $5 and $10 issues as if they were nylons or new cars. Even in late February when prices tumbled momentarily on the Stock Exchange, the scramble for new low-priced issues continued unabated.

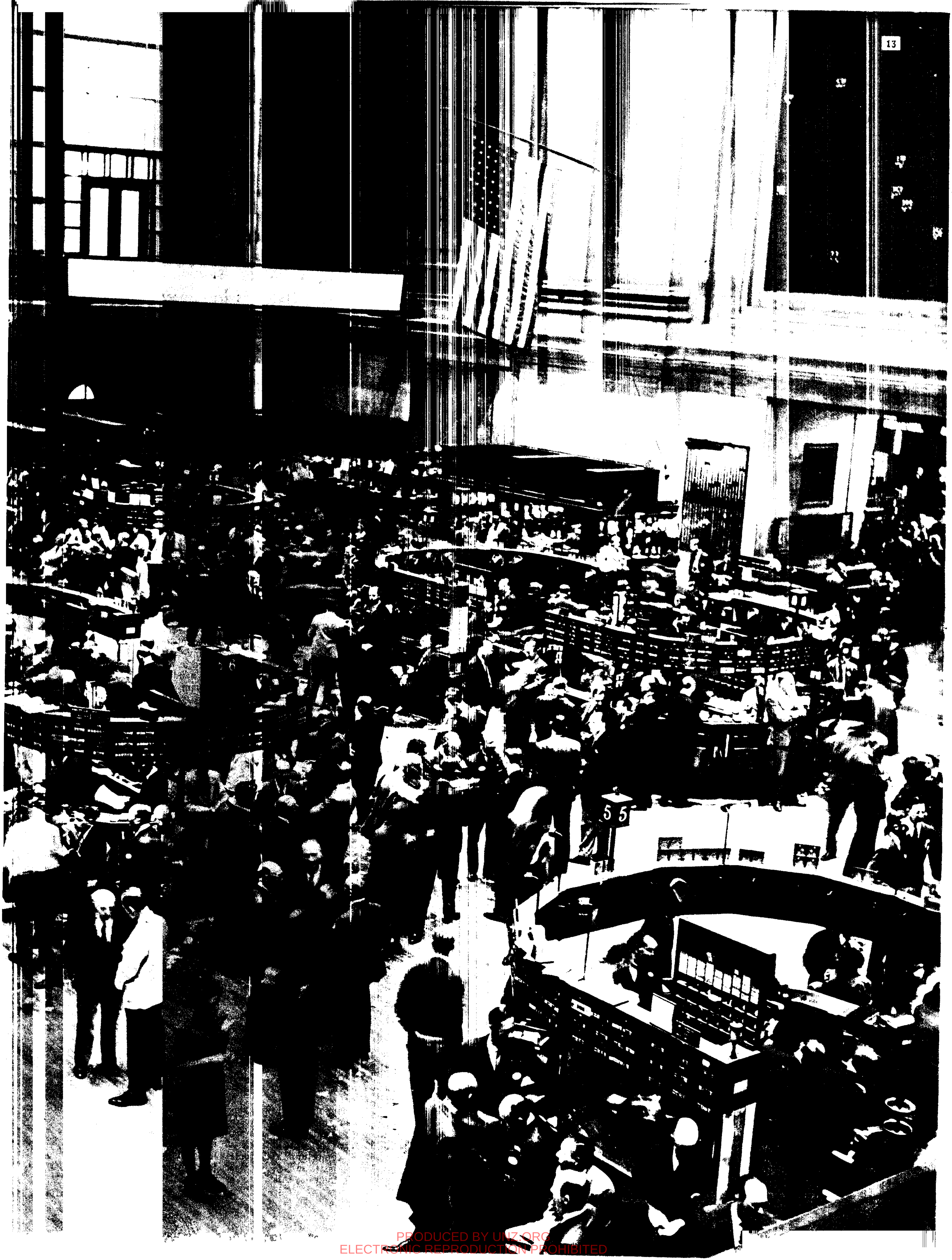
Not everyone who gambles on the speculative new issues is a financial innocent like Joe Plunge. Many "smart-money" men, seeing the scramble for the low-priced stocks, buy them, too. But they get out quickly and take their winnings. Some bankers, knowing this, try to keep the new issues "away from Seventh Avenue," New York's money-smart cloak-and-suit district. They'd rather place them in the interior where little investors will buy and hold, not throw the stock back on the market and thus depress the price.

The "smart-money" man knows what Joe doesn't, that the inflationary market scramble for low-priced stocks can't go on forever. One day Joe will find, as he did in 1930, that he's bought a stock which derives

(Continued on page 65)

Main floor of the New York Stock Exchange these days looks like a city room at dead line as thousands of innocents flock to buy cheap stocks

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF—PIX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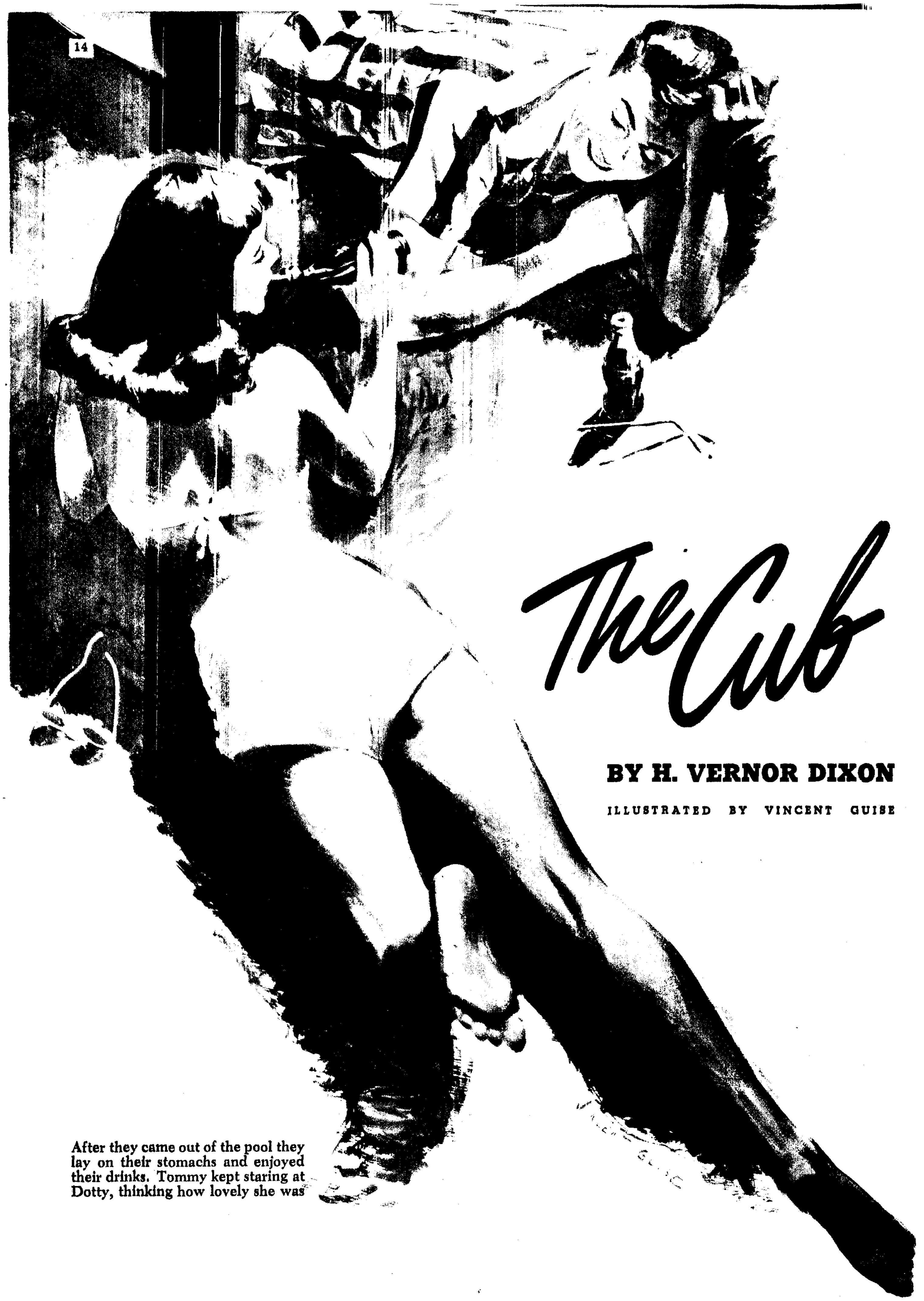

After they came out of the pool they lay on their stomachs and enjoyed their drinks. Tommy kept staring at Dotty, thinking how lovely she was

The Cub

BY H. VERNOR DIXON

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT GUISE

The day had to come to test their youth and prove their wisdom. This was the day

SUMMERS were always hot in Sacramento, but Tommy was sure that this summer was hotter than most. Even in the morning, when his eyes were still heavy with sleep, his long and lean body was already moist, and the bed sheets felt damp and his pajamas stuck to his shoulders. The day was going to be a scorcher.

He rubbed the palms of his hands into his eyes, turned on his side and looked into the back yard through the open screens of the sleeping porch. The family was already up. His mother, in a red bathing suit, was just getting out of the swimming pool; and Alice, Robert's wife, in a white halter and shorts, was walking toward the house. Tommy craned his neck to look toward the garage, and saw his father loading luggage in the old sedan. Tommy sighed with relief. That meant they were leaving the convertible for him. Everything was working out even better than he had expected.

Tommy swung his legs out of the bed and sat up to watch Alice crossing the back lawn. Robert had sure picked a beauty, all right. With her gold hair and the laughter in her eyes and a terrific build like that—what more could a man want? But Robert had always been lucky that way, knowing what he wanted, going after it and then getting it. Quite a guy, Robert.

Alice was from Honolulu and was supposed to have had a million beaux there. Probably had, too. But when Robert's carrier had docked in Pearl for repairs, that had been the end of any competition. The courtship and honeymoon lasted twenty-one days, and on the twenty-second day Alice was on her way to live with Robert's folks in Sacramento. That was the way Robert did things. And when the war ended and Robert got his discharge and took a flying job with a commercial airline, Alice stayed on. Robert wanted to find a nice little house for the two of them, but he wanted to wait until he was settled at a permanent base in the States. Now he was on an overseas run, and he was away flying most of the time. Some guy.

Alice disappeared into the house and Tommy listened to her bare feet padding down the hall toward her bedroom, Robert's old room. Tommy got to his feet and stretched his long arms and thought about her. It made a fellow feel odd, having a person like Alice living in the house. She was pretty young—about four years older than himself; about twenty-one, he guessed—and it was hard to think of her as a sister-in-law. She was always teasing, kidding him about things; she played a bang-up game of golf and she could swim like a fish. But she was so good-looking, so—

Tommy closed his mind and stopped thinking about her. He had suddenly remembered Dotty and the possibilities of the day ahead, and the days to follow.

He threw on a robe and started across the hall to the shower, as his mother came in. She smiled and squeezed the back of his neck with her fingers, shaking his head a little. "Sleepyhead. You'll have to hurry, now. We're leaving in an hour."

"You can leave sooner than that, if you want. I'll do the dishes."

"Well, now, Tommy, that's very thoughtful of you. Thanks."

HE STEPPED into the shower room and closed the door. When he was through he returned to the sleeping porch and dressed in dirty corduroys, a short-sleeve blue shirt and disreputable blue tennis shoes. He combed his light blond hair, shot with yellow sun streaks, then put his lean young face close to the mirror, sucking his lower lip between his teeth and carefully appraising his chin. Not even a sign of fuzz. And the last time he had shaved had been over a week ago. He turned away from the mirror, disappointed.

When he walked into the sun-filled breakfast room the others were just sitting down. Tommy sat across the table from Alice, but looked at his father, who was hot and dusty from handling the luggage.

Tommy said, "I'll bet you're sure glad to get away, Dad."

His father looked up and grinned at him, the smile spreading all over his face. "First vacation in three years," he said. "Tahoe is going to look like heaven to me." He frowned, then, and said, "But I still don't understand why you won't come along. You were always crazy about the lake before."

Tommy's mother winked and said, "He's no fool. Opening that cabin, after it's been closed for three years, will be quite a chore."

"Aw, Mom, I'm not trying to duck the work." He told his father, seriously, "You know how it is, Dad. I'm strictly going in for the wide, blue yonder, like Robert. So I gotta build up flying time."

"I suppose so." His father continued eating his hot cakes, but as a thought crossed his mind he paused and again looked at his son. "Weren't you supposed to solo last week?"

Tommy swallowed hard. He glanced at Alice, at the odd, almost knowing, light in her eyes, and quickly looked away. That was the trouble with Alice. She was too close to his age. She seemed to know almost everything about him—and guessed at the rest.

He stuffed a wad of sirup-smothered hot cakes in his mouth, and mumbled, "These private operators are pretty cautious, Dad. They got a lot of money tied up in equipment and they don't want it damaged. I don't blame 'em. I could've soloed after eight hours of dual, but I bet old Swanson makes me put in twelve or even fifteen."

His father sighed. "Well, I guess I can stand the expense. And," he said smiling, "I certainly can't say that I mind your instructor being on the cautious side."

Alice looked from one to the other and then straight into Tommy's eyes. She opened her mouth to say something, stopped, and looked down at her plate. Tommy relaxed.

(Continued on page 81)

Lisette Verea, film actress and comedienne, is also a designer of dress prints. Here she displays some of her accomplishments

RUMANIAN RHAPSODY

By Ruth Carson

Luck and talent made Lisette Verea a musical-comedy actress and film star. Now she's starting a new career designing dress fabrics

LISETTE VEREA is an ash blonde by nature, but she was a redhead when we first met her last winter. "It's like a new hat," she said happily.

Anything that resembles a new hat or a new dress is wonderful to Lisette, for besides being a musical-comedy actress and a film star, Lisette is clothes crazy. All of her life in her native Rumania she made her own clothes, giddy with color and bows and spangles.

Now, after four years in America, she is designing dress prints. She turns down long-time movie contracts—"If I'm good, I can do one picture a year." And road tours—"Why grow old on tour?" And sits cozily at home, dreaming up new clothes for herself and new dress prints for you.

It was a dress that first made her famous in New York, when she played the bit part of Clo Clo in The Merry Widow. "My dress was so tight I couldn't move. I got mad, and tore a slit up the skirt. Felix Brentano, the director, said, 'No, no.' Mrs. Lytle Hull, who was in the rehearsal audience, said, 'Yes, yes.' "

So it was yes, since Mrs. Hull (the former Mrs. Vincent Astor) was a backer of the show, and a woman of considerable clothes sense besides. And overnight Lisette, who not only had shapely limbs to display through the slit, but who knew how to play a bit part into a big one, became the talk of the show columns.

When The Merry Widow went on tour, Lisette went to sing at the night club Ruban Bleu in New York. This was top billing to her mind because: "People were able to see me up close, so I could wear all the crazy hats and beautiful dresses I wanted—tulle stuff, you know. I fluttered lovely big handkerchiefs with flowers coming out of them. When I came on, the women started whispering and there was such a commotion I couldn't start to sing for five minutes. It was wonderful."

Also, incidentally, it was at the Ruban Bleu that Joe Fields heard her sing, and signed Lisette for the new Marx Brothers' picture, A Night in Casablanca.

Color by the Yard

About the same time, Lisette met Stephanie Cartwright, fabric designer. They talked about clothes. Stephanie saw rough color sketches Lisette had made for some prints. They clicked. Stephanie supplied encouragement and backing from the converting mill for which she worked. Lisette wen
to work. The result is some 50 designs on pure silk, thr
and woven in this country, and selling retail for $12

Verea prints are a record of Verea interests
scrapers of New York as they first struck her
eyes, the train that took her to Hollywoo
ers, feminine bows and fans; her own s
unfortunately without the accent; t
a phone held by a boy with a

These subjects could look
Verea has managed to d
and with such a sense
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forgot about me.

PHOTOGRAPH FO

BOB LEAVITT

Dam Builder Jack Savage poses before detail drawing of Yangtze gorge project

BILLION-DOLLAR DAM BUILDER

BY CAREY LONGMIRE

Jack Savage has already designed more superdams than any other man in history. But his Yangtze River project dwarfs even his own efforts

IN CASE you're looking around for somebody to throw a dam across the Mississippi, Amazon or any other giant river to harness kilowatts for the homes and industries of the world, you ought to see John Lucian Savage.

He looks like a precise but kindly grandfather, and actually is a gleeful playmate of scores of youngsters, including a number of godchildren, scattered over many lands. He neither smokes nor drinks nor uses cuss words, but he has tramped or ridden on horse or elephant with the toughest mountaineers over the Rockies, Himalayas and other jagged ranges.

Savage has been chief designer of more big dams than any other man in history. Many nations clamor today for his advice. Blueprints drawn under his direction have produced at least sixty dams worth more than a billion dollars, chiefly in America's Far West. More kilowatts are flowing out of hydroelectric plants set up under his specifications than Edison probably ever dreamed of.

It was Jack Savage who headed the staff which drew the plans, under President Hoover, for Boulder Dam on the Colorado. In its time, this was the most adventurous dam-building exploit ever attempted. Then Mr. Savage went on to plan two even larger power and irrigation dams for a different President, Franklin D. Roosevelt. Those were Grand Coulee on the Columbia—now the biggest man-made structure on earth—and Shasta Dam in California.

You might think that at sixty-six, with all this behind him, Jack Savage would be ready to take things easy. Except for one eight-year gap, he worked continuously for the United States Bureau of Reclamation from 1903 until last year. Yet the champion of the dam builders is bubbling over today with plans for a project to dwarf anything ever conceived of before.

That's a scheme to dump millions of pounds of concrete in the mouth of a gorge on the world's fourth largest river, the Yangtze in China, and turn out five times as much power as Grand Coulee. The dream of harnessing the mighty Yangtze was first put forth by Sun Yat-sen, the father of modern China.

Chiang Kai-shek is so taken with Jack Savage's enthusiastic plans that the Generalissimo wants the American dam builder to help with the development of all China's natural resources.

The effect of Mr. Savage's China project, near a town called Ichang, would be about the same as turning the Mississippi into the Grand Canyon and then damming it up. In comparison, towering Boulder Dam would look like a toy in a small boy's Christmas stocking.

At the spot where this monumental edifice is planned, cliffs rise almost a thousand feet above the roaring river. Mr. Savage would have to divert five times as much water there as he had to contend with at Boulder. Twenty tunnels fifty feet in diameter would have to be cut through solid rock just to by-pass the Yangtze's normal channel long enough to let the contractors do the job. Only four such diversion tunnels were required for the project on the Colorado.

A year and a half ago, when he was in China to look at the project, the dam builder had to approach within two or three miles of the Japanese fighting lines to get anywhere near the site. He worked with a guard of Chinese troops always at hand.

The Yangtze gorge project would cost just under a billion dollars. It would permit ocean-going ships to travel a thousand miles up the Yangtze—all the way to Chungking, the wartime capital.

Whereas the biggest ship lock which he knows of today will lift a vessel a maximum of 50 or 60 feet, Jack Savage proposes one supercolossal lock and tunnel arrangement which would pick up a ship and lift it 530 feet in one operation.

In the power distribution area of the projected Yangtze Dam live 140,000,000 persons—as many as the entire population of the United States. By Mr. Savage's plan, this vast and backward area of the Orient would for the first time get the benefits of industrialization. Modern irrigation canals would put new life into millions of acres of ancient farm land, and the present disastrous Yangtze floods would be wiped out. The whole thing would add up to a dozen or so Tennessee Valley Authorities dumped together into the middle of China.

Two Different Opinions

All this, obviously enough, holds the possibility of a tremendous impact on the world's political and diplomatic situation. Some scoff that backward China would not know what to do with such a huge industrial potential even if she had it. Others view the emergence of a strong China as a threat to American manufacturers and grow red-faced with anger at China's proposals that the United States government, or United States bankers, help finance the Yangtze scheme as a simple matter of good business.

Before the project gets American financial aid, officials in Washington will have to take a good look at the plans and decide whether this colossal Far Eastern development will serve America's self-interest.

Backers of the project say emphatically that it will. They declare that it's to our advantage to build a strong China—to put an end to the miserable poverty of 450,000,000 people who are good friends of America—simply because America needs a strong China to help keep peace in the Orient. If China had possessed the strength to knock Japan back on its ears before the Japs could get

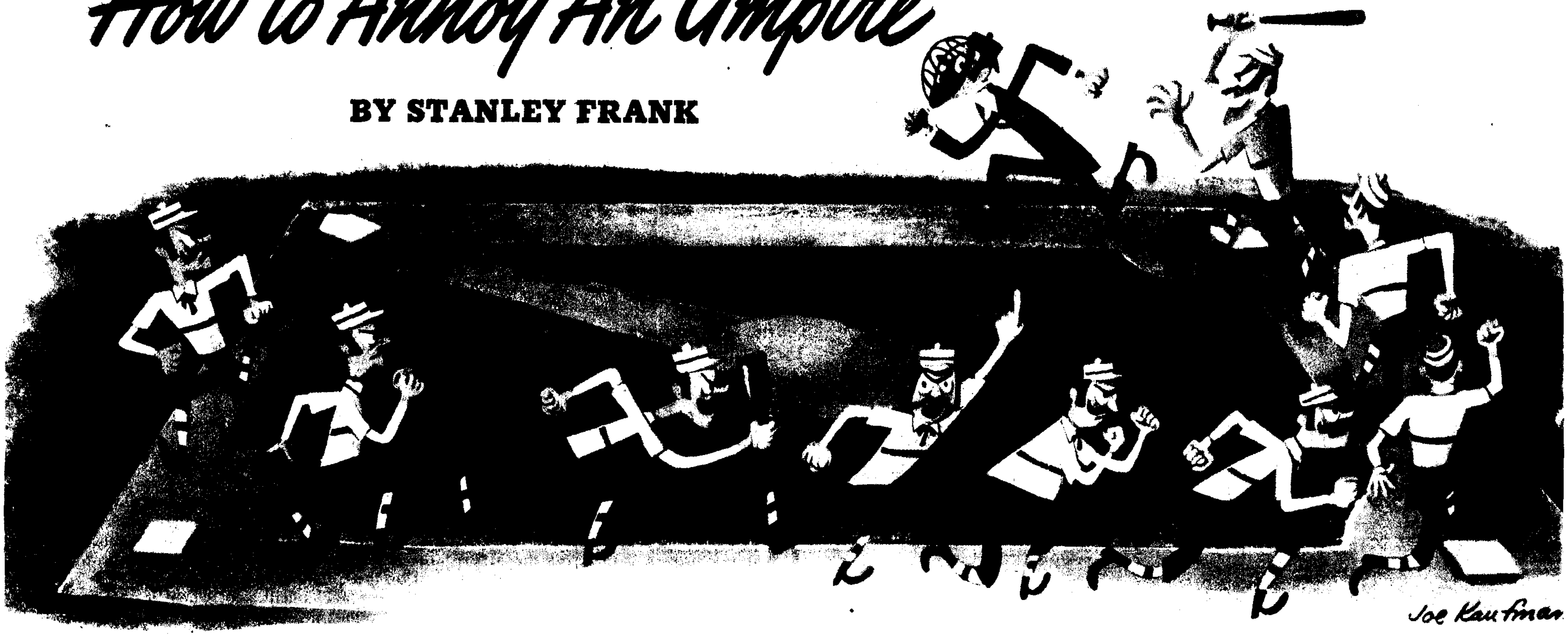
(Continued on page 57)

A supercolossal lock and tunnel arrangement is one means being considered to get ships past the proposed Yangtze dam. Ships coming upriver would enter tunnel cut through solid rock, then be lifted by giant cranes 530 feet to top of lock. They could also be raised or lowered by the conventional method of flooding the lock basin

PAINTING BY KENNETH THOMPSON

How to Annoy An Umpire

BY STANLEY FRANK



Baseball players never win an argument with an arbiter, but they keep trying, anyway, and some of them know tricks that make them look like victors

MORTIFICATION more unusual than the loss of the pennant befell Joe McCarthy last season. He was kicked out of a ball game for the second time in fifteen years as an American League manager. McCarthy was bounced so abruptly that the customers in St. Louis still believe he must have called Umpire Red Jones a perfectly dreadful name that no winsome Irish smile could temper. They saw the Yankee manager leave the dugout to protest an alleged sour strike on his alleged hitter. As he approached the plate, Jones waved him away, indicating no argument concerning the fallibility of the decision would be tolerated. McCarthy halted and unburdened himself of a few words. Jones whirled and practically fractured his thumb jerking same over his shoulder. Out!

Ooh, McCarthy must have told off that Jones, the fans buzzed. Boy, what he said would've singed the ears of a brass monkey. Much as we hate to spoil a savory story, candor compels the report that McCarthy said or intimated nothing that could not be repeated in the most circumspect company. To prove it, McCarthy's unexpurgated remark is repeated herewith:

"If I were Sewell, I could stand here talking all day."

Visiting teams at Sportsman's Park last year accused Luke Sewell, the Browns' manager, of showboating—acting up excessively before partisan fans—and taking advantage of an umpire's slower reaction time in dealing with players and managers performing at home. Maybe the charge was valid, but in raising it McCarthy implied Jones was guilty of partiality and therefore unfit to work the game. Although only the catcher and hitter heard the crack, Jones could not ignore the indirect rap at his honesty. He was justified in giving McCarthy the heave faster than a known porch climber at an exhibition of rare gems.

On the same afternoon the chances were splendid that Messrs. Frank Frisch, Leo Durocher, Jimmy Dykes and Joe Cronin were rushing umpires with shrill, uncouth screams and conveying, with expansive, fulsome gestures, their low opinions of His Honor's intelligence and ancestry. There further is a very good likelihood that the pop-offs were permitted to remain on the premises after staging frenetic demonstrations. But McCarthy, with a long record of exemplary behavior, got the business for making a protest that wasn't one tenth as prolonged or abusive as the customary gripe.

How such things can be has always baffled the fans. The rules governing the relationship between players and umpires is the aspect of baseball the clients least understand and the one that provokes them to the loudest indignation. The fans invariably are rougher on the umpire, the blind bum, than the players; any close decision against the home team impels a flannel-mouthed bloke sitting one hundred yards distant to raise piercing doubts concerning the umpire's integrity even though the local heroes accept the verdict.

"Don'ts" for Umpire-Baiters

The technique of telling an umpire to take a flying jump for himself is as delicate as court protocol and as well defined as the no-smoking ordinances in public carriers. Briefly and broadly, in beefing to an umpire, the player or manager must *not:*

1. Use profane language that can be heard by the spectators.
2. Incite the crowd with inflammatory gestures.
3. Make the umpire appear ridiculous.
4. Question out loud the umpire's integrity or impartiality.

Any crack tending to undermine the authority of an umpire is cause for instant banishment. The rule of thumb applies when no one but the umpire hears it. Several years ago Fresco Thompson, then with the Phillies and always a fast man with a gag, was embroiled in a tiff with Charley Moran, football coach in the 1920s of the Centre College team. Celebrated as the "Praying Colonels," Centre put on shoes and came rolling down the Kentucky hills to knock the patrician ears off all comers, including Harvard, Indiana, Georgetown and Tulane.

"I know why they were called the Praying Colonels," Thompson told Moran. "If you coached like you umpire, they had to pray to win."

Out! Thompson derided Mr. Moran's ability as an arbiter and he had to go. The same season, though, Moran was forced to burn silently while Gabby Hartnett took advantage of a priceless opportunity to speak his piece. It seems that Moran, who bred bird dogs as a side line was approached by Hughey Critz, a prospective customer and a sound .200 hitter, during a game.

"They tell me you've got some mighty fine bird dawgs," Critz said as he stepped up to the plate. "How much you askin' for one?"

The pitcher wound up. "A hundred and fifty dollars," Moran answered. "*Ball one.*"

"That's a powerful price," Critz observed.

"It brings the best ole houn' dawg in America. *Strike one.*"

When John McGraw bossed the Giants, his prima donnas knew how to put the umpire in his place

"Are they fast critters?"

"Fast!" Moran exclaimed. "Rabbits climb trees when they see 'em. *Ball two.*"

"What color are they?"

"Liver and white. Sure are handsome animals. *Strike two.*"

"Can they retrieve?"

"Through flood and fire. *Ball three.*"

"Okay. I'll take one."

"That's fine. *Ball four.*"

Hartnett, the catcher, whipped off his mask and turned to Moran. "If it's all the same to you," he roared, "don't sell any more dogs up here to two-hundred hitters." From there, he went on to tell off Moran with vitriolic vigor and without fear of reprisal.

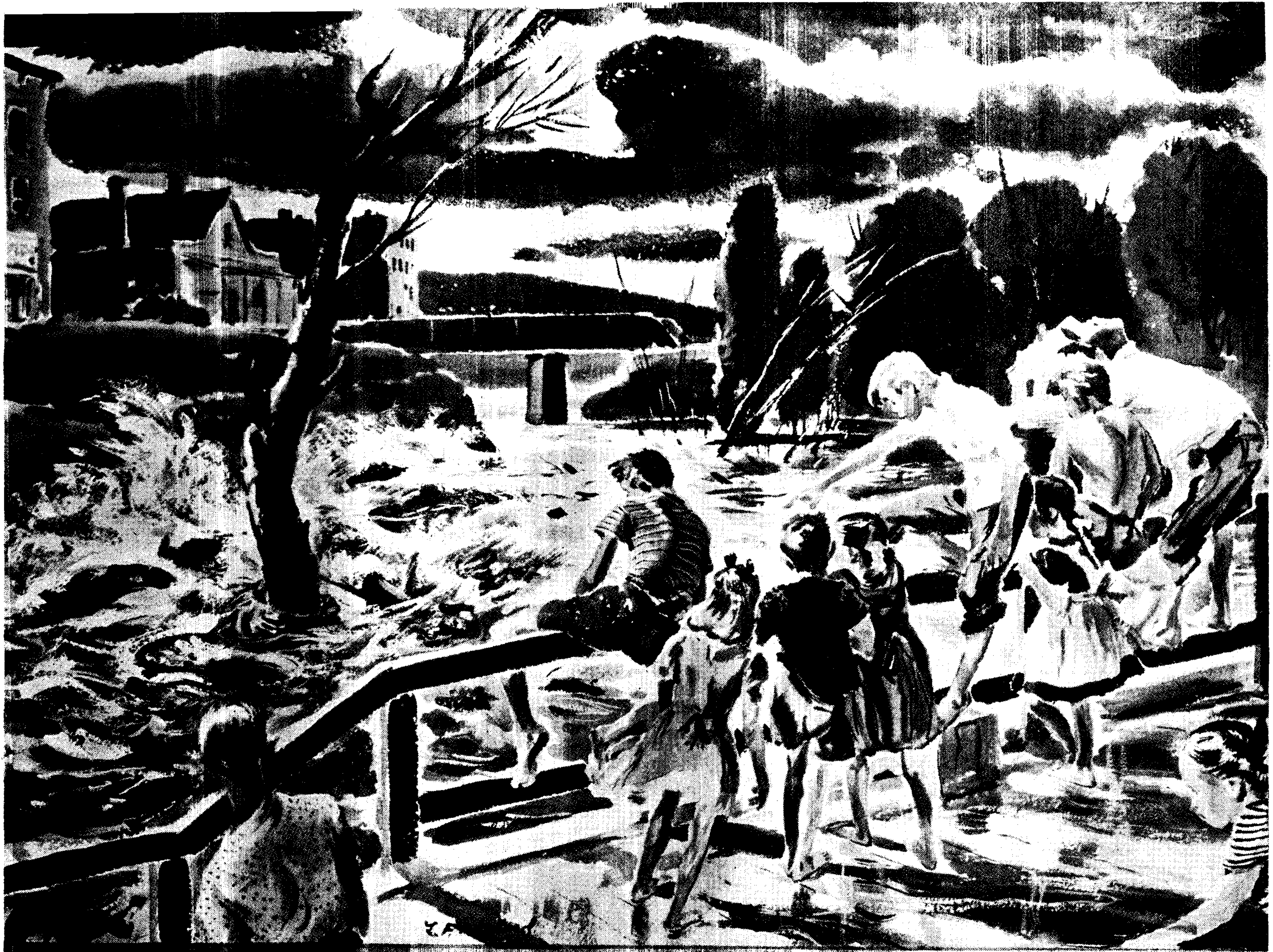
Artful dodgers can call an umpire every name included in all the books banned in Boston, and get away with it, by observing a simple trick of the trade. The gimmick is to use profanity subjectively and to cast the ancestral doubt by way of Cape Horn. Frisch and Durocher, the All-America earaches of the National League, and Dykes and Cronin, American League umpires' pin-up boys, are past masters at putting the blast on umpires with fluency and forcefulness without getting their necks in slings.

"*I'll* be a lousy, no-good this-and-that if the ball was over the plate," is an irreproachable protest. The disputant technically is not insulting the umpire. He is cussing *himself,* although even a cretin who has led a sheltered life knows he means nobody but the man in blue. *(Continued on page 66)*

Any crack calculated to undermine the authority of an umpire is cause for instant banishment

A player's protest against an umpire's ruling is sometimes allowed—once in a blue moon

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE KAUFMAN



"Here comes the water!" Tom said. They watched as he pointed to the torrent rolling toward the bridge

Flood

BY FRANK O'ROURKE

ILLUSTRATED BY LORAN F. WILFORD

A revealing story about a young boy who bumped against the age-old conflict between honesty and pride

HIS mother called, "Roll up your pants, Joe," and he paused on the front porch and reefed his overalls high above his knees in tight, round rolls so they wouldn't slip down and get wet. Water was racing down the street and the clouds were sailing away to the south, empty now and not so black, and over in the churchyard the minister's two daughters were floating a paper boat in the lily pond. He made a face at their timidity and ran down to the street and slid knee-deep into the swift ditch water. From up the hill came a happy shout, and he saw Tom Murphy and Eddie Scheel running in the soft fresh mud, throwing big hunks up behind them from their bare toes.

They splashed up beside him, hitching at their pants, and Tom said, "Some rain, Joe."

He said, "Cats and dogs."

"Let's go down to the bridge," Eddie said. "I'll bet the water's coming up already."

"First one sees a dead pig gets the pop and ice cream," Tom said, repeating the well-known words.

He said, "Come on," and turned down the street, running slowly in the ditch, splashing water on them. He wondered many times how the story of the dead pig had started in their town. Judge Webb, the J.P., didn't seem to know and he knew everything else, and his father didn't, and Elmer and the saloonkeeper wouldn't tell; but everyone believed the story, and always, following a heavy rain, all the boys and girls his age gathered on the wooden bridge, watching for a dead pig to float down the creek, coming from the North Valley and Apex hills and sweeping into the town. The first boy or girl to see a dead pig got all the ice cream and pop he could eat from the saloonkeeper and everyone else who promised to buy.

They ran on the short stretch of muddy road leading out across the bridge to the main highway and when they came onto the bridge, they stamped their feet free of the clinging mud, and climbed on the east railing, looking down on the water and over the rolling meadow. The creek always came up fast, and even now, short minutes after the rain had stopped, they could see the little ripples beating against the undercut bank on the big turn just east of the bridge. Now the water was two feet deep and Joe could see the small pieces of wood and dry leaves and the rubbish of high water floating by, but he knew it was too early for anything big like a pig.

"I bet it rained an inch," Tom said.

"Aw," Eddie scoffed, "it only rained an hour. Mom said it wasn't much."

"Well, half an inch at least," Tom said stubbornly. "What do you think, Joe?"

He remembered standing in the kitchen window watching the rain slant down on the garden and the lawn, smelling it as the freshness soaked the ground and came into the house. He said, "Gosh, I don't know, Tom. It just smelled good, that's all I remember."

Tom said, "Well, it's coming up just the same."

Sure enough, the water had risen a good six inches while they argued. The old stump on the sand bar was half submerged now, and Joe knew that the water was five feet deep when the stump finally disappeared. But that wasn't high; when it really rained the whole meadow was flooded and once the bridge was a foot under water. That was in the spring of '40, but that was a real flood, and this would be what Elmer, his father's foreman at the lumberyard, called a flash flood, which meant all the water came down from the hills at once and subsided quickly.

"There's a chicken," Tom cried.

He saw the dead chicken, a wet white lump, bob around the bend on a low crest of water and swish under the bridge. Chickens didn't count; it had to be a pig. He said, "Somebody lost some eggs there."

"What if it was a rooster?" Tom laughed.

They quarreled vigorously over the gender of the dead chicken, now a mile downstream, and got up high on the railing when a car splashed over the bridge toward town. The lumber drayman was coming along now, on his way home, the team trotting briskly through the mud, pulling against their heavy collars with great force and throwing gobs of mud over the drayman's head. This was the only time his grays showed any life, going home for rest and feed. The drayman was bald-headed and grouchy, an old Dutchman with lumbago and a sour face that fooled no one. He pulled the grays in as they clattered onto the bridge, and shouted, "See a pig yet, Joe?"

He grinned and said, "Not yet, August. But we're watching close."

"Strawberry pop if you do," August called, shaking his reins; "and ice cream."

"Hot dog," Eddie said. "We better see one. I'd hate to miss all that ice cream."

"Look what's coming," Tom said scornfully. "Fraidy cats."

Up the road he saw a group of smaller children running on the sidewalk toward the bridge, and he knew the younger ones would be bothering them now, pointing at everything that floated and shouting, "I saw it first." He saw the minister's daughters and stuck out his tongue and turned back over the railing, leaning out farther than before to show his disdain.

Tom said, "They ought to stay home."

He said, "We ought to push them in," and then the minister's daughters were standing

(Continued on page 79)

ALLAN D. CRUICKSHANK, PHOTO. SERVICE, NATIONAL AUDUBON SOCIETY

The snowy egret goes through a sort of contortionist act. As he twists and turns, his feathers gleam like silver

The SHOW-OFFS

By [illegible]

HE GRABS her by the neck and shakes her so hard she babbles and screeches. Then he redoubles his mauling, getting her in a grip she can't break. But don't get upset. It's only those birds, the Gannets, love-making again. A tough baby, Mr. Gannet, but of all male creatures he's one of the most successful of lovers.

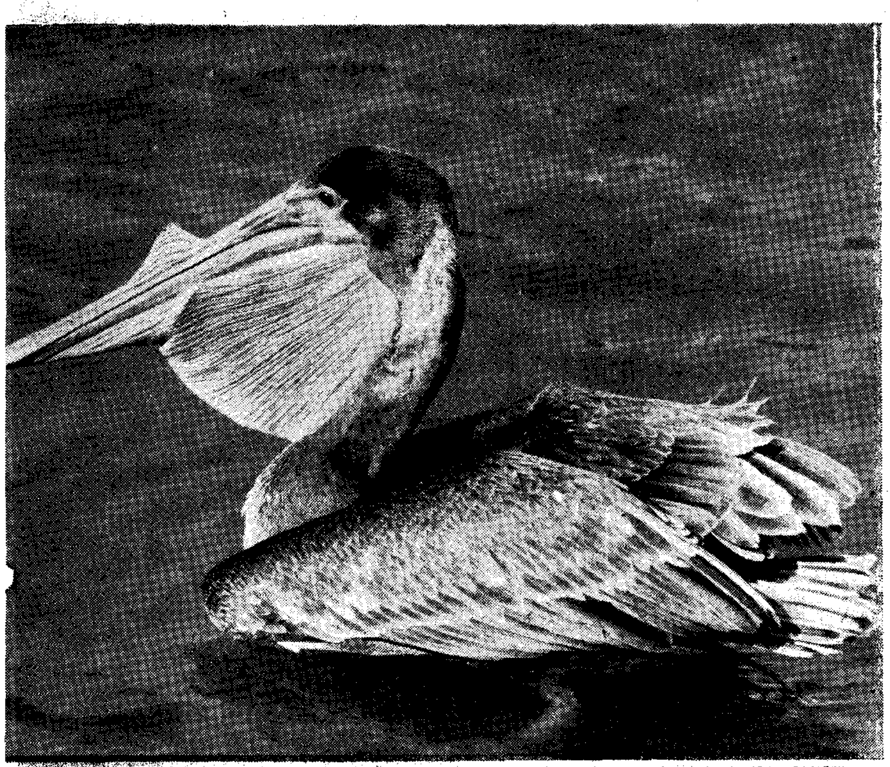
These courting antics are among the strangest of puzzles that nature invented to confound scientists. The idea back of them seems to be attraction of the female—and the rout of rival males. So male animals, reptiles and insects—come spring—join in the weird performance. They stand on their heads, swell themselves out of shape, make faces. They dance, parade, tumble, sing.

But the birds stage the biggest, most varied, most splendid—and most ridiculous—shows. It's all part of what the ornithologists call "display." Every creature does it to some extent in the vernal season, experts say, the general theory being that the sun, getting hotter and shifting its angle of light, is responsible for most of it.

The peacock, for example, eyes the female and erects his iridescent plumes. Before she can get a good look, he spins around and presents his dun-colored rear end. He begins backing slowly toward her. When he thinks he's close enough, he spins around, rattles the quills of his glistening, towering train and gives out with a piercing screech.

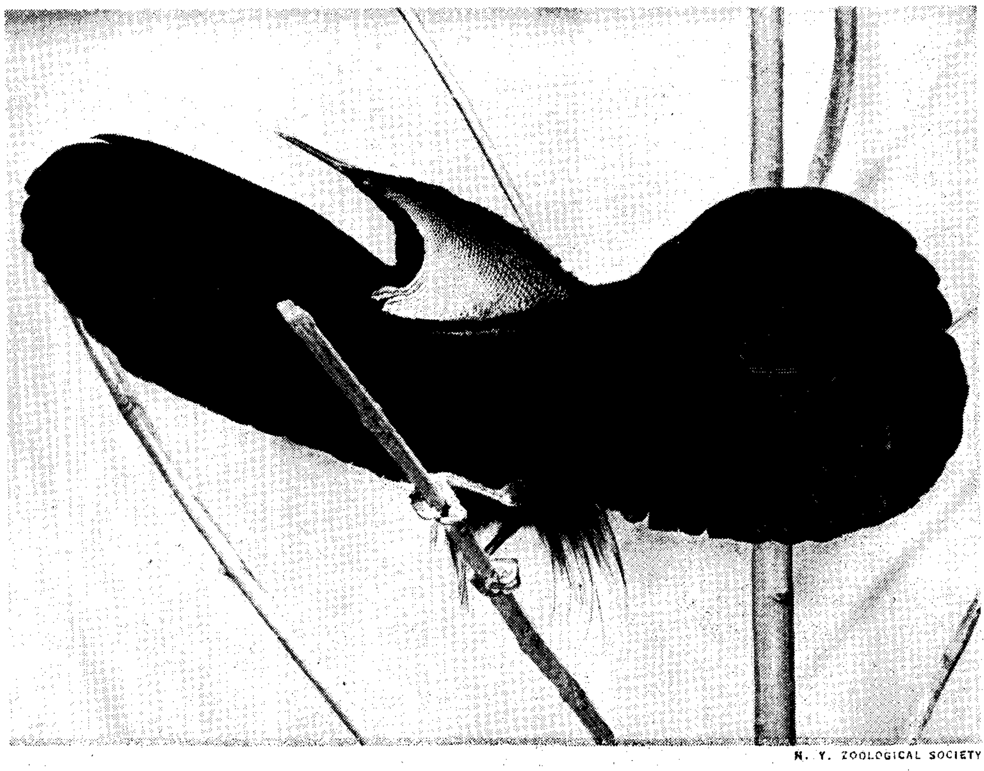
The ostrich's line is not so impressive, but it's a good attention-getter. After making a series of dashes at the lady, he squats suddenly, throws his head as far back as he can and rolls from side to side, to show his waving, billowing plumes. The red-breasted merganser swims toward the duck of his choice, pointing his carmine bill upward, bows, utters a soft, purring note. He raises his wings and shoots himself up out of the water to show off his breastband, spreads his crest—and springs his big surprise. Paddling up to her, he opens his mouth wide as he can right smack in her face and holds it open. What he is trying to do is to fascinate her with the brilliant red color of his mouth and throat.

These are among the commoner bird tricks at this season. Others are more intricate. Some males go into a state of trance. Because a bird is ordinarily so active, this sudden



ALLAN D. CRUICKSHANK, PHOTO. SERVICE, NATIONAL AUDUBON SOCIETY

To attract the female, the brown pelican swells up his pouch. It seems to be a successful maneuver, for many brown pelicans are hatched every year

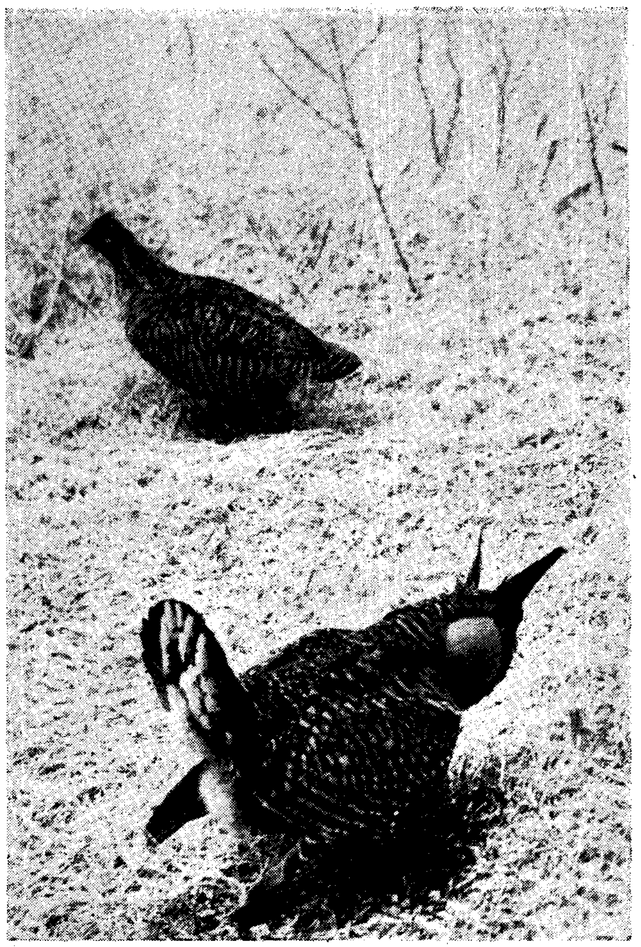


N. Y. ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY

The light patch on the riflebird's throat is iridescent. By snapping his head from side to side, he makes the feathers gleam like jewels against his black velvet coat

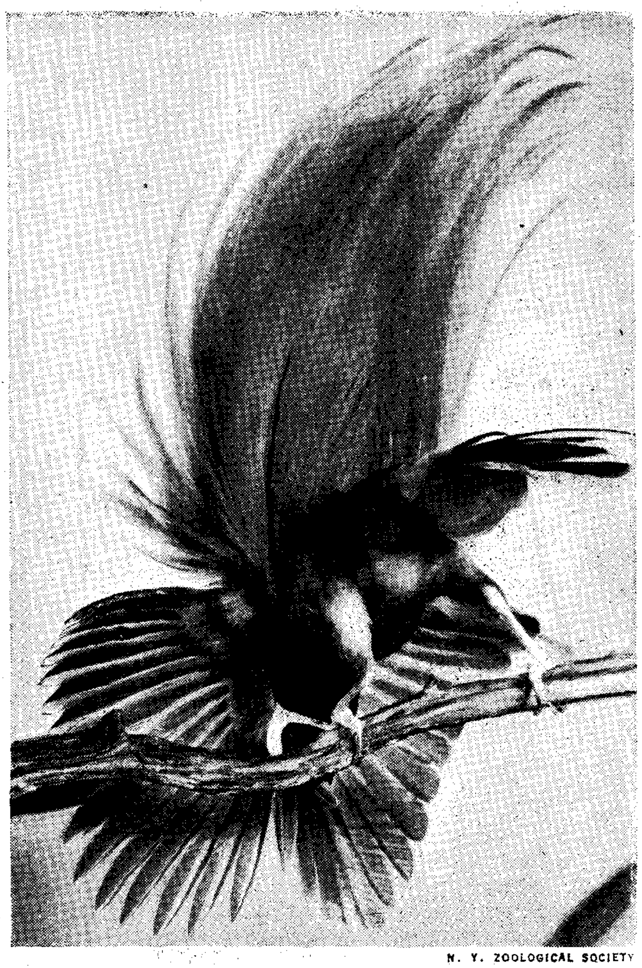
ALLAN D. CRUICKSHANK, PHOTO. SERVICE, NATIONAL AUDUBON SOCIETY

A dignified puffin, formally attired in white tie and tails, offers his girl friend some nice fish



AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

Prairie chickens. On the male's throat (below) is the wind sac with which he makes his booming call



N. Y. ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY

The bird of paradise puts on a frenzied show, running, calling and whirling his dark red plumes

rigidity is startling. Birds of paradise and cranes go in for this. The satin bowerbird will sometimes pick a flower and hold it for as much as twenty minutes in front of the female, who also remains stationary.

In some cases the spring delirium seems to drive the males slightly balmy. When an argus pheasant is ignored by an indifferent female, he has been known to court a stone water trough, bowing to it, dancing, and going through his whole routine in front of it. A thwarted pigeon will sometimes perform his postures to a man, a bottle or a crust of bread. "Imaginary" feeding, nest-building and soaring in the sky are other forms of this annual mania. A guillemot feeds a chick that doesn't exist; pigeons take turns sitting on eggs that aren't there. Hummingbirds pick up imaginary material and carefully weave it into an imaginary nest.

Presentation of berries, stones or food to the female is an important part of the love-making. Gifts of pebbles and bones are correct bird etiquette in the Arctic or Antarctic, as are seeds, twigs and flowers in the jungle.

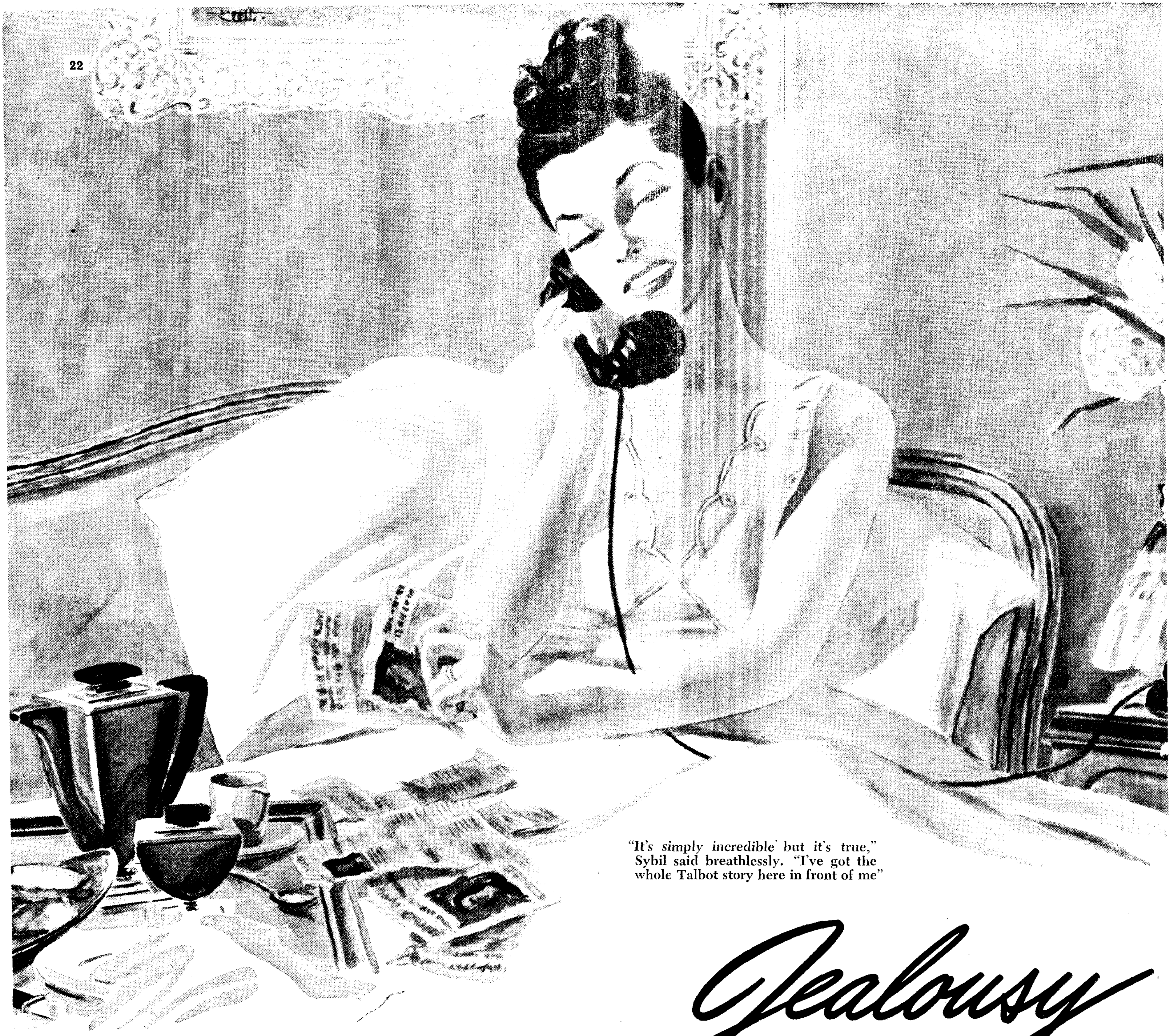
Like humans, the females have two typical reactions. One is to act indifferent and hard-to-get; the other is the coy approach. The latter comes out in a startling way when the males appear with food. A female robin will imitate the actions and cries of an infant bird, letting the male feed her as he would a nestling; a girl pigeon begs like a baby bird, without the "squeals."

In the dances, though, the most impressive and colorful courtship rites are found. These dances take place on the ground, in the air, on the water; they are performed solo, in pairs, quartets or great numbers, with singing accompaniment. Famous is that of the male crane, who wheels around with his back toward the female, makes a low bow—his head almost touching the ground—and ends with a quick leap into the air. He pirouettes and faces the female, saluting her with a still deeper bow. She acknowledges with a hop and bow, and the next instant they are apparently trying to outdo each other. A moment later they are full of dignity again, bowing repeatedly to each other, then to right, then to left. Sometimes they keep this up until both are nearly exhausted.

The guillemots have a dance like a Virginia Reel, that they perform on the sea. Water birds "waltz" together with their heads half submerged. And there are great air ballets that large numbers join in. In Holland the ruffs dance in their circular "courts" in the meadows, in spots that are worn bare of grass by the birds' feet. Suddenly a female, or reeve, appears. The dancers become motionless as the lady walks appraisingly among them, looking over the "goods." She approaches the male she prefers and he meekly follows her away from the dancing place. Then the remaining males resume their frantic pantomime.

These courtship antics, though apparently frivolous, have enduring and even highly moral results. Thus the rugged Gannets end up models of affection and good manners. Together they point their beaks skyward, open their wings and shake their heads vigorously in agreement, standing so close to each other that their bills rattle and clatter against each other. With a final bow she returns to the nest and he acts as mild as a barnyard duck.

But wait till next spring. When the sun gets hot he'll be in there again, squawking and throwing his weight around. ★★★



"It's simply incredible but it's true," Sybil said breathlessly. "I've got the whole Talbot story here in front of me"

Jealousy

BY ZENITH BROWN

The Story:
From the moment Charlie Hale's exotic, black-haired bride, Sybil Marsh, heard about Lisa Talbot, jealous distrust had invaded her happiness: for Lisa was the girl everyone in Landover knew Charlie had almost married, and Sybil could not shake off her fear that he might still love her. Antagonized by Charlie's frequent trips to the Talbot house, she knew only that she must get rid of Lisa at any cost and, maliciously goaded by Lyman Grimes, a young antique dealer, wrote her father demanding he buy Lisa's house. Too late, however, it became apparent that this had brought closer the very thing she hoped to avoid, for Charlie's discovery of the answer to her letter turned his bewilderment at his wife's behavior to positive dislike. Aware now that he loved Lisa, Charlie knew there was no longer any hope for happiness in his marriage, and worse came when Sybil, returning from a pretended visit with her father, found Charlie not at home and went directly to the Talbot house to accuse Lisa of trying to steal her husband. Assured of her mistake and appeased by Horace Talbot, Lisa's father, Sybil was seized with remorse. Hoping to gain Charlie's forgiveness, she decided then to give a large party which would include everyone in Landover—even Mr. Talbot, who for some mysterious reason had not left his farm for years. . . .

Conclusion

THE party was simply a divine idea, Sybil thought as she ran up toward the house. She must tell Charlie about it at once. She hurried inside.

"Charlie?"

She called out gaily, ignoring the mess and smell that confronted her. Then she heard him in the hall above and looked up, smiling brightly at him.

"Why, Charlie, what's the matter? Aren't you glad to see me? Don't you feel well?"

"Hello," he said. "I feel fine."

He didn't look it. Sybil stood there, a vague fear inside her, like all the old deep fears that had tortured her all her life. Lisa could have called him and told him she'd been over there.

"I should think you could at least ask me how I am," she said. "What on earth's the matter with you, Charlie?"

He followed her into the living room. Everything he'd been going over, by himself and with his father, for the last thirty-six hours, was crystallized into intense and bitter animosity as he looked at her. Nearer physical violence at the moment than he had ever been before, he kept himself rigidly in control, trying to remember all the things his father had said. *If she thinks she can hurt you she'll do it . . . we could defend the trust but we couldn't keep down the old scandal; if she should find that out, we're lost. . . .* His eyes were hot as he looked at her. He wanted to show her the letter, make her see what she was doing.

"I didn't expect you back so soon," he said.

Her face brightened at once. "I couldn't bear to stay away and leave you with all this mess, darling. I really couldn't. Dad wasn't really sick. I just looked in on him and got a plane back."

He was still looking at her very strangely, as if something odd had happened to him. She moistened her lips. "Charlie! Don't look at me like that! What's got into you?"

He was aware that he was staring at her with a sickening sense of failure and dismay.

"What do you have to lie to me for, Sybil?" he asked slowly.

"Lie to you? Who's lying to you?"

"It's no use, Sybil. Your father isn't sick. You didn't see him. He called up here this morning from New York."

She looked at him, speechless for an instant.

"Well, I did lie to you," she said then. "I'm sorry; but I only did it because you were so horrid to me. I stopped in St. Louis and got a plane back as quick as I could, because I didn't want you to think I was running out leaving you holding the bag here, when it was all my fault the place is in such an awful mess. And I missed you so much. You don't have to believe that, but it's true."

He looked at her silently. He didn't know. How could you tell? There was no way of telling. But she looked perfectly sane and normal, and it gave him a sudden feeling of confidence. He put his hand in his pocket and brought out the letter from the New York lawyer.

"All right," he said. "What about this?"

He watched her intently as she looked at the firm name in the corner of the envelope.

"This?" she asked, very casually, as if she were not surprised at all at getting a letter from them. "What do they want?"

"You might read it."

She unfolded the sheets of paper and glanced quickly through them.

(Continued on page 37)

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF EDDA CIANO

BY ANDREA NICCOLETTI

Betrayed by the Germans and with her husband facing execution, the daughter of Italy's ex-Duce evaded the Gestapo and fled into Switzerland. Here's the conclusion of the inside story of how the U.S. got her husband's diary

THE fortunes of Edda Mussolini Ciano seemed to reach their lowest ebb on the gray, frigid morning of January 8, 1944. As dawn approached that day she was still standing—as she had all night—alone in the snow beside the Brescia-Verona road. The temperature was near zero, but she had waited, hoping that the Gestapo would go through with its bargain to gain the release of her husband, Italy's ex-Foreign Minister Galeazzo Ciano, from the Verona prison in which he was held by Mussolini's neo-Fascists.

In her chilled hands the once-pampered daughter of Italy's ex-Duce held the seven volumes of her husband's diary—at that time one of the most precious things in the world to her, for with it she hoped to rehabilitate in the eyes of the Allies both herself and him if and when they got to Switzerland. She had arranged to turn over on Ciano's instructions some other confidential papers to the Gestapo in return for a promise of his freedom, but now it became apparent that the Germans had double-crossed her.

Edda finally gave up the hopeless vigil and, half frozen and desperate, she hailed a truck and drove into Verona. There she found Fräulein Ilse, the slim and lovely Gestapo agent who had befriended both Count Ciano and Edda, and together they went to see the general in charge of the Gestapo. Edda was carrying the diary and she knew Fräulein Ilse must have noticed it.

Now, as they were on their way to the general, Edda wondered whether Fräulein Ilse was really on the level, or whether the German woman's show of friendship was merely to gain her confidence and get possession of the diary as well as the remaining secret documents which Edda so far had managed to keep out of German hands. The interview with the general was brief. The Germans had merely changed their minds, he said. Ciano was to remain in prison. Nothing was said about the secret documents which Edda had turned over as the price of Ciano's freedom. And Fräulein Ilse didn't say a word about the diary.

Meanwhile the Marquis Emilio Pucci, the Italian air force officer who had been helping Edda and who had been forced to abandon her outside of Verona when his car broke down on the way to the supposed rendezvous with Ciano, had repaired the damage and driven to Verona. There he found Edda looking so ill and so pale that he hardly recognized her. She was surrounded by Gestapo agents, so he was unable to talk with her. Finally, escorted by fourteen Gestapo agents in three cars, they were driven back to Ramiola, the clinic near Parma which Edda had selected as her refuge after her husband's imprisonment.

Under Gestapo "Protection"

Before leaving Verona, Fräulein Ilse had managed to tell them that the Gestapo general had been made personally responsible for Edda. She and Pucci interpreted this as meaning that they might be arrested or killed at any moment. Fräulein Ilse had also slipped into Edda's hand a letter from Ciano. It was short, but until she reached Ramiola she did not have a chance to read it. When she got to her room she read it aloud to Pucci.

"Darling," it said in part, "while you are still living in the wonderful illusion that in a few hours we are going to be together again and free, for me the last moments have come. . . . Bless the children and bring them up to respect and worship what is right and honorable in life. . . ."

For the first time since Pucci had known her, Edda broke down. Her utter helplessness in the face of the execution of her husband was almost unbearable to her. Fräulein Ilse had told her that Ciano's trial would take place on the following morning, January 9th, and that on the 10th he would be shot. A violent crisis seized her and the doctor was at a loss to know what to do. Then, early in the morning of the 9th, by a terrific effort of her will, she managed to regain control of herself.

Pucci told her that they must make their escape at once, that she must get into Switzerland, and that he would then come back bearing letters from her to make a last effort to save Ciano. Utterly exhausted, Edda finally agreed to this plan.

During the last hours of the night, preparations for the departure were made. It would be impossible for Edda to take all the papers—the diary plus some "very important documents concerning Germany"—with her, first because they were too heavy and bulky, and second because the risk of losing them all, should they be caught, was too great. So Pucci cut the leg from a pair of pajamas and half sewed, half pinned together a belt, into which he put the five most important volumes of the diary, those dealing with the war years. This Edda fastened around her, under her coat. He then sealed up a parcel containing the two remaining volumes, the documents on Germany and some papers and jewelry belonging to Edda. The doctor at the

WIDE WORLD

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In 1936 Edda Mussolini Ciano, chic and smiling, posed with the children of Nazi big shot Josef Goebbels. In September, 1945, harried and bedraggled, she was photographed (right) at Lipari, where she was imprisoned

WIDE WORLD

In the days of his tinsel glory, Italian Dictator Mussolini loved spectacles which honored himself—like this Mussolini Gold Cup Race. At the right is Edda, who was credited with having unsurpassed influence with her father

clinic had to be entrusted with their safekeeping.

The doctor assured Pucci that he was on good terms with the anti-Fascist Partisans, since he gave them medical care. And he promised, should Edda and Pucci be killed, to turn the package over to the Allies. He also assured Pucci that the parcel could be securely hidden near the clinic's electric plant, where anyone hunting for them would be in danger of electrocution. Together they went to the basement and hid the package. (The two volumes left behind were the diaries for the years 1937 and 1938. The contents of the papers on Germany remain a mystery.)

Escape by Way of the Cellar

The next day, with the help of the doctor at the clinic, who pretended to the Gestapo that Edda was too ill to be taken into custody, she slipped out of the clinic through the cellar at a moment when fewer guards than usual were on duty. She hurried through the fields and joined Pucci, who had been given permission by the Gestapo to go to the air force hospital at Ferrara for a scheduled medical examination. By devious roads they reached the Swiss frontier at Viggiù.

Edda's last act before leaving Italy was to write three letters, one to the head of the Gestapo, one to her father and one to Hitler. These three letters stated that she had been double-crossed consistently by the Germans, demanded that her husband be freed in three days time, and stated that if he were condemned she would disclose to the Allies all the information she had.

"As I said goodby to her, a few hundred yards from the border," Pucci wrote later, "she was extremely calm and firm. I gave her a revolver to shoot if the German or Italian guards tried to stop her, and to shoot herself if they got her. Then she went.

"Then I waited. I waited for an hour, to be sure she was over, and turned back. I reached Verona at 1 A.M. and went to the hotel where the Gestapo agents lived. I was let in. I tried to find Fräulein Ilse's room. I went into a room where two girls were sleeping, and called Fräulein Ilse. One of the girls told me she slept in Number 70. I climbed to Number 70 and called. Fräulein Ilse came out of her room and I gave her the letters and told her that Countess Ciano had gotten into Switzerland, taking the documents with her; that she must tell Count Ciano this, and hand in the letters as soon as possible to prevent his execution. She told me the trial was not yet over and that she would deliver the letters at eight the following morning, to give me a chance to get over the frontier myself.

"As I was going out I was stopped by an agent who asked me where I had been. I told him the truth and he let me go. Later I learned that he had gone immediately to Fräulein Ilse's room to ask about me. On hearing his footsteps Fräulein Ilse had thrown the letter on the floor and told him that she had not heard a sound. He then put on the light and saw the letter. (The three letters were enclosed in one envelope addressed to the general.) He wished to take it to the general immediately, but Fräulein Ilse said she would do it herself. She dressed as slowly as possible *(apparently to give Pucci more time to make his getaway)* and delivered it an hour later.

"I was on my way to Sondrio, where I hoped I could make arrangements to get through. But since the night of January 2d (eight days before) I had been up driving, and after my recent illness I was in very bad shape. So I fell asleep. I woke up shortly before four. My car wouldn't start, so I went to a peasant's house to get some help. Just then I heard a car coming and ran back to the road and waved my arms. The car stopped. Four Germans alighted and asked for my papers. When they discovered who I was they shouted with fury. Four machine guns were stuck against my throat and I was shoved against a wall.

"They asked me to tell them where the countess was. I thought I had best keep quiet for she might not yet have been accepted into Switzerland and I figured that German pressure upon the Swiss government might, if applied in time, prove strong enough to have her sent back. They gave me a minute to answer and counted out the seconds, ten at a time: 50, 40, 30, down to 10, 5, 4, 3, 2 and 1. I stiffened to receive the blow, but it didn't come. I was kicked around, then shoved into a car and taken to Gestapo headquarters in Verona.

"There I saw Fräulein Ilse a few minutes after Count Ciano had been shot. She thanked me on his behalf for helping his wife, and told me he had died serenely, knowing that she (Edda) was with her children and that his memory would be cleared by the publication of his diary. She added that Count Ciano wished the countess to know that he did not want her to do anything against the Germans for the moment as he feared she and the children might be killed. He also wished her to be careful about associating her name with the documents, which he thought might be unwise since her name was so closely linked in the eyes of the world with the deeds of her father. And he sent a last message to his wife, thanking her for the loyalty and the courage she had shown and for all she had done for him.

"On leaving me Fräulein Ilse said she would try to get me cleared.

"That evening I was taken back to Ramiola to be interrogated in the presence of the doctor. He had said in a previous examination that he knew it had long been my intention to leave Italy and that I was violently anti-Fascist and anti-German. Later, he told me privately that he had said this to make them think he was on their side.

"Things went decently for a few hours. Then suddenly the Gestapo officer who was handling the case told me to change into civilian clothes and to get ready to follow him to Milan.

Recognized by a Hotel Man

"We drove to Gestapo headquarters at the Hotel Regina. Here I was recognized by the proprietor of the hotel in the little town on the frontier where the countess and I had stopped the night before she went to Switzerland. He declared it was I who had taken the countess over.

"Soon after I was ushered into the 'torturing chamber' before a strangely elegant Prussian colonel, a smiling Austrian major and their staff. As I came in, I noticed the colonel's carefully parted hair, his beautifully pressed uniform, his clean-shaven face; but what struck me was his hands, small, well manicured hands which seemed incapable of hurting a fly.

"The colonel smiled with delight at seeing his prey. At his left sat his aide-de-camp, another Prussian. In a corner a woman, an old, haggard thing, was seated at a typewriter.

"The questioning started. They wanted to know everything about the escape of the countess and her children, whether she had taken the diary or other documents with her, and if not where they were hidden. All kinds of questions showered at me in broken English or in an even more ungrammatical French. I had made up my mind not to answer, and calmly I told the three officers that I did not intend talking.

"As I was saying this, the colonel muttered a few unintelligible words to the major on his right. At that the old woman, rising abruptly from her seat, ran out of the room with a terrific, unexplainable haste. Then, slowly, the colonel got up. He walked to a cupboard which was across the room and selected three wooden *cravaches* (riding crops). He gave one of them to each of the other two officers and, walking always very slowly, he came near me.

"Suddenly with a savage fury, they started striking me, the three together. The first blows landed on my head, and the blood came pouring down my face.

"Under this shower of blows I felt stunned; to say the truth I didn't even feel a very strong physical pain. The whole thing seemed so preposterous, so unbelievable. I couldn't imagine how it might be possible that three officers could be striking in such a blind fashion at another officer. The worst thing was the dreadful feeling of humiliation. After having fought for four years as a pilot, it was even worse to feel you were in the power of people who could do anything to you while you weren't able to react in any way.

A Lull in the Punishment

"On and on they kept hitting me while calling me names of all kinds and shouting in a savage fashion. Finally the blows stopped and I found myself leaning heavily against the wall. I was completely groggy. The major came near me and shouted something in English. I could understand the words, but I found it difficult to get the meaning of the sentences. Then I realized that he was asking again the same things they had asked me at the beginning of the interview. I bit my lips and managed not to say a word. Strangely enough, my will power was as strong as ever, but I found it difficult to prevent myself from answering automatically to their questions.

"So they started hitting me again.

"I was now a mess of blood. I must have been a regular sight, for the colonel stopped the hitting and told me gruffly to wipe the blood off me.

"And at that moment, suddenly, out of nowhere, I got a notion that there was a funny side to the whole business. Here, before me, were three men accustomed to get what they wanted in some way or other, and here was I, a problem they did not seem able to solve. So I took out my handkerchief and carefully wiped the blood from my face and neck, then I found a small comb that I carried in a pocket of my suit and leisurely started combing my hair. When I had finished I asked the colonel if it was all right. He looked at me with a bewildered expression, as if I had been an impertinent child with whom it was difficult to deal. I felt satisfied.

"Then they went back to action. The colonel walked again to the cupboard and took out some strange steel gadgets. I was tied to a chair, and the steel contraptions were fitted to my fingers and wrists. Then they started twisting my joints. I felt as if my bones were going to split and cold sweat ran down my back; then I fainted.

"When I came to, the major was striking me with his *cravache*. In my mouth I could taste the sweet, warm taste of blood. At my sides the captain and the colonel were shouting questions in my ears. I managed again to be silent. I did not want to talk and I did not want to complain before these people. And so on and on, through the night, they went on hitting me and twisting my wrists and fingers. But now I fainted every few minutes.

"At ten o'clock there was a lull. They were hungry. So in turns, while two kept doing their job, one of them went out to have a meal. I was astounded to hear them praise their meal to one another as they

(Continued on page 74)

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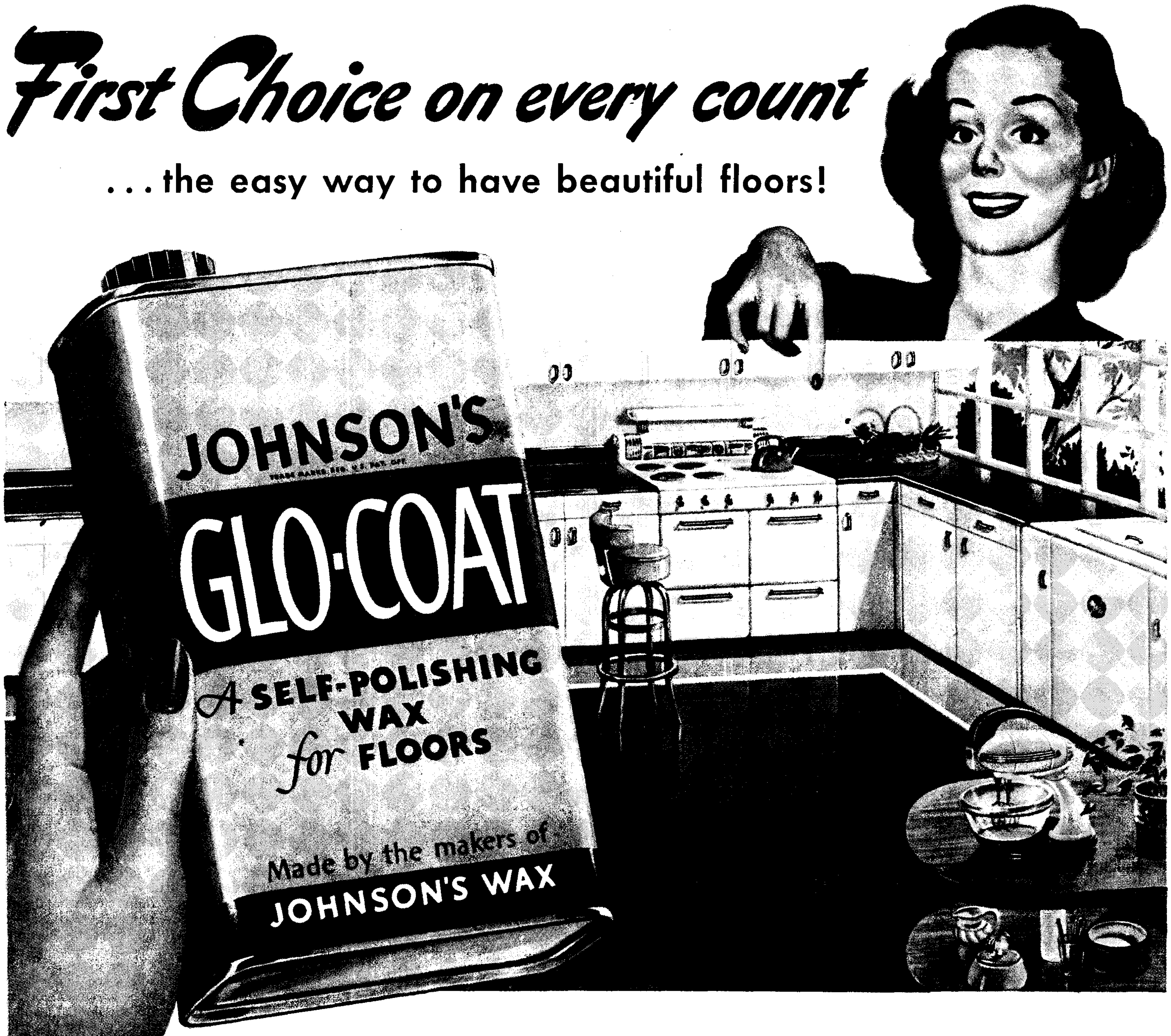
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The Wasp's Nest

BY MARION FRADIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY KANE

The girl was innocent, she was fascinated, and Kenneth's subtle trap was well concealed

LOOKING out the window he thought: What a bore. Who the devil wanted to go out in the pouring rain and meet some silly girl from the Middle West?

He stood, fairly tall and slim in a covert suit, by the old-fashioned window. His straight back was to the room and he was smoking a cigarette out of a briar holder as he watched the marquee of the Wellington Arms across the street flap excitedly in the rain. He had a hang-over; insane, he thought, to have gone pub-crawling until all hours, two nights running. But damn Lisa for her half-witted insinuations! Stupid, really, to allow her criticisms to rankle him. Yet they always had, even when they had been married. She hadn't changed much, he had to admit, in the ten years he hadn't seen her. She still seemed young and beautiful; her radiance and high spirits had made him feel flat and jaded.

The gold-inlaid clock on the white marble mantel at the end of the room ticked away to a quarter of nine.

"It's almost time, Kenneth. It *would* be gracious if you met her."

Mrs. Hilliard, thin, anxious, in her middle fifties, sat stiffly upon the edge of the silk damask sofa at the rear of the room, her hands clasped nervously in her lap, aware that her son was not listening to her. He was being difficult because he objected to having a stranger visit them. Well, she couldn't help his petulance. She just wished she didn't always have to be the victim of it. It didn't, as far as she could see, in any way involve him if Rose Hambleton's daughter came to live with them. The thought of the unexpected guest sent a quiver of excitement through her. She was glad someone was coming to share the big, gloomy house. Kathleen was only nineteen. Out in Iowa she had made quite a name for herself in amateur dramatics and now she was coming to New York to study at the American Academy. It would be nice, extremely nice, to have a pleasant, young guest.

HER eyes shifted fretfully to the coffee at Kenneth's side, the cigarette in his listless hand. "Simply because he knows he must hurry, he won't," she cried to herself. "Really, Kenneth!" She stood up in exasperation. "I told Rose you would be there to meet her. I told her *my son!* We've got to be hospitable!"

"Hospitable," murmured Kenneth. His mother was always hospitable. But, dammit, who the devil wanted a girl hanging around the house; curious, censorious, interfering, in league, soon enough, with his mother against him? Certainly he had done all he could to kill the idea, but for once he had failed.

"She's got to stay somewhere," his mother had insisted during their last, bitter quarrel. "She's very gifted," she had added, hoping this might alter his objections. "Rose says—" But he had cut her short: "I don't care what Rose says. I won't have anyone snooping around here, interfering . . ." "How will she interfere? You know very well, Kenneth, you're only home during the day to quarrel with me or mope around in your studio with a hang-over!" "We'll just keep my character out of this," he had warned her. She never quite realized his empty studio on the top floor frightened even himself. "Rose says—" "Rose says," he had sneered. "Kenneth, *please*, be better tempered. It seems to me your disposition gets worse every day." She wished she could have asked him why he didn't, for heaven's sake, go out and look for a job and get married like a normal man and leave her alone. Instead she burst into tears, weeping: "Why can't you be nicer to me?"

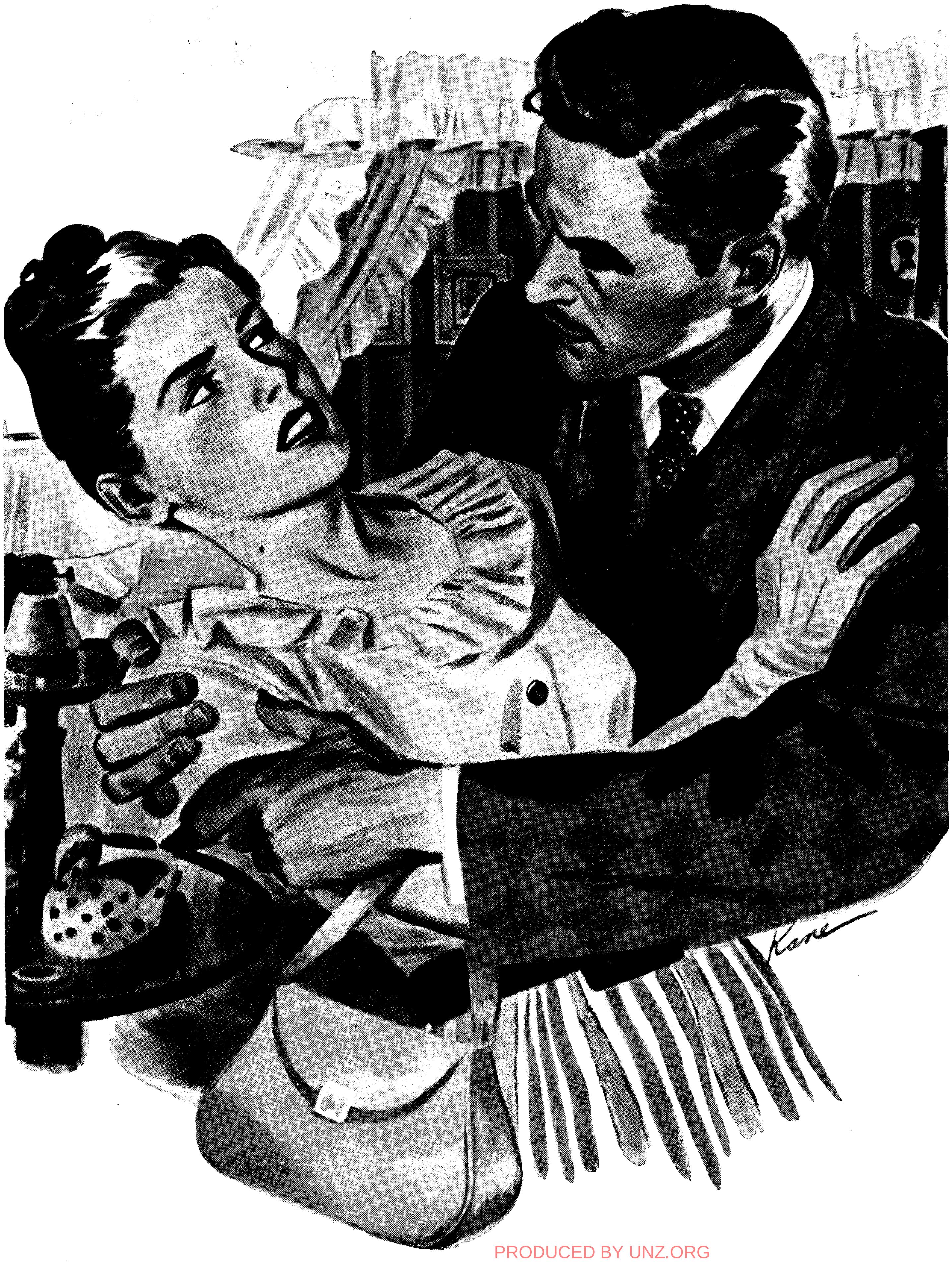
Kenneth hadn't answered; he had gone out, she knew, on another dreadful drinking expedition through the dark hours of the night, to return after the sun had risen, looking ghastly white and trembling. . . .

The clock struck nine.

"Kenneth, please, won't you go?"

Kenneth put out his cigarette. Every bone in his body ached, and his head felt as if it had been smashed to a pulp. Again he thought of Lisa. She had certainly looked smug and well. Her wonderful voice was still as throaty and she was still addicted to cheap epigrams: "I had always sort of hoped, Kenneth, that you would at least be a successful failure, but if you're not careful you're going to flop at even that." So what? What did that amount to? Yet he couldn't disguise the fact that meeting her again had left him bereft of comfort, although, Lord knows, he certainly didn't want her back again. "Don't you paint any more?" she had asked. "No." "Draw?" "Not much." "In love with someone?" "Not particularly." "Not that I think any woman could possibly live with you."

(Continued on page 29)



"Look, Kenneth," Kathleen said, looking at him with serious eyes, "I'm afraid this means we can't go out together any more"

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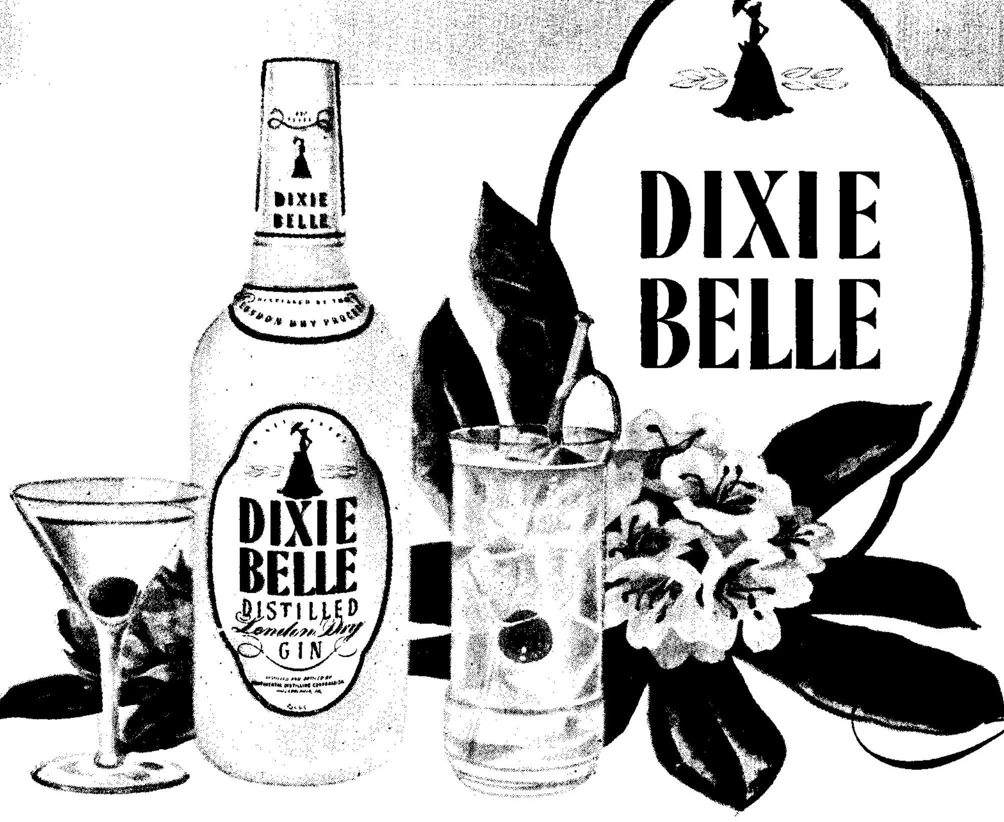
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The Wasp's Nest

Continued from page 26

"Thank you." "Now don't get nasty." "Was I?" "Oh, hang yourself! After all, Kenneth, I'd like to see you married and settled. You're so awful when people try to be kind to you." "It seems to me that it's always been agreed that I'm rotten to the core. Why reopen the subject?" "You're still a bit of a louse, aren't you, Kenneth?" "Perhaps, but that's something you no longer have to contend with." "Thank God!" "So let's drop the subject." "Let's." Yet there had been moments during the evening when he had wanted to take her hand, as if in touching her, something that was lost could be retrieved. . . .

"Kenneth!" his mother said.

"Good Lord," he muttered low, "does the world need still another actress?" He frowned, drained his coffee cup, and shuddered. Then abruptly he turned and left the room.

Mrs. Hilliard hurried after him. "She'll be wearing a gardenia. That's not a very original idea," she said apologetically. "But it was the best thing we could think of. And she looks like Rose."

Not a sign that he was paying the slightest attention. He put on his raincoat, opened the door, and stepped outside.

"Do try to be nice to her," pleaded Mrs. Hilliard.

Kenneth didn't answer as he shut the door.

HE DIDN'T have to wait long at the station. Kathleen Hambleton was one of the first persons to step under the archway at Track 42 shortly after the train arrived. He saw her at once—a slim, dark-haired girl, young and appealing in a carefully pressed suit, a gardenia in her lapel. She glanced curiously around her. Kenneth's interest was awakened immediately. There was a suggestion of the young Lisa in the grace of her movement as she came forward, followed by a redcap with her bags. She hesitated in front of the information booth.

Kenneth approached her, lifted his hat and bowed.

"Look," he said with his most devastating smile, "if you're Kathleen Hambleton, I'm Kenneth Hilliard."

"I'm so glad to see you," she said with relief, and warmly offered her hand.

He stood looking into her eyes a little too long, his raincoat almost touching her skirt, his hand clasping hers a little too tightly.

Embarrassed, she withdrew her hand. She laughed shyly as she told him how thrilled she was to be in New York. "I've wanted to come here so long," she said, trying to avoid his unwavering gaze. "It's really quite a wonderful place. Just *look* at this station!"

He motioned to the porter to follow them and took her arm. Together they started for the taxi stand. Walking so, Kenneth suddenly felt indifferent to the surrounding bedlam or the pouring rain that awaited them. Several times he turned his head to look again at her. He drew her arm possessively closer. She felt the pressure and looked up at him. She smiled uncertainly. His own lips twisted into a faint grin.

IF MRS. HILLIARD expected Kenneth to leave Kathleen's room after he brought up her luggage, she was disappointed. Kenneth lingered, his eyes upon the girl. He watched her as she expressed her delight with the bright, cheerful room. Her pleasure, he noted, pleased his mother. Mrs. Hilliard hovered around the girl, mottled pink spots appearing and disappearing on her cheeks. She was happy; she would be happier still, he knew, if he left the room. As he took out a cigarette and put it in his holder, he wondered what kind of girl Kathleen Hambleton was and what her experiences with men had been. She seemed a little naïve, but that was refreshing, if, at times, it was apt to make things a little difficult. He offered to help her unpack. Mrs. Hilliard, eager for this privilege herself, flashed him an indignant look. Kathleen thanked him, but said no. Mrs. Hilliard made furtive signs for Kenneth to leave, but he ignored them.

"I'll have lunch ready for you after you've rested, dear," said Mrs. Hilliard to Kathleen.

"I'd like to take you to Twenty One for lunch, Kathleen," announced Kenneth.

Kathleen's eyes shone. "I'd love it. That's one of the places I was told to be sure to go to. You won't mind, will you, Mrs. Hilliard?"

Mrs. Hilliard's face was crestfallen. "By all means, go," she said quietly.

"At about one?" Kathleen asked Kenneth.

Kenneth avoided his mother's eyes as he nodded. He continued to stare at the girl, who had picked up a suitcase and put it on the bed. She opened it and drew out a silver-framed photograph. As he watched her bring it close to inspect it for possible damage, he peered over her shoulder and looked into the handsome face of a young man in uniform. He watched her blow imaginary dust from the glass and then scout around for the best place to put it.

Mrs. Hilliard flashed a significant look from the picture to Kenneth.

Kenneth sized up the youth—a corporal, handsome, friendly, enthusiastic, about six feet tall, from the size of the shoulders. Probably a former all-star athlete in the Big Ten. The kind that wasn't bothered with neuroses and never went berserk. So that was what she liked.

"I can just see us now—you seated before the fireplace with your sewing, me reading a mystery, the children playing happily on the floor. What's your name?"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY

He watched her as she rummaged through her suitcase, bringing out cosmetics and toilet articles. Finally a trifle shyly, she turned to him with charming exasperation, "I'll never get to Twenty One if I don't get a chance to clean up. Do you mind?"

"Of course not, Kathleen dear," put in Mrs. Hilliard. She turned to Kenneth. "Come, Kenneth," she said, not looking at him directly. With an affectionate smile to the girl, she left the room, her face assuming a stony expression as she passed her son.

Kenneth bowed and followed his mother. But he scowled as he met her waiting in the hall.

"She's got somebody, hasn't she?" he asked.

"Do you mean," said Mrs. Hilliard, "is she engaged?"

"Well, is she?"

"Rose did mention she was going to marry a young man in the Army. A corporal, I think."

"A corporal, you think," he sneered.

"I would prefer, Kenneth, that you don't see too much of Kathleen. I hadn't planned on that." Mrs. Hilliard tried to sound calm. "She's a very young girl, and you're not exactly the type of person for a young girl to be with."

He gave her a scornful look and walked away.

He was in a bloody mood as he changed his shirt and tie. A corporal. Well, there ought to be some way of putting a stop to that silly little business.

IT WASN'T only Twenty One or the Stork Club. Nor was it only once or twice. Kathleen and Kenneth were seen together everywhere. He had attached himself to her as if he owned her and was hostile to any intrusion, impatient of any separation. He busied himself with her affairs, arranged where she should go, and unobtrusively decided what people she should meet. She followed him willingly, almost as if she were hypnotized.

Mrs. Hilliard observed this development with alarm. "You mustn't spend all your time with him, dear," she cautioned the girl.

"But he's so *sophisticated,*" Kathleen confided eagerly. "He's more stimulating than any man I've ever known!"

From ten to four every weekday, Kathleen studied at the American Academy. While she was gone, Kenneth waited only for her return. He would smoke, drink, read restlessly, wondering jealously what she was doing, whom she was seeing, what she was talking about. He wondered also where all this was going to lead, for he knew he was crazy about her and wanted her. He would have liked to have an affair with her, but he realized this was out of the question; she didn't operate that way. Her innocence and inaccessibility only heightened his desire. With her, he told himself, he could lick the world.

During the weeks that followed her coming, he pursued her with gifts and flowers and constant attention. He was happy—in a way. Only when he was alone did he relapse into his former irritable state of mind. At intervals terror would strike at his heart at the possibility of her disappearing from his life. The urge to possess her grew stronger every day, as did the desire to destroy her ambition, primarily because it led her away from him and because it grimly attested to a faith in one's self which he had discarded. The corporal—another obstacle in his path—brought rage to his breast every time he saw his photograph. If only they could go off together, somewhere—to Mexico, to Cuba . . .

One night as they were having after-dinner drinks at the Plaza, he tried to convince her the vagabond life was the only life to live.

She agreed amiably, but asked, "How could you have a career?"

He scoffed and said a career wasn't important. She claimed it was to her. He told her he couldn't believe she really wanted to become an actress. "Acting's stupid—a hollow, silly, exhibitionistic pastime."

She was furious. "The stage," she told him passionately, "is an old, inspirational profession. I love it!"

He didn't doubt her in the least. He knew all about it: youth, ambition, nothing-to-be-allowed-to-step-in-the-way. Ten, fifteen years ago, in Paris, with Lisa, with others, he, too, had gone through the same cycle. For him it hadn't worked out. Why it hadn't, he no longer cared to know. Perhaps he had drunk too much to hide his meager talent, as old Oppfer had said in Paris twelve years before.

Sensing Kenneth's depression, Kathleen softened. Taking his hand, she squeezed his fingers warmly.

"Marry me," he begged suddenly, his enigmatic face lighting up.

She flushed. "Why, Kenneth, I'm flattered, but . . ."

"Think of what I could do for you, Kathleen."

"I've no doubt of that," she replied softly. She dropped her eyes, fingered her purse. Then she lifted her lovely face and said, "Oh, Kenneth— But it wouldn't work. You know it wouldn't work."

Of course she meant he wasn't *her* type. His eyes narrowed. The picture of a brave soldier, with unwrinkled brow, a sweet promise of fidelity on his lips, rose before him. His mouth twitched.

"I'll settle down. I'll go on the wagon," he said, his eyes watchful for her reaction.

"No, I'd never ask any man to do that, Kenneth. Anyway, darling, we shouldn't even be talking this way—we seem to be forgetting I'm engaged."

Yes, he had been overlooking that fact; purposely ignoring it would be more accurate. Well, that was that; that was as far as he could get with her. Yet he sensed an attraction toward him; sensed she felt it and was fighting it. She had been excited at his proposal; of this he was certain.

He wondered what the corporal was like and to what extent their romance had gone.

ONE afternoon while they were lunching at Sardi's, and she was staring in awe at K. T. Stevens, he decided to ask her about that.

"Tell me a little about your love life," he said casually.

She smiled. "What do you want to know?"

"Tell me about the special young man."

"I don't really know much about him," she said simply.

"What do you mean—you don't know much about him? You're engaged to him, aren't you?"

"Yes, but I didn't know him long. We met about a year ago. He was on a 48-hour pass."

"You mean you've only known each other forty-eight hours?"

"No, not exactly. After that he was around for about four weeks."

"Then you've only known him a month altogether?"

She nodded. "But I feel as if I've known him for years."

"Where is he now?"

"In Japan."

"I suppose you miss him a great deal?"

"I did at first—terribly. But you get used to it."

"What makes you think he's the one for you?"

"Well, we think alike and laugh at the same things. He used to be an actor before

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the war. He's kind and considerate, and he doesn't drink too much, which is something I like. He's really awfully sweet. Why, he worked his way through Iowa State and even supported his mother and sister while he was at Pasadena, which, I think, is pretty remarkable."

"And something you think I couldn't do, eh?" Kenneth muttered to himself.

He didn't ask any more. Only four weeks. His heart sang. If he worked it cleverly and quickly, he'd be damned if he couldn't change her mind. She was, after all, immature and idealistic and her values would have to change sooner or later. In four weeks not too intimate relationship could have been established; certainly not between those two innocents.

"How about some champagne, Kathleen," he suggested, his face shrewd and handsome.

"Why, Kenneth, what fun! I've never had any before."

He thought to himself: There are a lot of things you've never had before which you are going to get, my girl! He felt buoyed up. "A bottle of your best champagne," he said to the waiter. "Extra Dry."

IT WAS almost nine o'clock the next morning when Kenneth went to Kathleen's bedroom door, two cups of steaming coffee in his hands. The door was open a little way, and he was about to kick it when voices inside the room halted him. His mother was talking—something about "Kenneth." He listened as he heard Kathleen in reply: "But I really think you exaggerate the defects in his character." "It hurts me to have to speak about my own son in this way, but no one can exaggerate his defects. He's ruined everything he's ever touched. He almost destroyed poor Lisa's life!" "He's been charming to me." "Charming! He's charming only when he wants something. And what he wants is for himself and not for anyone else. You have a fine man of your own, Kathleen, a man of real character. Your mother has written to me about him." "I know that. I wish you wouldn't distress yourself so, Mrs. Hilliard." "You *are* fond of Kenneth, aren't you?"

"Why—why, I like him, of course. Any girl would be attracted to him. And I certainly don't see any sense in sitting home with my hands folded, when I could be out enjoying myself. I've never been to the places Kenneth takes me to." "It isn't necessary to go to them in order to live a happy life." "But it can't hurt." "You'll only become jaded and cynical as he is. Don't you know that Kenneth recognizes no other form of recreation except bars and night clubs? I'm sure your fiancé would be horribly disappointed in you if he knew how you went out night after night drinking." "But I don't drink much. Kenneth may, but I don't. Anyway, don't you think it's possible that being with me might change Kenneth a little?" "Never! He'll change you, but you'll never change him!"

Kenneth heard his mother take a deep breath. "I must tell you now, Kathleen, that I shall write to your mother at once, and explain everything, and I shall also write to your fiancé if you don't put an immediate stop to this. I'm responsible for you, after all."

Kenneth pushed the door open with his foot. "I've coffee," he announced.

He stood aside, with elaborate politeness, as his mother swept into the hall.

Kathleen avoided his eyes. Nervously she accepted the cup he offered.

Hiding his rage under a nonchalant surface, Kenneth boldly appraised Kathleen. He wondered how anyone could look so exquisite so early in the morning.

"You need violets," he remarked with insolent authority. The faint flush that sprang to her cheeks did not escape his notice. He saw her drink her coffee quickly and noticed that her fingers trembled.

"Thought I'd chat with you a while," he said, putting down his cup, taking out a cigarette.

"Almost ready, Kathleen?" Mrs. Hilliard's voice, stern and disapproving, came from her room across the hall.

"Is *she* going with you?" he asked with ill-concealed irritation.

"You mustn't use that tone with me, Kenneth. Nor must you act as if you own me. You don't, you know."

For a moment he went wild inside.

Kathleen softened. "No, she isn't going with me. We're sharing a cab part of the way." She drew on her gloves nervously, picked up her handbag, and gave herself one last inspection in the mirror.

"I suppose," he said, his dark, burning eyes sliding to the picture on her dressing table, "Junior never sulks."

"No, indeed, he has the best disposition of any man I've ever seen. And you mustn't call him Junior." She turned hesitantly to Kenneth. For a moment their eyes met. He supposed she was seeing for the first time the bags under his eyes, the pallor of his cheeks. *"Well, look!"* he cried savagely to himself. At the same time he told himself fiercely he had no intention of giving this girl up. He grabbed her arm and pulled her to him. Kathleen turned her head away quickly, but Kenneth, with deliberate gentleness, turned her lips back to his and kissed her. Kathleen sighed, and for a split moment, yielded. Then she pushed him away and looked at him with serious, clear eyes: "Look, Kenneth, I'm afraid this means we can't go out together any more." Her composure deserted her. "Why," she whispered brokenly, "oh, *why* did this have to happen?" Then she recovered herself, jerked her arm free and quickly left the room . . .

He heard them go out, heard the door slam downstairs that told him he was alone in the big house. His fury was far too great for him to make any kind of move; he remained motionless where Kathleen had left him. When his cigarette had burned almost to the end, he put it out on the ash tray on the dressing table. Then he picked up the picture of the corporal.

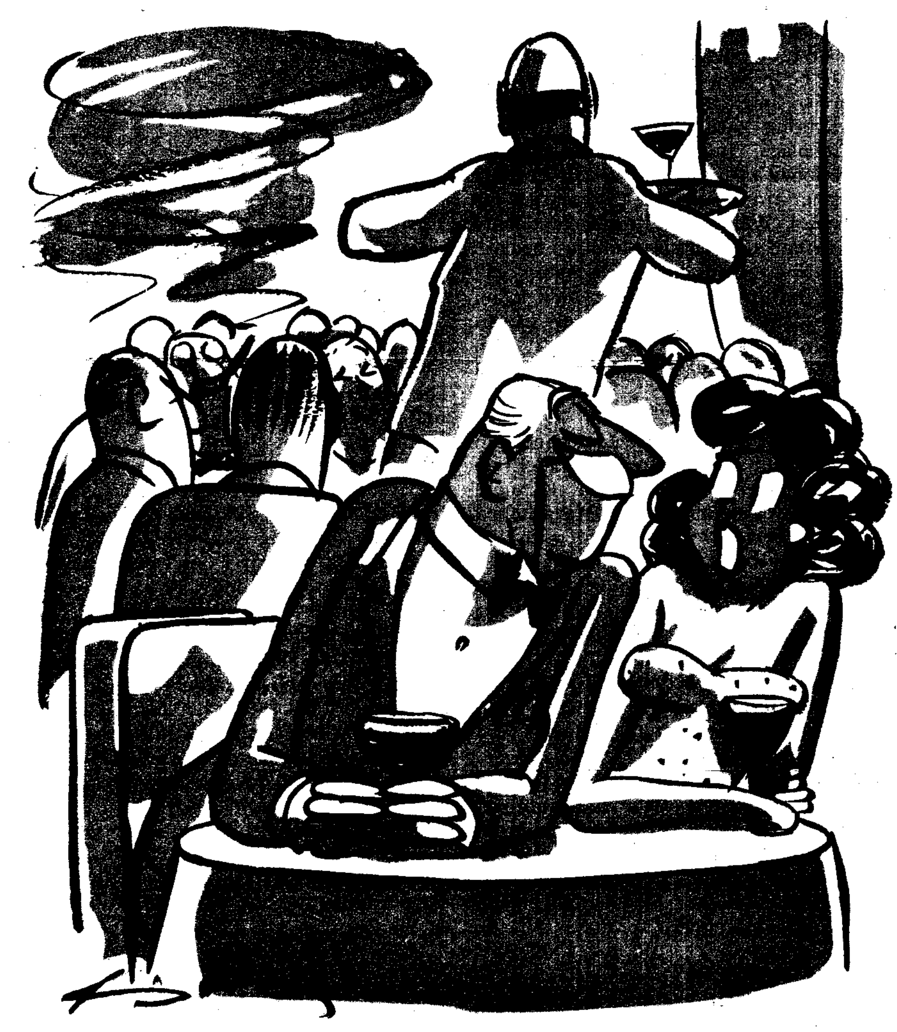
Known him only four weeks, eh? Well, she couldn't have known him too well. And all she had now, except for those damn' letters that never failed to arrive, was this photograph—a photograph, presumably, of what a man should be. A paragon; sane, healthy, unblemished. A Boy Scout.

He stared grimly at the picture for some moments, taking in every detail of the face. A fine man, a man of real character indeed! Well, well! Then, slowly, a smile began to play about Kenneth's lips, broadening into a wide grin.

Abruptly, he turned and left the room, carrying the picture with him. In his top floor studio he went directly to his drawing board. There was a purposeful air about him. With a palette knife, he pried the nails loose behind the frame and removed the picture. From the crowded shelf of paints overhead, he took down a tube of retoucher's black. This was going to be interesting, he thought. He didn't know how successful, but mighty interesting. Outrageous? He would see.

He picked up a fine brush and painted the corners of the corporal's lips downward. He worked them downward in order to shift them into an almost imperceptible sneer. Mr. Corporal wasn't going to look quite so perfect after this little treatment. He thought he might even go further; not much; just a little. The eyes were too damned enthusiastic. What they needed was just a touch of decadence. This he achieved by deepening the lids. Not much, just enough to diminish the wide-eyed salutation in the incredibly joyful eyes that loved the great wonderful world with such unabashed devotion. He supposed, then, that this was enough for the initial treatment. Tomorrow he might develop what he had begun. He laid aside the brush, wiped his hands, and replaced the picture in the frame. Then he returned it to Kathleen's room.

IN THE library he took out a cigarette, poured himself a drink, grinned. What he was going to do, he told himself, would not be discernible immediately. Not today, of course. The day after tomorrow, perhaps. The day after that, after a few more treatments, surely. He would see to that. He had a plan—a psychological plan. Her vision, he was going to make her see (with a helpful hint or two from him), had been clouded by that too rosy glow. Love was blind; romance withheld realities; she must learn this, from him, so that suddenly one morning her eyes would unexpectedly open. She would awaken as if from a dream and for the first time see the man she had thought she loved as he *really* was. She would suddenly blink her mind's eyes as she held the photograph in her hand: How could she ever have been so



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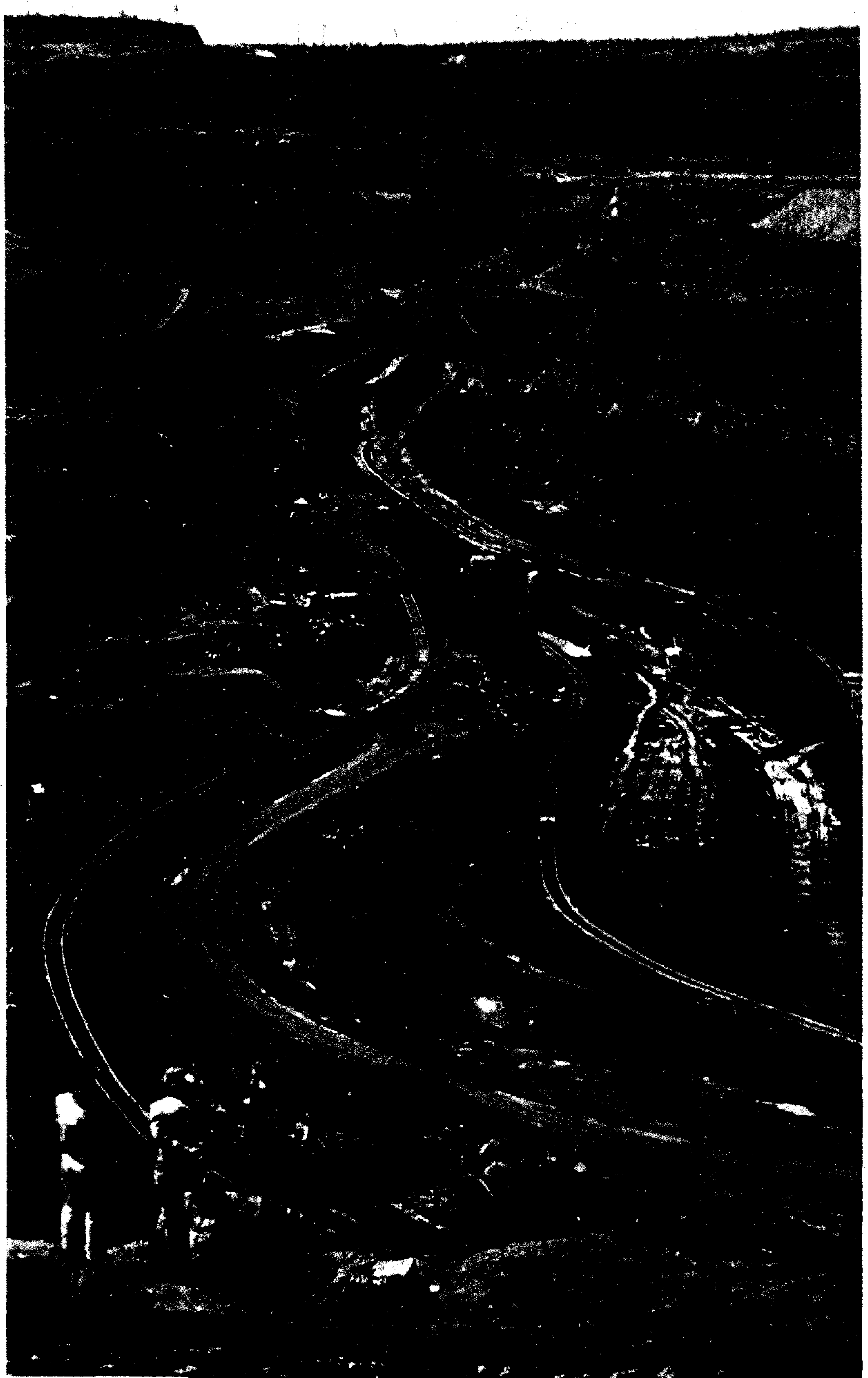

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mistaken? He wasn't at all what she had thought he was!

Next day he renewed his efforts. The day following that, he again brought the picture to his studio and worked over it.

He waited until he had her settled in the King Cole room at the St. Regis, a few afternoons later, before he embarked upon the second feature of his plan. He waited until she felt gay and not quite so guilty about slipping off with him against his mother's wishes.

Then he began talking about two young people he knew, who had thought themselves passionately in love with each other, had suddenly realized they weren't in love at all. "Young love is a blind little beggar," he said lightly.

She disagreed and murmured that he was cynical.

He went on to explain that oftentimes lovers saw their beloved with eyes that were really unseeing, and how often this blindness led to bad marriages. "We may only finally come to know some people," he explained, "after we're more experienced in life. When we're young we don't easily see, or if we do, we overlook defects. Many young lovers are apt to make this mistake. Especially when they fancy themselves embroiled in the 'Big Thing' after a few moments' notice. Especially—"

"Hello, Kenneth!" From behind Kenneth's chair, Lisa appeared, looking unreasonably beautiful, Kenneth thought. A stocky man in his forties was with her.

"My husband," Lisa indicated her companion. She turned inquisitive eyes upon Kathleen.

"Miss Hambleton," said Kenneth.

LISA glanced shrewdly from Kathleen to Kenneth. "Have a drink with us later," she invited, moving away with her husband to their table.

Kenneth sat down with a scowl.

"So that's Lisa. I must say she's beautiful."

"I don't think much of her husband."

"Do you ever think about her any more?"

"Good Lord, no!"

"You were supposed to have been awful to her, Kenneth. Why?"

"She was pretty much of a shrew herself."

"But she was only eighteen when you married her. She has such sad eyes. What made it fail?"

"We thought we were passionately in love—and woke up and realized that we weren't. That's all there was to it. Lisa and I are a good example of what I was just talking about."

"But then you couldn't possibly have *really* been in love."

"We certainly gave a good imitation of it," he said dryly. "We had only known each other a short while," he explained. "We were rather blinded by each other's good looks. A common mistake."

"You're really obsessed with that theme, Kenneth. I don't really think love blinds people that much."

"Of course, it does," he said irritably. "Take the man *you* love. In his face, naturally, you see certain qualities you admire. But are they really there? Are they actually the qualities of that man, or are they the virtues with which your romantic imagination has endowed him?"

She was horrified. "How can you say that, Kenneth? Really! Of course, they're in him!"

"On the contrary, they may not be in him. I'm not implying anything now. Don't get me wrong, Kathleen. We just use your case as an example. After all, you *haven't* known each other long. On the surface, enhanced by the blindness of 'romance,' he may be perfect. But some morning, just as an experiment, take a cold look at him and just see if it isn't possible that his face reveals disturbing traits you've overlooked. Now I'm not trying to run the man down, God knows. But just for the sake of argument."

"I know what's in the face of the man I love!"

Oh, you do, do you? he thought. He said nothing more on the subject that evening.

But the following day, when the house was empty, he took the photograph again to his studio where, this time, determined more than ever to succeed in his efforts, he disfigured the corporal's face to the greatest extreme possible without making it look like a downright fraud. He held it at arm's length, squinting a judicious eye at his work and whistling softly. He was satisfied. Surely now some slight change should be noticeable—some subtle suggestion of a grossness in the face which she could not fail to see. And she would wonder how she had failed to see this before. How had she overlooked the weak resolve, the pampered lips, the cold, wicked, selfish eyes? Heavens, she would think, was it then as Kenneth had been trying to tell her, dear Kenneth, always so right? He had lived hard and dangerously and so he knew about life and people and perceived at first glance what it took others years to see. He had repeated this again and again, just to warn her, for he had her happiness in mind, that when the initial flush of romance fled, you then viewed your beloved as he really was. Could then romance cause such startling differences? . . . Yes, this was the state of unrest he sought to achieve. It was true that so far she had been unyielding. She was the same gay, tantalizing girl, excited by him, but still apparently in love, calf-eyed at the sight of a letter from Japan.

He returned the photograph, but as he came out of Kathleen's room, he met his mother.

"What are you doing in Kathleen's room?"

"Nothing," he told her coldly.

"I don't understand what's happening, but I'm no fool. If you don't leave her alone, I'll have her sent back to Iowa!"

Kenneth didn't answer. He stepped away from her and disappeared down the stairs. In the butler's pantry he mixed himself a double Martini and propped himself upon the sink. His mother was becoming difficult. Perhaps since there wasn't much time, he had better point out the realities in the corporal's picture to Kathleen himself. He thought he might do it tomorrow. Absurd or not, he was going to see this thing through.

Next morning, a few moments before her departure, he rapped upon her door, bringing coffee. As he smoked a cigarette, his eyes remained steadfast upon her, active with their purpose of nailing her down. Then he switched his gaze to the corporal. Now was the time.

"Have you ever considered, Kathleen," he remarked casually, picking up the photograph, "how unusually cruel this young man's eyes are?"

"Cruel?" she exclaimed, surprised. "Why, nonsense!" She laughed, not bothering to look.

"They're extremely cruel," he said. "They're the eyes of a very selfish, egotistical person."

"What do you mean?" she demanded. "He's a lamb. One of the sweetest persons I've ever known!"

"Well," he shrugged his shoulders, "look for yourself."

HE OFFERED her the picture and she took it. She glared at him impatiently and only with reluctance obeyed his orders.

"Don't you see those lines there," he pointed out, stepping close behind her. "Wouldn't you say they denoted a predatory nature? And those eyes, whatever you think, are mighty cruel and cunning."

"Strange," she remarked slowly, "but I've never noticed that before."

"That's because you've been blind with romance. That's what I've been trying to tell you. You haven't seen this man with sober eyes since you first met him."

She looked at Kenneth wonderingly.

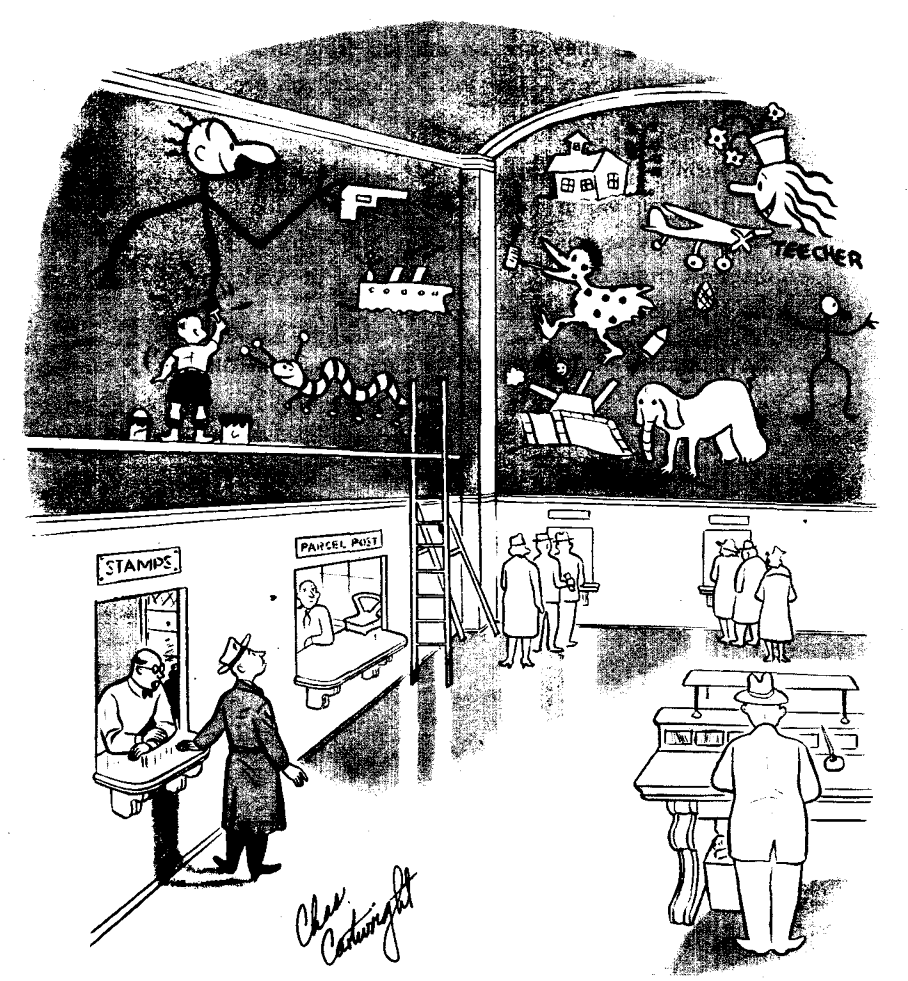
"Anyway, you haven't known him long enough to find out the truth about him."

She suddenly laughed.

"Why, you funny man! Did you think that was my Johnnie?" She opened the top drawer of the dressing table and drew out a small, finger-marked snapshot of another corporal. He was dark, rough-featured, smiling—an Irishman with irregular, homely features and a gaunt smile. "There's Johnnie. We never had time for anything more than a quick snapshot. And this," she explained, pointing to the framed photograph in her hand, "is my half brother, Tony." She looked at Tony, puzzled. "But I don't understand. It doesn't look like him any more. As a matter of fact," she exclaimed, staring at Kenneth, "it looks not unlike you!"

There was a moment's pause. Kenneth held his breath, watching her. Her eyes widened, and then in a curious gesture of withdrawal and protection she pressed the snapshot, face down, against her breast. "Why, Kenneth," she whispered, "it *is* you!"

THE END



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THE VETS' BEST BET

BY SUTHERLAND DENLINGER

Major General Graves B. Erskine is the man behind the retraining and re-employment program for America's war veterans

You find out how to do it. Then you get it done. It's as simple as that, to the Marine whose job is to look after our 15,000,000 war veterans

SOMETHING new has been added to administrative Washington, something which augurs well for the millions of veterans who must find their places in civil life and which—if it should catch on—might remold the Capitol itself into something more closely resembling the heart's desire of a Jeffersonian Democrat. That something is a man and his approach to important and complicated command; both battle-tested on the black sands of Iwo Jima.

The man is Major General Graves Blanchard Erskine, "The Big E" to Marines of the Third Division, now in charge of the Retraining and Re-employment Administration of the United States Department of Labor. How General Erskine came to be chosen for what from every standpoint is a top priority job is something of a mystery. All Erskine knows is that he was flown 9,000 miles to Washington, where the Secretary of the Navy told him the President had a new job for him. "He told me 'It's only for a year or so,' " Erskine says.

No doubt Secretary Forrestal was right. If the veterans' retraining and re-employment program is not well on its way to completion in a year or so it will not be completed at all. The consequences of failure are almost too disastrous to contemplate and yet failure—until Erskine's advent—seemed almost inevitable.

The trouble lay in too much planning, rather than too little. Too much planning and no co-ordination. The necessity for retraining and re-employment facilities had been recognized as far back as 1940, when the pre-Pearl Harbor draft began to take machinists from their benches, clerks from their counters, and students from their schools.

Battle of the Bureaucracies

A few of the states and communities went to work on their own, while in Washington a complex of federal agencies, departments, and services—chief among them the Administration of Veterans' Affairs, the Selective Service System, the Labor Department, the United States Employment Service, the Veterans' Security Agency and the War Manpower Commission—engaged in a typically bureaucratic struggle for control. If there was a single point of agreement in Washington it was that the program should remain so far as possible strictly a federal program, and there was practically no effort to develop state and community organizations.

Eventually, in line with recommendations of the Baruch report on reconversion, retraining and re-employment was placed under General Frank T. Hines, who was also Veterans' Administrator. The Baruch report had urged specifically the need for doing the job on the community level, but Hines accomplished nothing toward that end. The emphasis remained upon the federal representative in the field rather than upon the states and the communities.

At the beginning of 1945 it looked pretty much as though we had made a complete mess of the one program which, next to getting home, meant most to America's fighting men. It was obvious to anyone who had spent as much as a day on any of the fighting fronts around the world that the G.I.'s main concerns were (1) his discharge papers, and (2) a job and security, in just that order. Many, with much reason, hoped for jobs better than they had held before.

The Air Force, particularly, was filled with officers in their middle twenties, trained leaders who could see no reason why—in a country with an expanding economy—they should again become clerks. Millions of others, military executives or military personnel with service-acquired skills, never had had a job. Of every 10 men who went to war, 6 were between eighteen and twenty-four when inducted and one third, it has been estimated, had never had a job.

Congress took a hand. It removed the Veterans' Administration, now directed by General Omar N. Bradley, from direct connection with re-employment and established a Retraining and Re-employment Administration within the framework of War Mobilization and Reconversion. This made no provision for proper co-ordination between Bradley and Erskine. It was not necessary. They co-ordinate perfectly on their own.

Perhaps retraining and re-employment should have remained in the Veterans' Administration, but there were also millions of displaced war workers to be considered, and so finally the RRA ended up in the Department of Labor.

Possibly second-thoughters among the President's advisers decided they had made a mistake and that the way to correct it was to put in a general. He could not, of course, be an Army man. The Army already was more than well represented by Bradley, the modest, competent hero of tough Italian and German campaigns who was tackling an equally tough assignment over at the Veterans' Administration. And so they told it to the Marines.

Erskine may have been surprised to find himself whisked from the Pacific to an office in Washington's Federal Trade Commission Building; doubtless he would have preferred a holiday at home in San Diego with his wife and three daughters. But—in keeping with Marine tradition—he wasted no time in getting on with his new assignment.

A Typical Marine's Marine

This man who is responsible for the reintegration of America's veterans into the nation's peacetime life is a Marine's Marine, heroic without swagger, given to sometimes dryly humorous understatement, doing what needs doing the instant it needs doing.

At 49, he is young for a major general of Marines. A combat veteran of both world wars, the man whose rigorous program of training in amphibious warfare paid off in the Marianas and on Saipan and Tinian, the valorous battle leader of the Marine Third Division at Iwo Jima, there is something of the quiet, confidently forceful schoolmaster in his manner and nothing of the fire-eater. Schoolmaster, indeed, he has been. Schoolmaster to Marines.

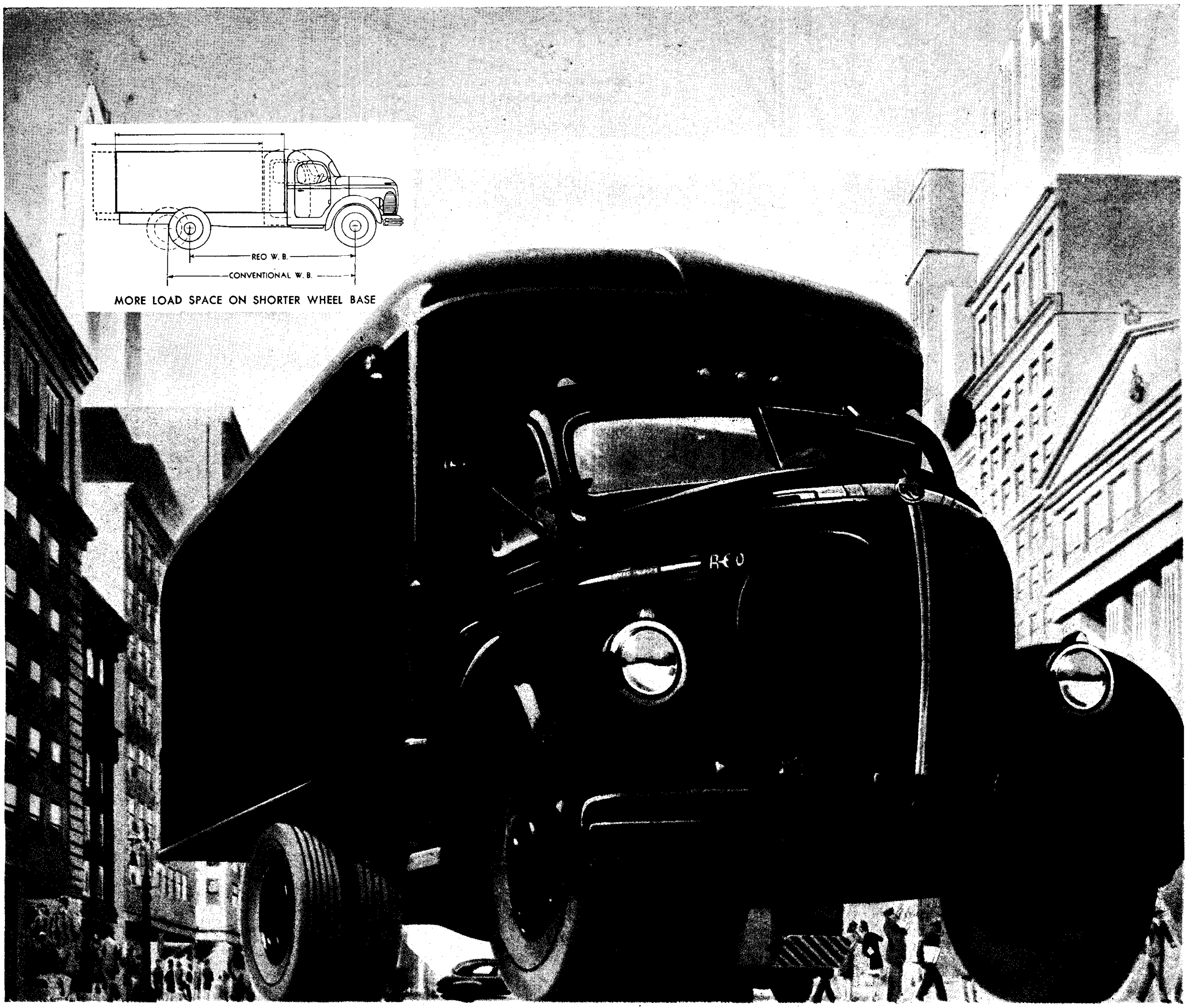
The general is a tall, spare fellow with bright blue eyes in an affable, somewhat florid face. Today, remote from the heat and horror of the islands, he is pleasant and smooth and immaculate; the five rows of ribbons a splash of color against the perfectly tailored blouse; the eyes pleasant, alert; the big, well-kept hands relaxed on desk or table; the whole attitude one of easy, unhurried competence.

And yet it is not hard to visualize The Big E, who, on Iwo Jima, inched relentlessly across a desolate lunar terrain, advanced his battalions inexorably through an intricate and deadly network of gun positions, split the Japanese in two, broke through to the north coast, rallied constantly his tired and depleted units until the Marines—his own and those of Howlin' Mad Smith, Clifton Cates and Keller Rocky—had won the whole gigantic slag pile and its invaluable airport.

Like so many superior fighting men, Erskine adopted the profession by accident. Born in Columbia, Louisiana, he was working his way through Louisiana State University at the outbreak of the first World War, a sergeant trumpeter in the Louisiana National Guard who was planning to be a

(Continued on page 54)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER–PIX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Jealousy

Continued from page 22

"Oh, isn't that silly?" she said. "I'd forgotten all about it."

She looked back at Charlie. "I hope you're not upset about that, for heaven's sake," she said indifferently. "It was just an idea I had. I didn't know they were going to make a lot of fuss about it." She crumpled the letter up with the envelope and tossed them into the empty fireplace. "Why, darling, what's the matter? I mean for heaven's sake what *is* it? You're not worried about . . . about your girl friend moving away? . . . Or are you?"

"No," he said quietly. "It was my father I was concerned about. It would look pretty funny if you and he went to court against each other."

"Well, darling!" she cried. "Who on earth's talking about going to court? You *always* misunderstand everything I do. I just thought it would be nice if we had that house for our guests. And I'd forgotten all about it, to be perfectly honest. I really had."

She picked up her bag and started for the door. "If you'd just be frank about things, Charlie, we'd avoid a lot of trouble," she said. "Why didn't you tell me that was what you were so grumpy about?"

He waited till she'd started up the stairs, went to the fireplace, lighted a match and held it to the letter.

"Are you coming up, darling? Bring my coat when you come," she called.

He stood there, not moving, and he was still there when she called a second time. "Charlie, I've decided to have a big party. Come on up, darling, and I'll tell you all about it." . . .

The simple magic by which Sybil could momentarily wipe out all her yesterdays met a practical defeat the minute she came out of her room the next morning. She could forget everything but the paint. The dirt, the ladders, the buckets, the workmen and the smell were solid objects she couldn't ignore. But there was one thing she could do.

Mr. Potts was in the downstairs hall. Sybil stopped on the stairs.

"I certainly expected to find a little more work done when I got back here, Mr. Potts," she said sweetly. "I'm disappointed."

Mr. Potts was slow-moving and slow of speech. He shifted his tobacco to the other side of his mouth and came to the stairway.

"You wanted a first-class job, Mrs. Hale," he said.

"I do want a first-class job, but I certainly don't want it to take the rest of the year. After all, we've got to live in the house. We can't have it all torn up this way. My husband is *very* much irritated by it."

"It ain't Charlie that's irritated, Mrs. Hale," Mr. Potts said placidly. "If you want the job done quick, you better put water paint back on. I figure you better get the job done quick."

"Very well," Sybil said. "Do it as quickly as you can."

She went on down the stairs and out to her car in front of the stable-garage. It was a divine day. The powerful engine was swift and clean as she gathered speed along the orchard lane. Now if Lyman Grimes has got my curtains ready, everything'll be beautiful, she thought. It was fun to be back in Landover. She was going to give a party that would make Martha Kennedy's party for Lisa Talbot look like a penny arcade.

MARTHA KENNEDY closed the door of Lyman Grimes' shop in School Street. She knew the buzzer sounded automatically in the workroom, but she went on back without waiting.

"The party for Lisa's off," she said. She perched up on his table, looking at a pile of white glazed chintz with a pattern of enormous red flowers. "What's this?"

"Sybil's curtains. She wants them quick. What do you mean, the party's off?" He felt like a disappointed child. He'd been counting on helping with the party. It was going to show Landover there was a real artist in town.

"It's not off, exactly. We're going to have a sit-down dinner instead. Bertie's put his big foot down."

"Bertie? Why? What's the matter?"

"It's your own fault, you louse," Martha Kennedy said. "It was you that got Sybil on the rampage about Lisa. Bertie went over to the Talbots' to shoot those damned ducks this morning, and he came home fit to be tied. I gathered that while he was having a cup of coffee with the cook she gave him an earful of something. He says he's not going to have Sybil taking potshots at Lisa in his house. So, we compromise on a dinner—the Hales among a couple of hundred other casualties. I'm sorry. But that's the way it is."

She picked up a corner of one of Sybil's curtains, looked at it and put it down.

"Oh, hell," she said. "I get so fed up with people who aren't civilized. And what am I going to say to Sybil? I can't come right out and say, 'My husband won't have you in the house.' I don't know what to say. So, I guess it's up to you, my friend. You'll have to break the bad news. Try to be as decent as you can, will you? So long."

LYMAN stood there, his bright dream in tatters around his feet. He hated Bertram Kennedy at the moment, and he hated Sybil. He even hated Lisa Talbot. She must have forgotten how easy it would be for somebody to knock the props out from under her. What would have happened, he was thinking, if he'd told Martha Kennedy the real reason why Horace didn't ever leave the place. He checked himself suddenly, thinking intently. Not Martha . . . it wouldn't do any good to tell Martha. Sybil Hale was the baby to tell. That would really tear it.

He laughed a little as he went over to the secretary desk that had belonged to his father. It had been a pleasure sitting there by the stove in the corner burning the papers left in it at his father's death. All except one bundle. He took that out now and held it in his hand, looking down at it. "A Small Town Doctor," he read. It was a manuscript his father had written. There were two reasons for his not burning it. One was his feeling of pleasure in the publishers' rejection of what was obviously a poorly written book by a conceited man. The other was the chapter called "A True Account of the Notorious Talbot Affair." He took it out, laughing again, and put the rest of the manuscript back in the drawer.

Sybil Hale would pay him a thousand bucks for that chapter, he thought. "—One Saturday night I was summoned out of a deep sleep by the telephone ringing at the side of my bed. . . ." He read the first sentence and stood there looking down at the dust-soiled pages on the desk for a long time. . . . When the buzzer outside sounded, he went to the door.

"Hello, Sybil," he said. "How are you?"

"I'm fine. I hope I didn't disturb you, but I want to see about my curtains. What's that? What are you reading?"

He looked at the manuscript on the desk for a moment, then went over and picked it up. "Nothing," he said. "Just a reminder that you don't always have to be a heel." He took the manuscript to the stove, lifted the lid and dropped it in, fearing that if he didn't do it now he might never do it. He watched the flames lick across the top sheets.

"Aren't you funny?" Sybil said. She turned to the drapes on the work table. "These are wonderful, Lyman. They're really swell."

She looked along the table to a pile of yellow and green gauze lying there. "That's the stuff for Martha's party? It's next Wednesday, isn't it?"

"It was," Lyman said.

"Isn't it now? What happened?"

"They decided just to have a dinner for a few of Lisa's old friends."

"Oh, that's too bad," Sybil said. "But it'll be more fun; I hate big parties."

He looked at her thoughtfully.

"I didn't know you were one of Lisa's old friends."

Her eyes widened. "Well, Charlie is. And I haven't got anything against her."

"I don't think you're invited, anyway," Lyman said coolly.

"You're just jealous because she isn't inviting you." Sybil smiled brightly. She picked up the gauze. "I wonder if you could dye this and do something with it for me. *I'm* going to have a *real* party. Saturday before Christmas. Even Mr. Talbot's coming. He promised me last night."

The expression on Lyman's face seemed a little odd.

"He really is coming, Lyman."

"That's swell," Lyman Grimes said. "I'm glad he's finally coming out."

AS SYBIL went up the stairs to the offices of Hale, Collins & Smith to get Charlie for lunch, she found it extremely hard to forgive Martha Kennedy about Lisa's party. The Kennedys were the most important young people in Landover, except herself and Charlie, and to be left out of one of their formal dinner parties was a slight that Sybil found it hard to take. To be left out on account of Lisa Talbot, furthermore, was harder. At the moment, however, she put down the jealous pang that was threatening to spoil the day for her and went on upstairs.

In the doorway she came to an abrupt halt, the smile on her face turning into startled surprise and to dismay. She slammed the door shut behind her and stood there, her cheeks flushing. Lisa Talbot was coming out of Judge Hale's private office.

". . . tiger turns out to be a mouse," Lisa was saying. "Gives you a sort of deflated feeling. Still, it does take a load . . ."

Something in the atmosphere made her turn. She looked startled for just an instant. "Oh, hello, Sybil," she said.

Sybil's eyes shot across to the open door of Charlie's office, and past Lisa to the Judge's. "Hello," she said curtly. "Is my husband around any place?"

"I wouldn't know," Lisa said calmly. She started to close Judge Hale's door. Sybil flashed across the room, brushing her aside.

"Where is Charlie?" she demanded hotly. "He was in here. I know he was here!"

Her eyes flashed from one of the inside doors to the other. Judge Hale, standing at the corner of his desk, looked at her gravely.

"Come in and close the door, Sybil," he said after an instant.

She pulled the door shut angrily. "Where is he? I've got a right to know where he is! He's my husband!"

Judge Hale took his glasses off, looking at her with quiet weariness, saying nothing.

"He's my husband!" Sybil repeated shrilly. Her eyes were riveted on the two doors side by side in the inner wall. "He sneaked out when he heard her say my name."

Judge Hale went to the inner door, held it open, and opened the door next to it. They both opened on shallow closets, a wash basin and a cracked mirror in one, in the other, shelves bulging with file boxes. He closed the doors again and went back to his desk.

"Charlie's in court," he said patiently. "He's been there since ten o'clock this morning."

Sybil felt deflated and shrunken.

"I . . . guess I made a mistake," she said. "But I was sure he was in here."

"So I gathered," Judge Hale said. He looked at her, tapping his chin with his folded spectacles. "Sit down there, Sybil, and let's try to understand a few things."

He felt the profound weariness of a rational man knowing the utter futility of trying to make sense out of a driving, raging nonsense. It was so futile that he felt a kind of compassion, suddenly, for the girl.

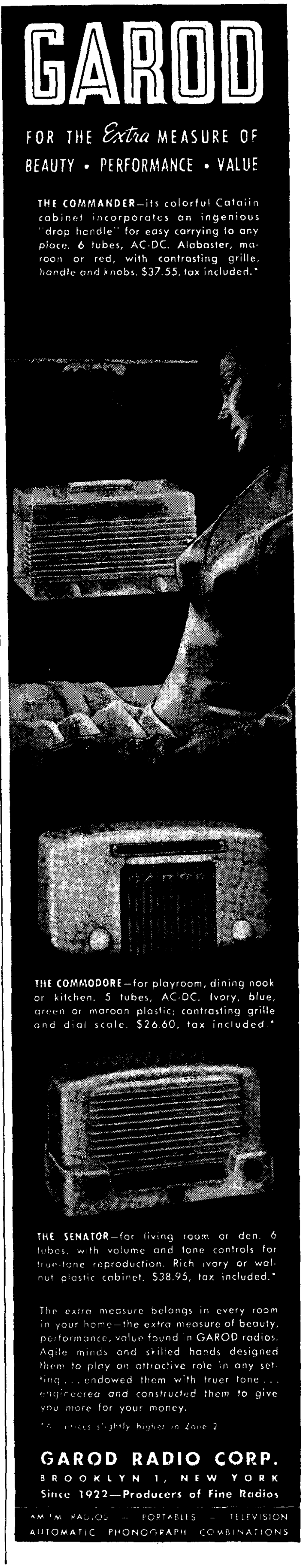
"I don't think you realize what you're doing to Charlie and all the rest of us, and to yourself, Sybil," he said.

"I'm just trying to make her leave Charlie alone. You haven't any right to condemn me just because she got here first and told you her side of it. If she'd let him alone I wouldn't have had to go over there and be put in the position she put me in. She hasn't any right to come here and talk about me."

She wiped her eyes with her hankerchief. "If she had any pride she'd give up, and quit saying she's in love with him!"

Judge Hale watched her steadily, the compassion he'd felt a moment ago vanishing.

"You're making another mistake, Sybil. Lisa didn't tell me you'd been over there. I didn't know it until you told me so yourself



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just now. I think you ought to be genuinely ashamed of yourself."

She looked at him without answering.

"I wish you could understand that you're making a bad situation for all of us, if you keep on this way," he said. "I'm sure you don't know what you're doing. You don't want to make yourself and us a laughingstock in this town. But that's what you're doing, Sybil. I don't think you ought to—or mean to—let us down like this."

She moistened her lips. "I didn't mean to let anybody down," she managed to say unsteadily. "I guess the best thing for me to do would be to go somewhere else. Nobody likes me here. They make me feel shut out. Even you and Mrs. Hale don't really like me. You've been nice to me, but you don't really like me very well. I don't blame you, as a matter of fact. I know you'd set your heart on having Charlie marry Lisa. But he didn't do it, and it's too late to do anything about that now. But I think if we went somewhere else we'd both be happier."

"But Charlie's work is here, Sybil."

"Oh, but that doesn't matter." She brightened at once. "He can always get along. Better, as a matter of fact. Dad could give him a good job. If I could just get him away from her, everything would be all right. And it won't ever be, as long as she keeps forcing herself under his nose all the time."

Judge Hale got slowly to his feet.

"Sybil," he said, "if you go on this way, you'll never be happy anywhere. If you can't be happy in Landover, you won't be happy in New York. It isn't Lisa, Sybil, it's you yourself. Go home now. I have work to do."

She went out without a word, went quickly down the stairs and out into the street. She didn't care what Judge Hale thought. She was perfectly right. Charlie was much too smart to be stuck in a dingy old office in Landover. She hurried out of the Square toward the Hales' apartment, trying to think how to approach the matter with Charlie's mother. Mrs. Hale would have a lot more ambition for Charlie than his father would. Women were always more ambitious for their sons than men were. She waited at the front door for the maid to let her in.

"Hello, Mamie," she said. "Is Mrs. Hale at home?"

"No, ma'am, Miz' Hale ain't home."

A LITTLE of Sybil's confident enthusiasm evaporated as she went in. "I'll wait a few minutes," she said. She went into the living room, sat down until Mamie had gone, then got up. She wasn't so sure about Mrs. Hale as she had been, coming from the Square. Mothers were terribly possessive, much worse than fathers. She looked out into the dining room. The table was set for three. The third one was Charlie; his silver napkin ring was at the place set at the side. There was no place set for her. They didn't think about her coming, or even think to call her up and ask her to come, though they knew what a mess Halethorpe was. Blind, unreasoning tears stung suddenly along her lashes. She shook the tears away, went swiftly across the room and picked up her bag.

As she started out the front door, she heard Mamie coming into the dining room. She turned back. "Tell Mrs. Hale I didn't have time to wait, Mamie." She opened the door, slammed it behind her, and ran down the steps.

As she went toward the Square, she slowed down a little. It was wrong to begrudge Mrs. Hale the time Charlie spent at lunch there. She looked around the Square. Maybe, if she happened to run into Mrs. Hale, she could go back with her. After all, Mrs. Hale had been very nice about the paint, and there was nothing Sybil hated as much as having to go somewhere and eat lunch alone. Sybil looked over at her car parked in front of the Post Office, and back at Judge Hale's office door. Two of the girls from the office were coming out. They were both laughing. Suddenly one of them struck a dramatic attitude, her chin up, and walked a few steps, pretending to throw open a door. They burst into fits of laughter again.

The pantomime needed no legend to identify it. Sybil ran across the intersection and got into her car. She fumbled for the key in her bag. If she could only get out of town before anybody saw her. . . . Then she saw Charlie and his mother. They were coming down the courthouse steps, laughing, Mrs. Hale holding on to his arm as if she owned him. Sybil's cheeks were burning, and they burned more hotly as the two of them deliberately turned and went across the Square, deliberately pretending they didn't see her sitting there. As she jabbed the key into the ignition lock, switched it on and started the engine, she had a sudden savage impulse to run them both down in the middle of the street. But they'd stopped to speak to old Mrs. Thomas hobbling along toward the hotel.

Sybil's hand dropped to the seat. She was white-faced, completely aghast at herself.

"I . . . might have done it."

She moistened her lips and stared, terrified, at herself in the mirror over the windshield. "I could easily have done it. O God, what's *happened* to me?" . . .

A car behind honked at her. She turned, saw that someone was waiting to get into her place at the curb, put her foot on the gas and shifted into gear, deaf to everything but the horror that whispered inside her. ". . . I could have done it. I actually could have done it. I hated both of them enough right then."

SOMETHING had subdued her. Charlie didn't know what it was unless it was the lecture his father had given her. "I took the liberty of reading your wife a sermon this morning," Judge Hale had said at lunch—but to have the effect of even one of his father's sermons last for almost a week was extraordinary. The paint job was finished and the house in order again, and Martha Kennedy's dinner for Lisa had come and gone without comment. Sybil went around the house quiet and composed. The thing that puzzled him in particular was that she wouldn't drive her car. The idea that she'd had an accident and was afraid to tell him occurred to him several times, but he'd have heard about it before this. He had the strange feeling of living in a vacuum. She was so sweet he hardly recognized her, and she had developed a passionate tenderness that made him feel guilty and ashamed. It wasn't that he was thinking of Lisa, because curiously he wasn't. The brief revolt and the despairing cry that something would happen, the night he'd talked to Lisa, was something that he had put aside in the reality of everyday living. Both he and Lisa had made a profound mistake, but they were honest enough and decent enough to take the consequences of their own folly.

The sense of total unreality in Sybil's behavior was oddly puzzling. Life was calmer, certainly, and less difficult all around, but it had a curious quality of suspense in it as he watched her, wondering from day to day when the thing was going to break.

Then one morning a week later it did break . . . or, rather, it quietly evaporated. Without visible transition, Sybil was simply and entirely herself again.

"Charlie darling, you've simply got to lend me your secretary. I've got to have those invitations addressed right away. Please, angel! I'm going to be swamped with work."

She was sitting up in bed in her blue marabou jacket. Her breakfast tray lay across her lap. Complete with lipstick, and with her sleek black hair brushed and tied back with a blue ribbon bow, she was as fresh as the morning itself.

"If you're going to be in town, why don't you just bring the whole works along with you?" he asked.

Sybil shook her head. "I'm not going to your office," she said flatly. "I don't think a woman ought to be running in and out of her husband's office all the time."

"All right. I'll pick up the stamps at noon."

She'd changed tack again and was smiling at him, angel-bright and blue-eyed.

"Charlie, we're going to have the most *divine* party! I'm going to use the whole house, cellar to attic. It's going to be a blaze of candlelight and holly—"

"Just so it doesn't burn down, baby." He grinned at her. "And go slow on the holly. Mother hates to have it cut."

"All right, if you'd rather I'd buy it." She shrugged. "If your mother's going to say what I can do and can't do with what's out here, I'm sure I don't care. I thought it was our house, though, not hers."

He kept his mouth shut.

She was smiling brightly again. "Charlie—was *Mr.* Talbot at the Kennedys' dinner?"

He saw himself in the mirror, looking like the village idiot. "How do I know?"

"If he *had* been there you'd have heard, wouldn't you? *Somebody* would have said something about it, wouldn't they?"

"Sure. I guess so. I suppose he wasn't there."

"Don't you think it's rather funny he didn't go to his own daughter's birthday party?"

"Not particularly. He never goes any place."

When he looked around at her he was almost startled. She was sitting erect, the smile on her face arch and triumphant.

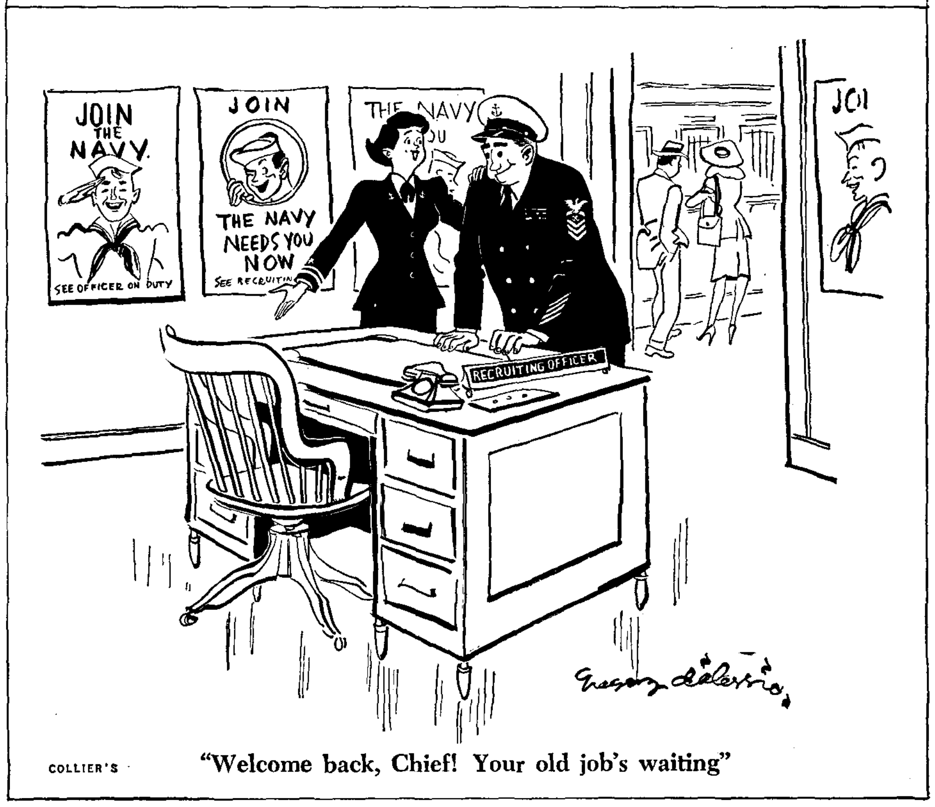
"Well," she said, "I'm one up on Martha Kennedy. He's coming to *mine*. How do you like that, Mr. Charlie Hale?"

She put her head back and laughed, as merrily as a child.

He stood with his mouth open for a moment. Then his face sobered.

"Look, Sybil," he said. "I wouldn't count on it, if I were you. He never goes anywhere,

WELCOME HOME! **by GREGORY D'ALESSIO**



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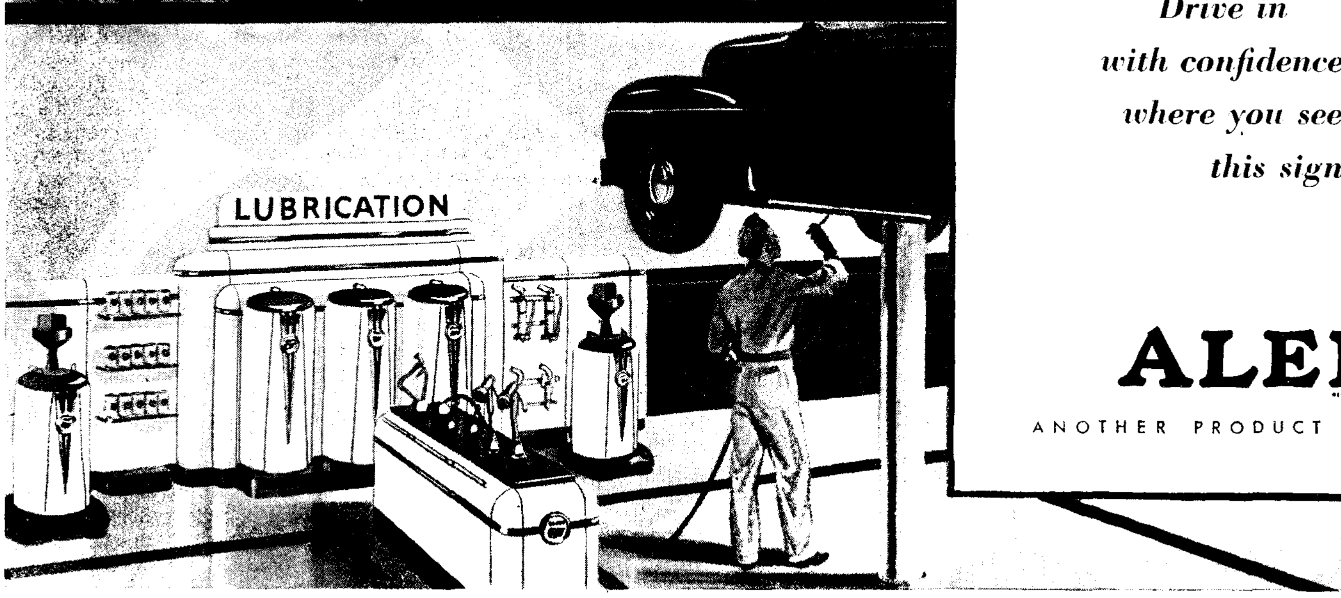

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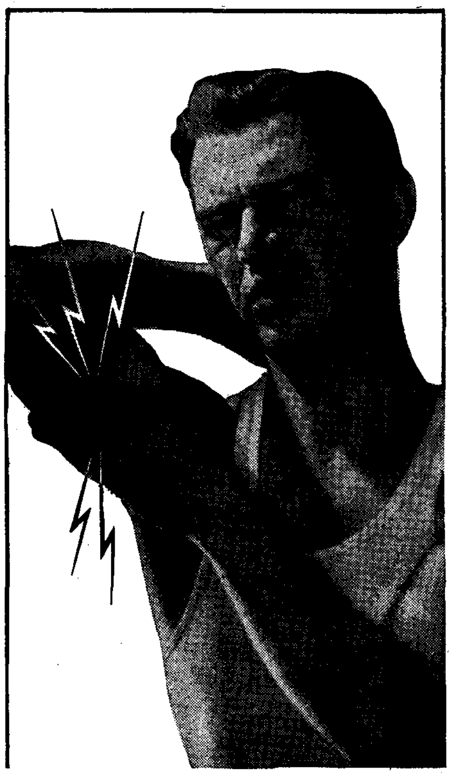

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Sybil. If he didn't go to Lisa's party, he's not likely to come over here, is he?"

"I don't see why not. I'm not going to invite her."

"Oh, for God's sake, Sybil. He certainly's not going to come if you don't invite Lisa."

Sybil poured another cup of coffee, her eyebrows raised. "I think that's exactly where you're all wrong, darling. Has it ever occurred to anybody that maybe if he was asked *alone* he might come?" It had not occurred to her until she said it, but it seemed reasonable immediately. "The point is, Lisa won't let him go out. She knows damn' well that somebody around here would marry him the first crack out of the box if she did."

Charlie gave up gladly. It was as good a thing for her to think as anything else. "Okay," he said.

"If that's not it, what is?" Sybil demanded. "Anyway, I'm going to have Sam start shifting stuff around. Do you think your mother would mind if I throw out a lot of that old junk in the attic?"

"Better ask her," Charlie said.

He was still annoyed as he started downstairs. If Sybil began mucking around in the attic, tossing out the stuff she called junk, there'd be more trouble. He was halfway to the front door when he came to a startled halt. Good God, he thought . . . his chest. The chest in the attic, with the clippings in it of the Talbot trial that he'd cut out for Lisa and carefully put up there, sixteen years ago. He stood there for an instant, the sweat chilly on his forehead, and the palms of his hands damp and cold, and went quietly back. Sybil was up and moving around, singing. He felt like a man reprieved from sudden death as he went swiftly along the hall and opened the attic door.

The chest was in a corner beyond a couple of round-topped trunks. He shifted it quietly, turned the rusty key in the lock and lifted the lid. The clippings were in there somewhere, in one of his father's manila file jackets. He spotted it and pulled it out. It felt empty, and his hand shook as he opened it. The clippings were gone. In their place was a small envelope, "For Charlie" written on it in his mother's precise hand. He opened it, took out the letter paper and read it.

"My dear Son—You were far away, and I was cleaning the attic and lonely for the wretched little imp whose box this was. I opened it. You must forgive me. If you remember what was here and find it gone, you must forgive me that too. I've taken the liberty—and the precaution—of having Sam burn it. People have been kinder to poor Horace than anyone ever hoped in those terrible days, and I know you wouldn't want to keep a record that might make any one of us seem less kind.—Mother."

HE SAT there for a moment, looking into the far distance, beyond the letter and the chest. Then he put the letter in his pocket and went down to the hall. Sybil was coming out of her room, dressed to go in town.

"Why, Charlie, for heaven's sakes!" she cried. "Look, you're covered with dirt! What *have* you been doing?"

He shook his head. "Nothing. I just thought of something."

She stood there, suspicion growing in her face.

"Something you were afraid I'd see when I went up there?" she said quickly. "Some of your old love letters, I suppose. Well, don't worry, darling. I'm much too busy to bother now."

He turned silently and went in the guest room. What got into them? he thought hopelessly. Why couldn't they speak like decent people or keep their mouths shut? He washed his hands and face. When he went downstairs he heard her out in the pantry.

"We're going to start at the attic, first, Sam. It's filthy dirty. You'd better wash the floor and dust first, and then I'll come up."

He felt lighter inside him, knowing the clippings were not up there. As he slammed the door, Sybil came running after him.

"Charlie! Wait a minute, Charlie!"

She was blithe as a lark again. "Listen, darling. Don't breathe to a soul that Mr. Talbot's coming to my party, will you? I want to surprise everybody. It's going to be wonderful—aren't you glad, Charlie?"

"Sure," he said. "Sure. But, please, Sybil—don't get yourself all worked up, honey. You'll just be more disappointed if he doesn't show up."

"But he *said* he would, angel. You don't understand. Mr. Talbot and I are really friends. . . . Bye-bye, dear. See you tonight."

He drove on in, reflecting philosophically that there was nothing more he could do about it. He was certainly not likely to mention it to anybody. It was not particularly surprising, however, coming out of the office the next Monday, to have somebody mention it to him.

Martha Kennedy was just closing her station-wagon door as she saw him. "What's all this I hear? Is Mr. Talbot really breaking down and coming out into the wicked world again? I think it's wonderful Sybil's charmed him out of his seclusion."

"He's not there yet. Better wait till Saturday." It was hard for him to remember that Martha didn't know about the Talbot case, and that only people who had lived here a long time did.

"I do hope he comes. Sybil told me not to tell anybody, but she's told half a dozen people herself." The smile left her face. "I do think you ought to persuade her to ask Lisa too, Charlie. I don't *quite* see how Mr. Talbot could come unless she's invited."

"I'll try," Charlie said patiently.

SYBIL said, "Well, I'm through in the attic, and I'm going to finish up in the cellar tomorrow morning." She looked at the clock on the mantel, under the gold-leaf mirror against the blue wall. "I must say I think it's awfully mean of you to be so late when you know I'm almost out of my mind. You don't seem to realize we're having fifty couples here to supper day after tomorrow night. How's your mother?"

She said it as an afterthought, glancing around at him.

"Why, Charlie . . . what's the matter? Oh, Charlie, *you're* not going to get sick, too?"

The tears sprang to her eyes. "Oh, Charlie, if you get sick and we can't have the party it's going to be horrible. I couldn't bear it, I simply couldn't! After all the work and everything. I told you to keep away from your mother. Flu's catching."

"Just cut it out, Sybil," he said shortly. "I'm not getting sick."

"Charlie, what is it? Your mother isn't worse, is she?"

"Oh, stop it, Sybil," Charlie said quietly. "Mother is worse, but they've got penicillin for her. You can give your damned party."

"Your mother's got a nurse, hasn't she?" Sybil asked. "What *is* the matter?"

"Yes. She'll be okay. But I'm tired. I don't want a row, that's all."

"Well, who's making a row, darling? I'm certainly not. All I wanted to know was whether I had to call off the party."

"Okay," he said. "So we're not going to have a row. So sit tight, baby, and keep your shirt on while I tell you what is going to happen. Dad was supposed to go to Washington tonight and be there tomorrow and Saturday morning. He can't go on account of Mother. So, I've got to go for him. I'm sorry, but that's the way it is."

She stared at him wide-eyed. "You have to go to Washington *tonight?"*

"That's it, baby. I'll be gone until Saturday afternoon. I'll get back on the 7:30 bus. I'll be here in time for the party—but I won't be here to help you do anything about getting ready for it."

"But you *will* be back in time for the party, won't you? You're sure about that?"

"I'm sure. I wouldn't miss it."

Sybil glanced at him quickly, not sure exactly what that last meant.

"It would be terrible if you weren't here," she said. "And I'll take time to run in and see your mother, Charlie. I'm awfully sorry she's sick. She'd have loved to see the house lighted up with the candles—and Mr. Talbot."

She laughed, suddenly delighted again. "I wonder if he's got a dress suit?". . .

In a way it was rather pleasant not having Charlie to bother with, Sybil decided, coming into the living room the next morning. She could throw things away without having him retrieve them and waste everybody's time finding a place to put them. Furthermore, she could do whatever she pleased without having to hear whether his mother would or would not like it.

She glanced at the clock on the mantel, suddenly irritated at the unreasonableness of Charlie's mother to choose this point of all others to get sick and go to bed. With a thousand things to be done it seemed the most utter nonsense to have to call a halt and go all the way into Landover to take her a bunch of flowers. However, she knew she had to, just for appearances' sake, and she'd better hurry, because the caterer would be there right after lunch, and there was still the basement to do. And the holly to get up.

She glanced around, thinking again how wonderful it was going to look. The florist in town was coming to decorate, and she wasn't going to bother with the left-over gauze from the party Martha didn't give. The food and the champagne were more important than a lot of silly *décor* for Lyman Grimes to take the credit for. Anyway, her *pièce de résistance* was triumph enough. She hurried out to the kitchen to speak to Sam and Althea.

"Now, Sam," she said briskly. "I want you to wipe up the cellar floor again so it's really clean." She started over to the door. "I'll be back in about an hour. I'm going to see Mrs. Hale."

She ran down to her car and got in, thinking about all the other things she had to do. It was just as well Charlie wasn't around, looking gloomy and getting in everybody's way. She pressed her foot harder on the gas and gathered abrupt speed on the orchard lane. He wouldn't be so gloomy when he saw Lisa Talbot. Sybil smiled unpleasantly. If it hadn't been for Martha Kennedy's insistence, and her practical realism in pointing out that Horace Talbot simply couldn't make his first exodus unless his daughter was invited too, she would have been hanged, drawn and quartered before she would have written the belated invitation to Lisa. But that was done, too.

She tightened her lips, her blue eyes burning suddenly. At the end of the lane she glanced to the right and the left, and shot out onto the paved road without slackening speed. Her tires shrieked around the too narrow angle of the turn, the car holding sharply to the left of the road, almost over the edge, until she caught herself and yanked the wheel. She was very cold, suddenly, and trembling, as she put on the brake and came to a stop, and her hands were cold and wet. She rubbed them together, moistened her lips and tried to swallow, her eyes fixed in the mirror on the long deep gash in the soft gravel that her tires had made to the left of the paved road.

SHE sat looking at it for a long time, trying to control the shaking of her body, and feeling a cold chill in her heart. The slash in the gravel was directly across the end of the Talbots' lane. She moistened her lips again. It wasn't the first time she'd done it, or the second. The picture of Charlie and his mother about to cross the street that had flashed into her mind as she felt the gravel under her wheels, and that she couldn't now get out of her mind, made something suddenly and horribly clear. She was seized with a violent fit of shaking that she tried desperately to control. The impulse she had had that day had been purely impulse. But what she had done just now she'd done deliberately, with design and intent; it had been all carefully figured out, somewhere in the dark unconscious recesses of her mind. If she hadn't been planning it somewhere, it wouldn't appear now coherent and recognizable and with such stupefying clarity. She wouldn't be seeing in her mind, as she was still seeing it, Lisa Talbot's broken-down old station wagon a twisted horrible wreck in the clump of sumac on the other side of the post with the mail box on it. And she was seeing it because that was what she had planned.

The desire was so intense that the picture of it was there in her mind even when the lane was empty. Some day the lane wouldn't be empty.

Sybil's paralyzed lips moved, dry and painful. "My God," she whispered. . . .

She reached down and switched her engine

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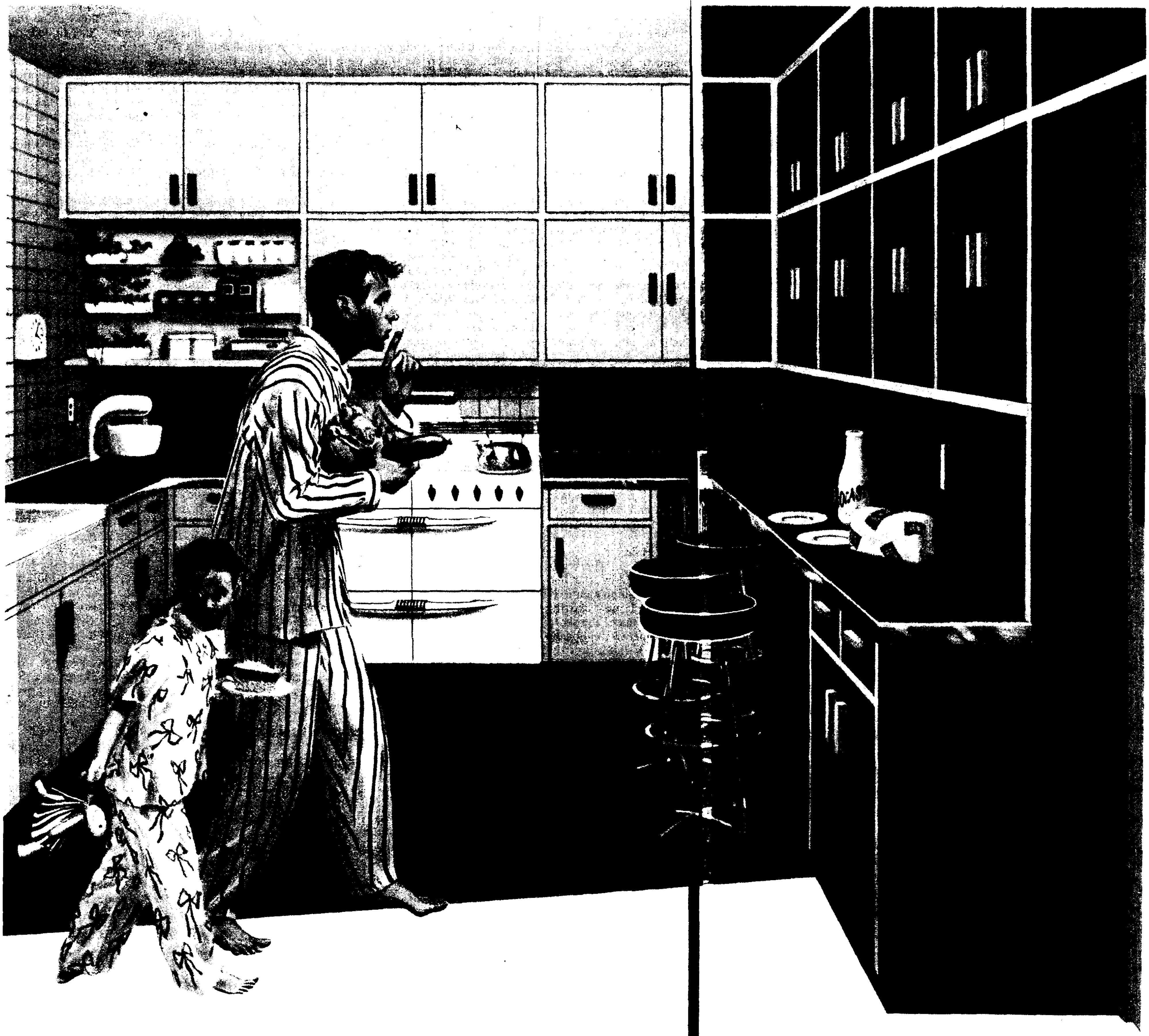

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on again, her mouth very dry, and pressed her foot on the accelerator with a kind of reluctance, as if just doing that was a horrible thing in itself. "O God, what *can* I be thinking about!" she said to herself.

The speedometer needle reached forty, and she let it stay there. There was one thing about it, of course. Now she clearly realized what she was doing, she could be on the lookout. It wasn't so dangerous now it was out in full view, no longer hidden. She speeded up a little and came on into town. The whole thing seemed more and more unreal as she turned down the street to stop at the florist's. By the time she'd found a parking place and crossed the street she had dismissed the whole thing as fantastic; the idea of hurting Lisa Talbot had never come into her mind.

MR. SIMPSON, the florist, met her with a smile. "What's the matter, Mrs. Hale?" he said. "You working yourself to death these days?"

"Me?" Sybil looked at him, surprised. "No, not at all. Why?"

"You look mighty peaked to me. Look like you seen a couple of ghosts somewhere."

Mr. Simpson laughed at his joke. Sybil glanced in the mirror over the desk. She was very pale. The thought came fleetingly to her that in a way, she *had* been seeing ghosts and that their shadow was still on her.

"I've been terribly rushed," she said. "And of course Mrs. Hale's being sick is upsetting all of us. Have you got any roses? I'll take them just as they are—and don't forget you're going to do the holly for me this afternoon."

"Right after lunch, Mrs. Hale."

Sybil hurried out of the shop. The really horrible part of it was that now she had thought of the ghosts, she couldn't entirely get them out of her mind. It was like the rose thorn that stuck in her finger, the sharp tip breaking off, as she gathered the flowers into a loose bunch before she got out of the car and went up the steps to the door.

She rang the bell and waited for Mamie. "How is Mrs.—" She said that much before she was aware it wasn't Mamie opening the door.

"Oh," she said. It was the way she would have said it, and the way she would have felt, if she'd touched the contact of an electric light socket.

"I . . . didn't know you were here," she added abruptly. "I came to see Mrs. Hale." She kept a tight grip on the roses.

"I'm awfully sorry, Sybil." Lisa went ahead of her into the living room. "She can't see anybody except the Judge and Charlie. The doctor says she has to be absolutely quiet."

"Then what are *you* doing here? And where is the Judge? If it's Charlie you're waiting for, he's out of town."

"The Judge has gone to the drugstore, Sybil," Lisa said quietly. "I got him to leave for a few minutes. And I'm here because somebody had to come and keep him occupied." She nodded at the backgammon board on the table. "He's awfully upset and the doctor asked me to come and stay with him. And I know Charlie's out of town. Shall I take the flowers out to Mamie, or do you want to do it yourself?"

Sybil was too angry to speak. Lisa had wormed herself into their lives so that they thought of her first and never once thought of their own daughter-in-law. Her fingers tightened convulsively on the roses. For one violent instant she wanted to slash them across the face of the girl in front of her. The thorns sticking through the paper into her fingers made her loose her grip. She turned and went swiftly through the dining room and into the kitchen.

Lisa slipped over to the window and looked out on the street. If only the Judge would stay away until . . . She turned back as Sybil came into the room again. To her astonishment, she found herself looking at Sybil with something absurdly like fear. The translucent pearly whiteness of Sybil Hale's flesh seemed to have congealed. It looked opaque, as if touching it her fingers would find it cold, not flesh, but like frozen leaf lard. Her lips were brilliant red, like paper lips pasted on marble, and her eyes had a metallic gleam, static and unblinking, fixed on Lisa for an instant as she went across the room and out into the hall. She jerked the door open and slammed it behind her. Lisa heard a motor leap into action, racing violently. . . .

Sybil's hands on the wheel were under automatic and rigid control. But her mind was unleashed, a raging thing tearing itself apart in a paroxysm of jealousy. It wasn't the doctor that had called Lisa Talbot to stay there. It was Charlie himself. Lisa was *living* at the Hales' apartment. Of course, that was why Charlie had been in there every day. It was more bitter still that nobody had even suggested that she, Mrs. Hale's own daughter-in-law, come in and stay. She would have given the party up gladly if they'd just had the decency to ask her to come. They were humiliating her in front of everybody in town. She was a blazing torch of fury as she reached the open road. The needle on the speedometer reached fifty, sixty, seventy, seventy-five. Where the Talbots' lane came into the road she looked at it quickly and turned her eyes quickly back, fixing them straight ahead of her, her tongue flicking out and moistening her lips.

IT WAS late in the afternoon when she stood on the stairs and surveyed the ground cedar entwining the white stretchers of the railing along the upstairs hall, and the holly in big bunches over the doors. She skipped down the stairs. There was holly over the windows in the living room too, and banked on top of the chest-on-chest.

"It looks simply enchanting, Mr. Simpson," she cried. "It's really lovely!"

Althea had put candles in all the windows and on the wide flat cornices above the doors. The caterers had taken over her kitchen and the laundry, and had left, to come back the next day. The oysters were in barrels in the back yard.

"It's still snowin', Mis' Hale," Sam said. "It's goin' to be a real snow. I don't know what we do with all them cars comin' in the lane."

"We'll manage, some way," Sybil said. "You quit worrying about the snow and let's see about the cellar."

"Tha's all done, Mis' Hale," he said patiently.

"Well, you go down and make sure, and I'll be down in a minute."

She said goodby to Mr. Simpson, went over to the writing desk, took up the typed guest list and looked it over. She counted again. There were a hundred and four to begin with. A hundred and two now. She penciled a line through Judge and Mrs. Hale's name and looked down the list. There were only two people who hadn't formally accepted . . . Lisa Talbot and her father. Sybil frowned, but brightened quickly. Lisa hadn't had time to answer, and she hadn't expected Mr. Talbot to. She knew he was coming, and if Lisa didn't come that would be fine and dandy. She folded the guest list, put it in her pocket and went out into the kitchen and downstairs to the cellar.

"Oh, it's wonderful, Sam!" she cried. "You've done a beautiful job." She looked around at the heavy white-washed brick masonry. Mr. Simpson had decorated there too, and it looked gay and roomy. The only trouble was the long marble-topped table where Sam was to shuck oysters. With the barrel of beer it took up a good deal of space. She looked around, frowning.

"I don't suppose we could have you in the door of the boiler room with the oysters behind you, could we? It's not very attractive in there."

"No'm."

Sybil looked at the closed door between the boiler room and the laundry.

"What's in there?" she asked.

It seemed odd to her now how much she'd learned about the house in the last week. She'd never even been down in the cellar before.

"Tha's jus' Mis' Hale's jelly cupboard," Sam said. "They ain' nothin' in there."

She went over to the door and turned the knob.

"It's locked."

"Yas'm. I keeps it locked."

"Well, unlock it, then," Sybil said.

"Ain' nothin' to look at in there, Mis' Hale."

"Sam!" she said sharply. "Open this door!"

He fished reluctantly in the pocket of his dungarees and brought out a key, put it reluctantly in the lock and opened the door.

"Why, this is perfect, Sam!" Sybil said. It was a small room, half the size of the laundry, with shelves on either side, an old armchair, and a table with a tallow candle in a saucer on it. The table also had on it a tumbler and half a bottle of Sybil's gin.

"Why, Sam—I'm ashamed of you!" she exclaimed.

Sam looked sheepishly at the floor. But she wasn't angry, she was laughing. She looked around at the shelves. There were stacks of old newspapers, broken pots and general refuse on them.

"What's all this, Sam?"

"This ain' nothin', Mis' Hale. Jus' a lot a' stuff Mis' Hale tol' me to burn up that I ain' got roun' to yet. Tha's all this is."

Sybil looked at the other side of the room. Against the shelves there was a rack filled with guns.

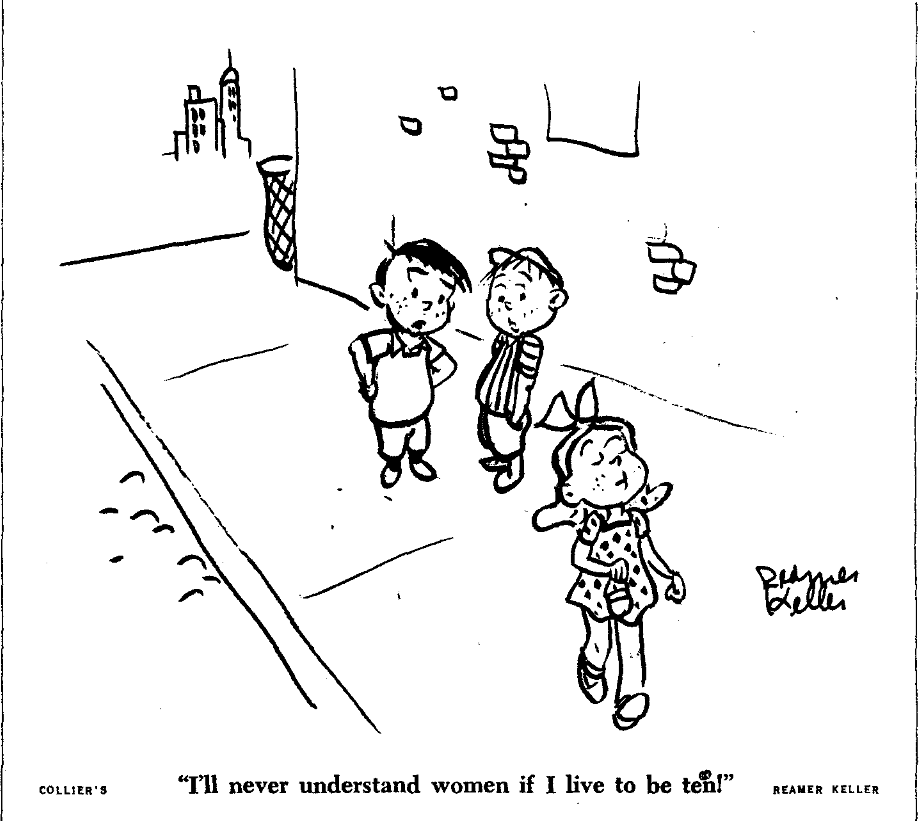
"Is this where you keep the guns? They're not loaded, are they?"

"No, *ma'am*. They ain' loaded."

"That's good. I don't like guns."

"No, ma'am."

She started to speak again and stopped as



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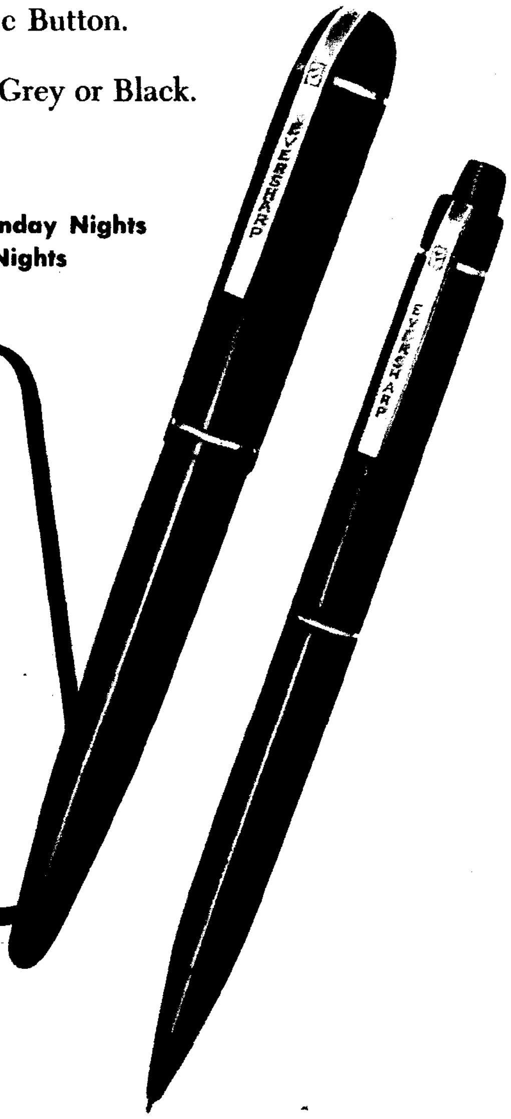

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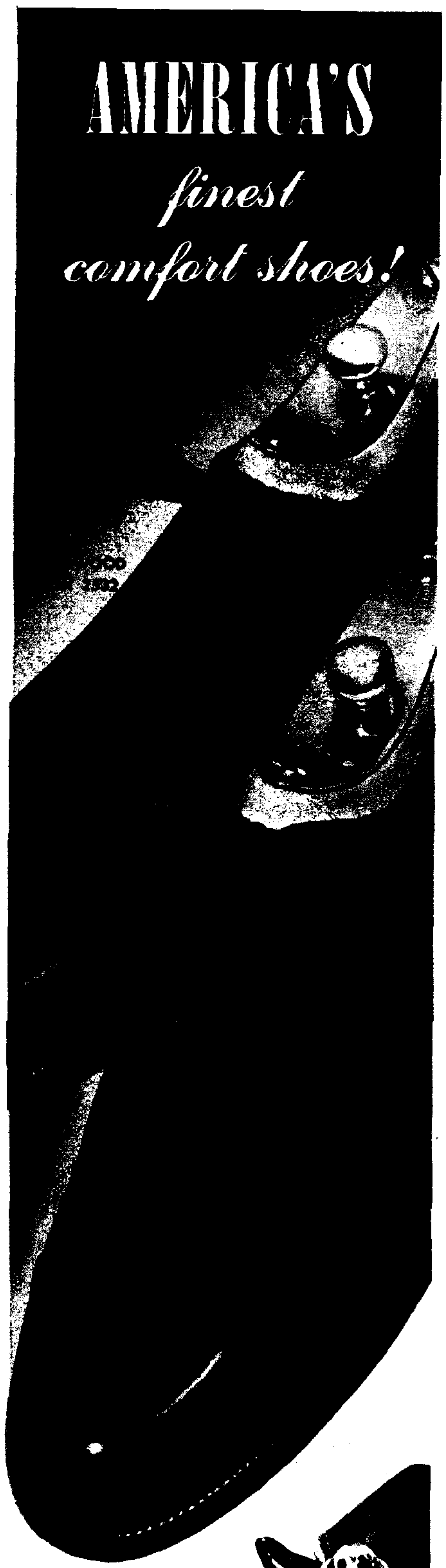

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a sudden thought struck her. "When did you put these guns in here?" she asked quietly.

"'Deed, they *always* been in here, Mis' Hale."

"No, they haven't. They used to be in the case in the entry that goes up to your bedroom. You know it very well. When did you put them here?"

"Couple weeks ago, Mis' Hale, I guess," Sam told her.

"Who told you to put them here?"

"Nobody tol' me, Mis' Hale. I jus' done it myself."

SAM was lying, of course. Somebody had told him to put them there and lock them up. It was Charlie; it would have to be. Nobody else would tell him to do that. So they were afraid of her. Suddenly she threw her head back and broke into a peal of shrill laughter. Then she realized what it must sound like to him. "You're all such mighty hunters around here, it's funny you have to lock up the guns when there's going to be a party. But we can't have them here, because we're going to use this room."

She looked at the gun rack for a moment, thinking intently.

"Take them out, right now," she said. "I'll tell you—you can take them over to Mr. Talbot and let him keep them until you have this room again. Take them over to him right now."

"Yes, *ma'am.*"

"And when you come back," she added, "clear all this stuff out and get it cleaned up in here, Sam."

She watched him go up the stairs, his arms full, and smiled as she went into the small room. It wasn't annoying to her that Charlie had thought she might hate Lisa Talbot enough to shoot her. It seemed very funny. Charlie must really think she was crazy. He ought to know she didn't know how to shoot a gun. All she knew was how to drive a car. . . . Her breath caught suddenly in her throat and she felt the chill at her heart again.

"What am I *thinking* about?" she said aloud. "What on earth am I doing?"

She ran quickly toward the cellar stairs. "Sam!" she called.

The door opened upstairs. "Sam's gone across the creek, Mrs. Hale," Althea said.

Sybil moistened her lips. "All right, Althea. Send him down here when he comes back."

Back in the little room she leaned against the shelves for an instant, her eyes closed, before she looked around. The litter was all on the shelves to the right. Whether Sam was keeping the stuff or had just been too lazy to get it burned, it was all piled up there now, and as she was going to use the room it would have to be gotten out. The old newspapers mostly dated back to the beginning of the war. Next to them there was a paper carton tied with string. On top of it, under the string, there was a note: *Burn these, please, Sam.* It was in Mrs. Hale's handwriting. Sybil wondered what sort of things Mrs. Hale had ever been able to bring herself to have burned.

The top carton was covered with dust, but she pulled it out, jerked at the string until it broke, and opened it. It seemed to be mostly old letters. She moved them around. It was then that she saw the faded green and pink and white clippings from old newspapers.

She started to turn away when the word *Murder* in a headline caught her eye. She laughed, thinking how odd it was for Mrs. Hale, of all people, to be clipping an account of a murder out of the newspapers and saving it, reached down to pick it up, and saw the name *Talbot.*

She stood there staring silently at it for a moment, her hand motionless, then reached down and picked the clipping up. Her heart beat rapidly as she read it through.

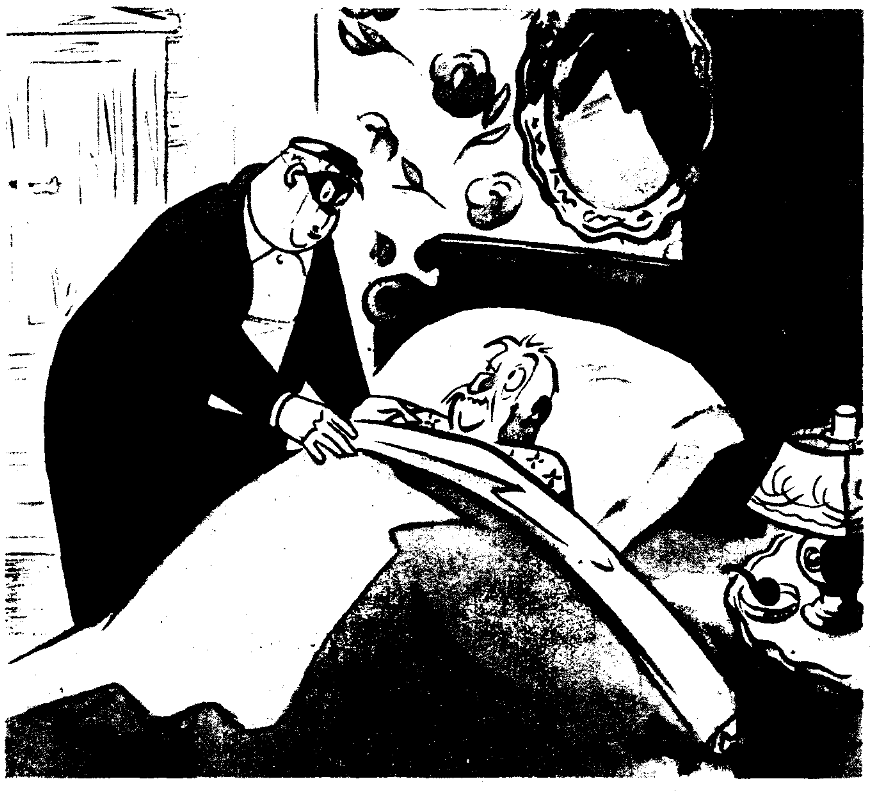
She moistened her lips. "Well, what do you know!" she whispered softly. "What do you know!"

HER breath coming quickly, she went to the bottom of the stairs and listened. There was no sound of either Sam or Althea. She went quickly back, lifted out the little batch of clippings and looked around for something to hide them in to take up to her room. One of the old newspapers would do. She pulled it out of the middle of the pile and wrapped it around the clippings. Then she knotted the string together, put the top on the carton, tied it and pushed it back on the shelf, carefully placing the note that said *Burn these, please, Sam* precisely where it had been. She pulled the door shut and hurried up to the kitchen. At the head of the stairs she stopped a moment, composing her face so she wouldn't give herself away. She was so excited that she knew it would be evident to Althea if she wasn't careful.

"Tell Sam not to bother down there any more tonight," she said. "It's fine the way it is. And I think I'll have my supper on a tray, Althea. Whenever you're ready."

A sudden thrill of anticipatory delight shot through her as she hurried to the stairs. Her heart raced. She couldn't remember when she'd run into anything so exciting, had any-

BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



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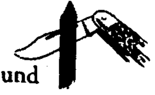

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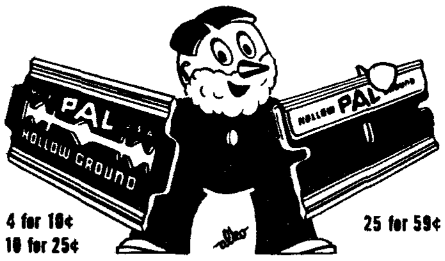

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thing so side-splittingly funny drop out of a completely clear sky smack into her eager hands. It was incredible. Her heart swelled as she thought of Lisa.—Mr. Horace Talbot . . . of all people! The enchanting sweet-faced recluse of Cowhide Creek . . . For a moment she completely forgot the ground cedar on the stair rails, the holly, and the red candles over the doors. She clutched the clippings to her side and hurried into her room. Her bed was turned down. She lifted the blanket, put the paper between the sheets, the excitement pulsing in her throat.

Of all people! she thought. Of all people in the world!

It was simply beyond belief, that this should have happened to Miss Lisa Talbot and to her. She burst into laughter as she got into her nightdress and jumped into bed. When she heard Althea coming with her supper she reached under the covers, pushed the folded paper over to one side where she could get it the instant the girl closed the door behind her, and waited, thrilled with such excitement that she could hardly breathe.

"Thank you, Althea," she said. "You don't have to bother about coming after the tray. And never mind cleaning up the mess Mr. Simpson left tonight. We'll have plenty of time in the morning."

SHE reached down for the paper as Althea went out, pulled it out hastily and dumped the clippings on the blanket cover. Horace Talbot's face looked up at her, younger and handsomer, smiling. It was a formal photograph of a man much younger than the picture just beneath it, of Horace Talbot between the burly figures of a couple of sheriffs. For a fleeting instant Sybil felt a twinge of pity. Then she could see Lisa Talbot's face, at the Hales' apartment, and she remembered the scene at Lisa's home and what Lisa was trying to do to her and Charlie, had been trying to do ever since she had come to Landover. She read on.

There was a picture of the woman. *Church Street Butterfly*, the caption said. Sybil stared open-eyed at the blond baby-faced girl smiling up at her. Any gloating and amused triumph left in her eyes vanished. This wasn't funny. It was dreadful. How could he have fallen so for just an ordinary blonde? She picked up the clippings one by one, reading them slowly at first and with growing haste and curiosity as the story unfolded. He was not only a murderer, he was a thief. He'd stolen money to support what the papers called the love nest, on Church Street, a stone's throw from the old-fashioned mansion where his wife and little daughter lived. It was the first mention of the little daughter. Sybil pushed around among the vari-colored clippings to find more about her. She'd gone with her mother to stay at her grandfather's colonial estate. There was a picture of Hollyrood from the gate, but none of Lisa. Sybil's lip curled. They were sacrosanct even then, just as Lisa and her father both were now . . . or had been, she thought, her eyes gleaming.

She read on. Judge Thomas' denunciation was printed in full. But the jury had virtually let him off. One item said that the evidence had been entirely circumstantial, and that some doubt of the guilt of Horace Talbot would always remain in the minds of most of the people in Landover; especially as Mr. Talbot had made almost no effort to answer the charges made against him.

The money he'd stolen didn't come in. His father had paid—made restitution, the lawyers put it, excluding it from the case, leaving it the passion-slaying, as the papers said, of a woman who had deceived her lover. The sympathies of the jury had misled them into a gross miscarriage of justice, Judge Thomas' words stormed, in the print in front of her. She read it greedily a second time, and hastily counted up the years. The papers said the unusual sentence passed was virtually twenty years of exile; if Horace Talbot returned to the state before the twenty years' time was up, he faced the penitentiary. Twenty years. Sybil counted. The clipping was dated 1929. 1939 . . . she counted on her fingers. There was still a long time to go.

She stared straight ahead of her at the wall, seeing nothing. The sentence was still in effect. He ought to be in prison now. She nodded her head slowly. "So that's it," she said to herself. It was all clear now. He was really in a sort of hiding—that was why he didn't leave Hollyrood.

She relaxed on her rose satin bed-rest. So that was the way of it. That was what the Talbots were like, and what Landover was like. Even the blond secretary, and the other one, in her husband's office. They could make fun of her right out on the public street, but they were sweet as pie to a murderer and embezzler and his mealy-mouthed daughter. Sybil's lips tightened as she remembered the two girls outside Judge Hale's office. She looked down at the clippings again. And Mrs. Hale didn't want her to know about it. And Charlie, her own husband, had never told her. And Lyman Grimes . . .

As she thought of Lyman she began to laugh again. Her eyes fell on the telephone by her bed, and the sudden impulse to let Lyman know he wasn't pulling any more wool over her eyes translated itself instantly into action. She picked up the phone and started to dial Lyman's number and changed her mind. Martha Kennedy must have been holding out on her, too. She was the first one to show that they couldn't make a fool of her any longer. Martha thought the sun rose and set on Lisa Talbot, and on Horace Talbot. This would give her a jolt. Sybil dialed the number. There was a busy signal. She pressed the bar down irritably, and dialed Lyman. When he said "Hello," she had figured exactly how she was going about it.

"Lyman! This is Sybil. Lyman, you *dirty* dog! Why didn't you tell me?"

She could almost see him at the other end, a little startled, judging by his voice.

"Tell you what, darling?" he asked.

"About the whited sepulcher!" Sybil cried. "You don't have to go on pretending. I know the whole story. Horace Talbot's famous love nest . . . Why *didn't* you tell me? I'm furious at you, darling!"

Her laughter pealed across the wires. She could tell by his silence that he was completely flabbergasted.

"Well, goodby now, darling. I just wanted to let you know I know too. I'm in the lodge. Goodby now."

IN HER excited delight she put the phone down without bothering to hear what he was trying to say. Her eyes had a cold gleam as she thought of Lisa. She picked up the phone and dialed Martha Kennedy with staccato fingers, and slammed the phone down when the busy signal zinged again in her ears. . . . As she waited for the line to be free, she thought of Phyllis and Bill Larson. They were relatively new in Landover, and she wondered if they'd heard the story. If not, they'd love to. She dialed the number quickly.

"Bill!" she cried, hearing his voice. "Where's Phyllis? This is Sybil, Sybil Hale."

"She's got all her poker crowd here, Sybil. Anything I can—"

"Just tell her I've made the most awful discovery. About Horace Talbot, Bill. It's simply incredible. Did you know he murdered a woman?"

"Murdered a . . ." His voice fell away. "Are you kidding?"

"I know, it's simply incredible. But it's true. I've got the whole story here, right here in front of me. It was a gal he was keeping. She pulled a fast one and he shot her, right there in a place on Church Street. He'd stolen tons of money and kept her like a Park Avenue babe. And I wish you could see her picture in the paper."

"Well, I'll be damned. What do you know! —Hey, Phyllis!" . . .

Sybil's face brightened as she dialed Martha Kennedy again. The phone was ringing, and in an instant she heard Martha's voice.

"Darling, it's Sybil. I must tell you the most fantastic thing. Just by accident I found out about Mr. Talbot this afternoon. I was down in the cellar, and—" She keyed her voice and her story to Martha's unmalicious ear, but went on without pause until the whole thing was out. "Why on earth didn't you tell me, Martha? *Now* I understand why he never goes out in public. Martha—are you still there?"

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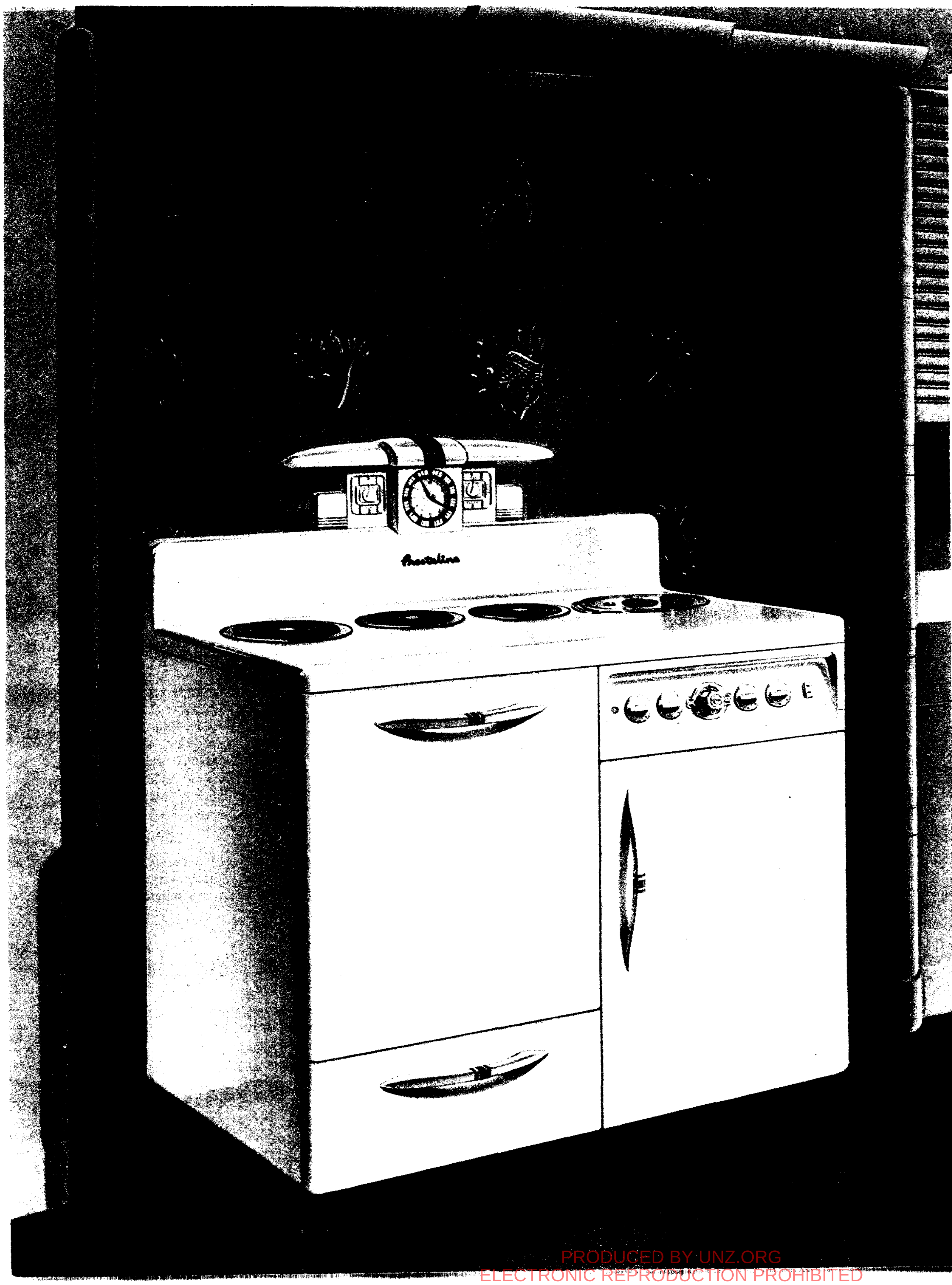

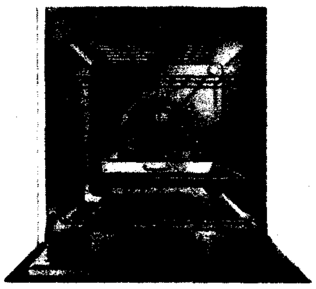

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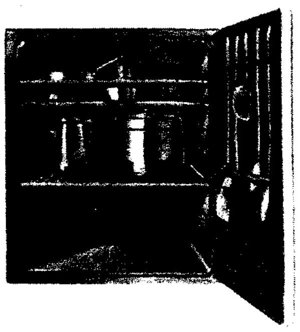

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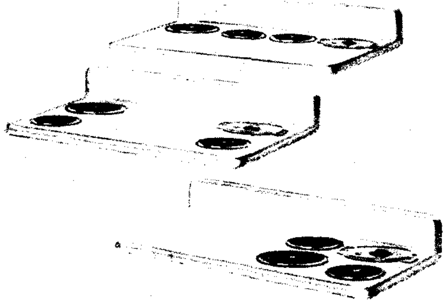

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"Yes. I'm still here," Martha Kennedy said. "I'm still here. I'm just . . . well, it's the first I'd heard of it, Sybil, and I just can't believe it. There must be more to it that you don't know about. But I wish—well, I wish you hadn't told me anything, that's all, dearie."

"It's true, all right," Sybil said curtly. "I've got the clippings right here."

"Well, stick 'em in the fire, baby," Martha said. "Stick 'em in the fire and forget about 'em."

"I'm going to, of course. And it just never occurred to me that you wouldn't know."

She put the phone down, waited and took it up again. There were a couple of other people to call. When she finished at last she sat there, thinking. Martha Kennedy had somehow taken the edge off it. She picked up the clippings, folded them into the newspaper again and threw them over on Charlie's bed. She was a little angry. Martha and all her pretense of not listening to gossip made her tired.

Sybil got out of bed and went over to the window. It had stopped snowing. She stood there for a moment, looking at the muted loveliness of the white mantled trees and lawn. It was so silent that she could almost hear her heart beat. She turned, went over to the door, opened it and looked downstairs. The lights were off. The house seemed dead, it was so quiet. She was relieved as she glanced at the clock on her bedside table. Althea and Sam must have gone to bed a long time ago. It was almost one o'clock. The evening had flown with the wind. She got into bed, turned off the light and snuggled down in the covers. Would he really have nerve enough to come to her party? Of course he *couldn't* come. If you'd done a thing like that you'd never dare to show your face in public again. And just wait, she thought, until Charlie gets home. She laughed aloud. Lisa Talbot was disposed of once and for all. She turned over and closed her eyes, still smiling.

IT WAS the telephone ringing beside her bed that woke her again, in the morning.

"Yes, this is Mrs. Hale. Good morning, Mrs. Thomas." She blinked and sat up a little. "Oh, I'm so sorry. We'd counted on you and the Judge being with us. But the snow is bad out here. I really don't blame you for not attempting it. We'll see you another time. Goodby."

She put the phone down, looked at the clock, blinked her eyes and pressed the bell at the side of the door. It was ten minutes after nine. She waited, listening, and had started to ring the bell again when the phone rang a second time.

"Hello. This is Mrs. Hale. Oh, yes—good morning, Mrs. Grimes. Isn't the snow lovely? Oh, I'm so sorry. Of course I'll forgive you. You'll let us have Lyman, of course."

She straightened up abruptly. "—Gone to New York? Whatever for?"

Mrs. Grimes either had a very bad cold or was crying. She didn't know why Lyman had rushed off. Sybil listened with distaste. When she put down the phone she listened for Althea again, rang the bell a full half minute and put her hand on the radiator. It was cold. They hadn't even turned up the thermostat. The phone was ringing again.

"I'm so sorry. I know the snow *is* dreadful."

She said it curtly. It was another friend of the Hales, and if they were all too fragile to come out in a little snow, they could damned well stay home. She went back to the bathroom, got the guest list out of her pocket and crossed off six more names. Out in the hall she called for Althea again, then went down the stairs and flicked the thermostat up. She called again, then stood still, listening. There was a basic silence in the house that was suddenly a little alarming, and Saturday was pay day. She went through the dining room and out into the kitchen. There was no sign of either of them. She had started over to the stairs leading up to their room when the telephone rang.

She took it off the cradle and said "Hello."

"Sybil darling, this is Agnes Bates. I'm so sorry, dear, but we're going to have to beg off this evening. We've got to go over to George's mother. She's quite sick, and Perry and Lucy have to go too, so I said I'd call for them. . . . I'm terribly disappointed."

Sybil put the phone down. George and Perry Bates were lawyers, and good friends of Charlie's. They were two of the best native families. It was funny they'd just walk out on Charlie like this. She took the list out of her pocket and crossed four names off. Before she had got the pencil through "Perry and Lucy Bates" the phone rang again. She let it ring several times before she picked it up, her face a little bewildered.

"Sybil dear, we're simply sunk." It was the wife of the president of the Chamber of Commerce. "We're both so upset. Everett's uncle and aunt are in town and we've simply got to stay home and feed them. Now don't tell me to bring them along, because they're poisonous, darling. They don't drink, they don't smoke and they're crashing bores, both of them. We're really sunk about not being there."

Sybil put the phone back and stared down at it. Something had happened. She didn't know what it was, but she could tell by the sound of the voices over the phone. She'd used the same voice herself too often not to recognize it. She went a little blindly over to Sam and Althea's staircase.

"Althea!" she called. "*Althea!* Wake up—do you hear me!"

When there was no sound, sudden anger seized her and she ran up the stairs and flung the door open. The room was empty. She looked silently around. The closet door was open, all Althea's and Sam's clothes were gone.

"They've left." Sybil said it aloud to the small bare room. "Well, for heaven's sake."

She turned slowly and went back to the kitchen. Her tray was set for breakfast on the table by the sink. There was a note under her plate. As she reached out to pick it up the telephone rang. She ignored it, turning the note over in her hand, looking at it before she opened it. It was a piece of cheap ruled tablet paper with *Mrs. Hale* written in pencil on the outside. She waited, holding it in her hand, until the phone finally stopped ringing, and opened it.

Mrs. Hale, she read. *You shouldn't have done what you did, Mrs. Hale. Mr. Horace never hurt you. You didn't have any right to hurt him, Mrs. Hale. I and Sam heard you phoning everybody while we was trying to clean up the house for your party. I and Sam never wanted to work for you, Mrs. Hale, after you called Sam what you did and said he sneaked off. Miss Lisa made us come over and work for you and Mr. Horace made us stay when we wanted to quit when you got so jealus, Mrs. Hale. Mr. Horace always been good to I and Sam and everybody, Mrs. Hale. A lot of people treated Mr. Horace wrong, but nobody ever treated him as wrong as you. I and Sam are going back home . . . Althea.*

The phone was ringing again. Sybil stood with the letter in her hand, letting it ring. She turned slowly, the tears suddenly blinding her eyes, blinked them back and looked out the window. Her eyes moved slowly, following the double track of footprints that ran through the otherwise unruffled snow lying on the drive and garden and the sloping bank down to the creek. The footprints that went across the drive and went down the bank to the chestnut log, and across and up the field—Sam and Althea going home to Hollyrood. She turned quickly and hid her face in her hands. The telephone was ringing again.

OH, MY God, what have I done! she thought. The phone rang and rang. She jerked the chair out from the table, flung herself into it and buried her head in her arms on the cold white enamel, weeping uncontrollably. They were all stinking filthy gossips, all of them—they must have broadcast what she had done all over Landover.

"Oh, I hate them, I hate them! And I thought they were friends of mine!" She sobbed wretchedly. Bill Larson, Lyman Grimes, even Martha Kennedy . . . she saw them rushing to the phone in the dead of night, calling up everybody they knew. "Sybil says . . . Sybil called . . . Sybil . . . Sybil . . . Sybil Hale . . ."

Her sobs died slowly away and the tears dried in her eyes. She raised her head and sat there for a long time, staring in front of her.

It was of course the end of everything for her in Landover; she knew that. And she could not convince herself that it was not really her fault. . . .

I'd better get something to eat, she thought mechanically. As she made coffee and toast the phone rang again. She paid no attention. When she had finished she left the dishes on the steps, went slowly up to her room and dressed. When the phone rang again she took it quietly off the cradle and put it down on the table. The house was very silent. No one but herself was there . . . The sense of her loneliness and her complete physical as well as spiritual isolation was intensified as she went down to the living room and looked out at the snow-covered ground. The only signs on it were the signs of Althea and Sam going away.

She took out her guest list. The telephone had rung four times since she'd drawn the last pencil line. That would be four more couples crossed off . . . or more. Maybe they were like the Bateses, getting together, drawing straws, probably, to see who'd call for two or more. She looked at the names in front of her, wondering who they were. Maybe even the Larsons, Bill and Phyllis, had decided not to come. She threw herself face down on the sofa and lay there for a moment racked with despair. Then she got up abruptly.

"What's done is done," she said to herself. She raised her head, listening for the telephone, and remembered that she'd disconnected it. A dozen people might have called up and she wouldn't know it. But she didn't want to know.

Her eyes moved around the room. At the sight of the blue paint and the red and white chintz curtains, the holly and pine and cedar, the candles ready in the window, she closed her eyes quickly, the taste of bitter gall in her mouth. She got up, went out into the hall and began slowly to unwind the ground

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK

THE OUTRAGED HEART

BY AGATHA CHRISTIE

Hercule Poirot looks beyond the facts to find the truth about the murder of a man whom many women desired but none could hold

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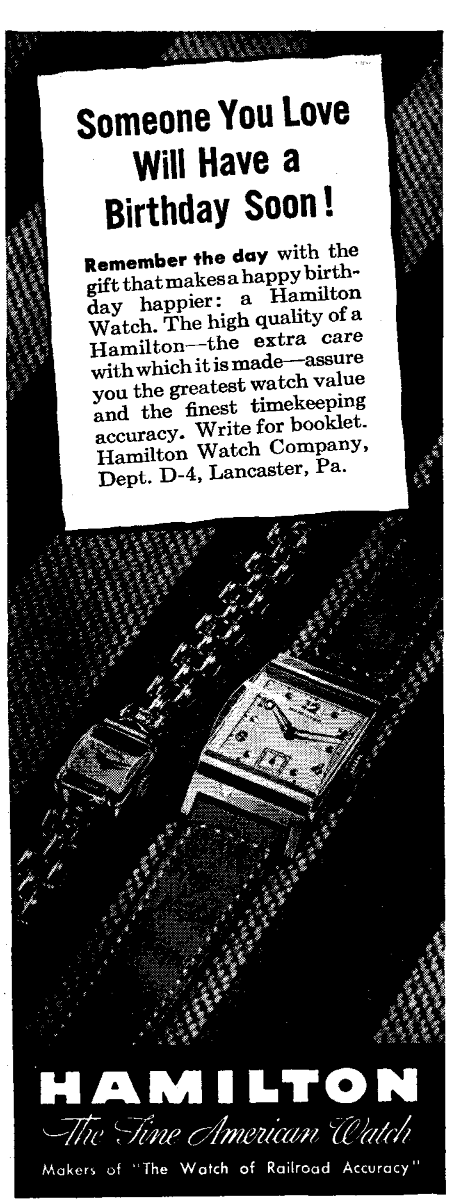

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cedar from the stair rails, dropping it in a pile on the floor as she pulled it off. She took the holly down, slowly and methodically, where she could reach it. It was too late to call the caterers—they'd have to come and get their stuff and go away. What frightened her now was that someone might still be planning to come—to the party—the Larsons, for instance. They might come just to be able to tell everybody what a horrible fiasco the whole thing was. It made her heartsick. She took the broom and swept up the leaves that had fallen as she pulled the evergreens down from over the pictures and mirrors, and from where it was banked on top of the chest-on-chest that Lyman Grimes had tried to chisel out of her by pretending it wasn't any good. She thought of that without added bitterness; there was no room to add any in the cup that was already full to the brim, with bitterness and humiliation and mortifying shame. When she had finished she went back up to her room and went to the phone.

She ran through the book to find the number of the airport, found it, and then laid the book down. Everybody would know she was leaving if she made a plane reservation, and she could go another way. There was a local train at 10:22. She could get in the coach without anybody to see her and laugh. There were earlier trains, but the 10:22 was the one she had to take. It was the first one after Charlie got home. She hadn't thought directly about Charlie, but he had been in her mind the whole time, over all. In a sense, he was all that mattered, and she had to wait for him.

She turned quickly away from the sharpened agony that facing him would mean, and went out to the trunk closet, pulling her bags out and rolling her big tan parchment trunk into her room. But before she packed there was one other thing, acutely painful, that she had to do. She straightened her shoulders, went over between the beds and picked up the telephone. When she heard the dial tone she called Charlie's office, evenly and without haste.

"May I speak to Miss Elliott, please?"

SYBIL took the guest list out of her pocket and waited. Miss Elliott was the blond girl who'd pantomimed her on the sidewalk in front of the office, but it was she who'd typed the list and addressed the invitations to the party.

"Miss Elliott? This is Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Charlie Hale. Have you a copy of the guest list you made for me there?"

"Yes, Mrs. Hale."

The girl spoke quickly—too quickly and too brightly.

"Then I wonder if you'd mind doing something for me," Sybil said. She was surprised at how casual but authoritative she was able to make her voice sound. "I've decided to postpone the party. Cars can't possibly get in the lane, with all this snow."

"It's terrible, isn't it, Mrs. Hale? Everybody's all tied up everywhere."

Miss Elliott was all but falling over herself, and Sybil smiled painfully.

"What I'd like you to do, if you will, is call these people for me," she said. "If you'll check them off, I'll read the names." She started at the top and read the list. "I think that's all. The rest are taken care of."

"I'll be glad to take care of them, Mrs. Hale. You've got the rest, except . . . Mrs. Hale, what about the Talbots? Would you like me to call them for you?"

The insolence in her voice was a little disguised and sugar-coated, but it was recognizable. Sybil said, deliberately, "Thank you, Miss Elliott. The Talbots have already been taken care of. I'm sorry to bother you. Goodby."

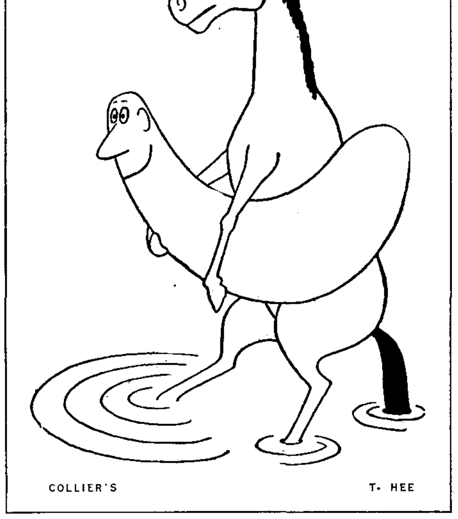
She put the telephone down without returning it to the cradle. *The Talbots have been taken care of.* She looked at the guest list, picked up her pencil and ran a line slowly through Horace Talbot's name. The tears sprang up suddenly in her eyes. She blinked them back, went to the closet and took her clothes out, piling them on the floor, and sat down to put them in her trunk.

I didn't mean to hurt him, she said to herself. Truly, I didn't mean to hurt him. . . .

By seven-thirty the caterers had come and been paid and taken their things away. Everything was dark now, and silent again. Sybil's trunk and her bags were packed and labeled, and Sybil herself was ready, too. She picked up her small suitcase and an overnight bag and started slowly down the stairs, to wait for Charlie to get home.

As she turned to go into the living room, a glimmer of white on the rug by the front door caught her eye—someone must have slipped a note under the door while she was upstairs packing. She picked it up, and opened it, somehow not surprised to see Martha Kennedy's firm, almost childish writing:

Dear Sybil—Miss Elliott called this morning. I've been trying all day to get you on the phone, but no luck, so I'm writing this to tell you that I think you're wise not to have the party tonight. I wanted to come anyway, but Bertie is too upset. He's been over at Mr. Talbot's most of the day, and has just phoned the governor to see what they can do. Maybe you didn't realize it—and I just found it out today—but this whole town has been breaking its neck for years to find a way to make up to Mr. Talbot for all he's suffered. The horrible and unforgivable thing to me is that you were the one who finally persuaded Horace Talbot to come out, and now you're the one who kicks him in the teeth and shoves him back again. I'd hate your guts, Sybil, if I didn't sincerely and honestly believe you didn't do it on purpose. I think you just weren't using your head. But God only knows how you're going to live it down, either in Landover or your own insides. I feel sorry as hell for you, I truly do. I guess it was just because you never had anything in your life you wanted to hide from anybody. It's funny in a way how hard everybody's taking it. I feel sort of proud of the human race. . . . M.



Sybil read the last line again. Martha wasn't including her in the human race, and it was all right. She didn't belong there really, though she knew Martha wasn't thinking that when she wrote it. She turned back to the middle of the first double sheet. ". . . it was just because you never had anything in your life you wanted to hide from anybody."

She sat down on the bottom stair and let the old ugly pictures come into her mind—the shabby-clothed little child standing on the rotting porch, the cold and the rain, and the empty, endless desolation; the constant fear and the shame; and the door that was always closing somewhere, leaving her outside.

She looked blindly now at the wall ahead of her. It was funny how things you didn't notice at the time came back and you could hear them, when you'd hardly heard them while they were being said to you. She was thinking about the time down at the creek, when she'd talked to Horace Talbot the day Lyman Grimes started her off on the green paint. ". . . I know the feeling of wanting to die rather than have all the old wounds opened up again, alien hands probing about in them. It's a kind of personal agony . . . your pride . . . your wounds." She bent her head forward on her knees. It was fair enough. Now he could tell everybody what she'd told him, about her wounds, her pride and her agony. It didn't matter any more. And the unhappiest part about it was that she knew he'd never tell. She closed her eyes and pressed her forehead hard against her knees, then sat erect, listening.

In the pulsing stillness of the night she heard a car. It was Charlie, coming at last. For a moment she could see the hall filled with the laughing wraiths of the guests who weren't coming, crowding in at the door, filling the hall, overflowing to the attic and cellar, gay and joyous and . . . friendly. They faded abruptly as the taxi stopped in front of the house. She heard Charlie's feet on the front steps, and the door opening. When he came in she stared at him, paralyzed with sudden terror, her mouth dry and bitter.

HE STOPPED short, motionless, in the doorway. "Good God, what's the matter, baby?" He came on slowly, closing the door, looking blankly around. "What's happened? I kept trying to call from the bus station and I couldn't get an answer. Where is everybody? What's happened to the party?"

She moistened her lips again. It was a kind of relief, but only a kind. If he'd heard, and come in in a fury of white-lipped rage, she could have taken it better. She shook her head, unable to speak for a moment.

"Nothing," she said. "There . . . isn't going to be a party."

He looked around again.

"Sweetie—you didn't cancel it on account of Mother, did you? She's okay. I called there before I came out. She's doing fine."

She shook her head. She couldn't tell him, she didn't have the courage to tell him. It was the final defeat, that after all she'd decided that she didn't have the courage to tell him.

He came toward her. "Sybil . . . what *is* the matter?"

She managed to speak then.

"It's . . . Mr. Talbot, Charlie."

It was hardly more than a whisper, but he heard it. He stopped halfway across the hall, looking at her dumfounded. "Mr. Talbot? You . . . you didn't really expect him to come . . . I told you—"

She shook her head quickly.

"It's not that. He's . . . been hurt, Charlie; he's been hurt terribly. Go over there . . . go now. Lisa will tell you."

He stood staring at her.

"Please, Charlie. I mean it. He's been really hurt. Please go over, right away. *Please!*"

She turned her face away and closed her eyes, imploring him. Then he was gone, dashing back to the door, and the snow deadened the sound of his feet racing down the slope to the creek. She sat there with her head still turned away, the tears streaming down her cheeks. Finally she felt around in her pocket for her handkerchief and wiped her eyes. There was time. She didn't have to worry about his coming back for a long time. She pulled herself up slowly, after a while, and went unsteadily upstairs and to the phone.

She dialed the number and waited, only half realizing what she was doing. "Colonial Cab? This is Halethorpe, out on the North River road," she said. "I want a cab right away. I can count on it, can't I?"

"Yes, *ma'am.* Right away."

Sybil put the phone down on the table, still disconnected, and looked around her for an instant. She had to write him a note, now that she hadn't had the courage to tell him, and that was just as hard. She went down the steps slowly, thinking what she could say. On the second step from the bottom she stopped, gripped with sudden terror. A car was coming up the drive. A door slammed, the engine started up again, and the knocker sounded on the front door, loud and demanding in the silent house.

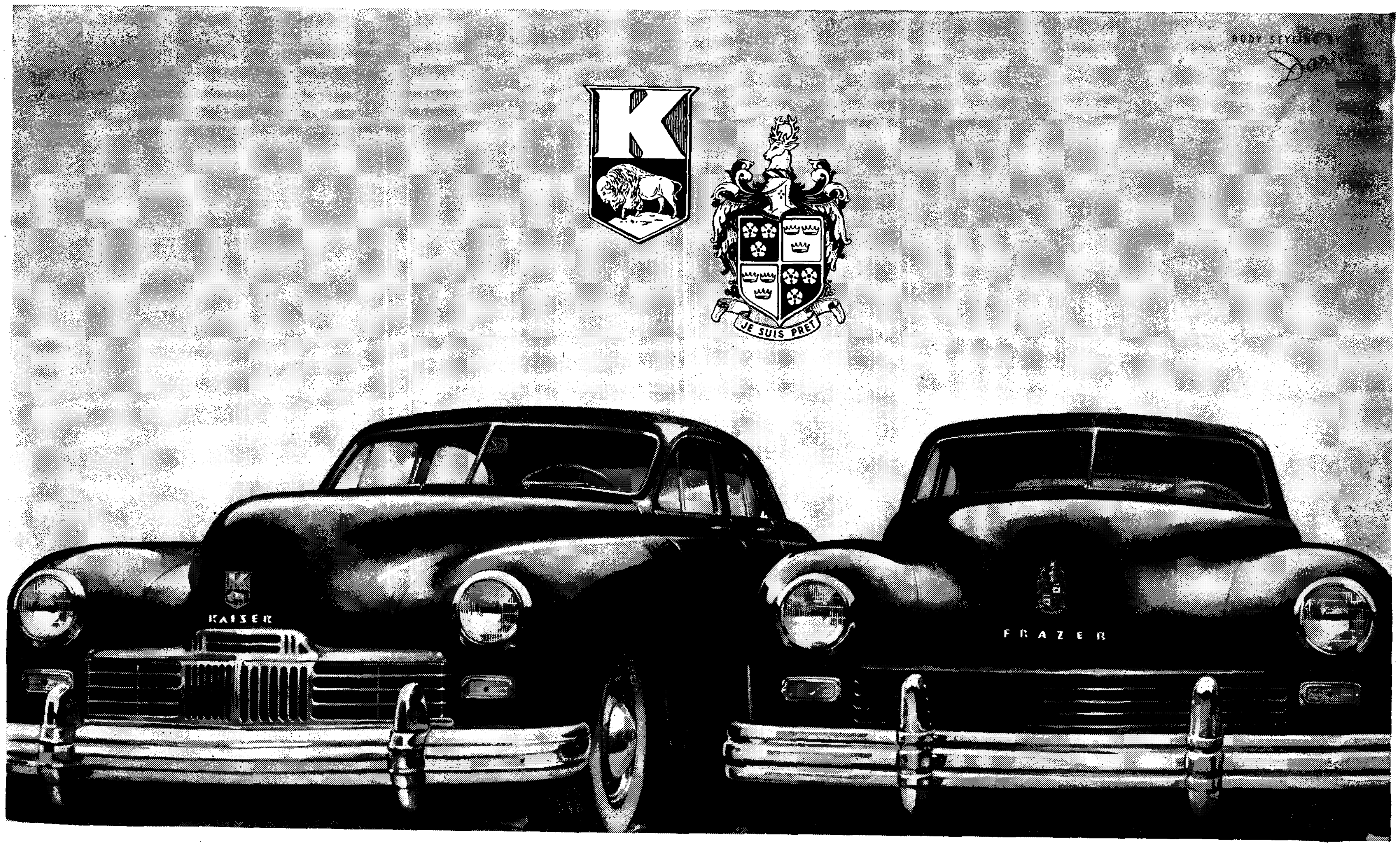
For a blind moment she stood there. Then she raised her head, straightened her shoulders, hesitated only a moment, and went down and across the hall. She opened the door.

One guest had come to her party.

"This is the night, isn't it?" a grave voice said. "Don't tell me I've made a mistake?"

Her hand was still on the doorknob, paralyzed.

"My invitation said Saturday at eight o'clock. May I come in?"



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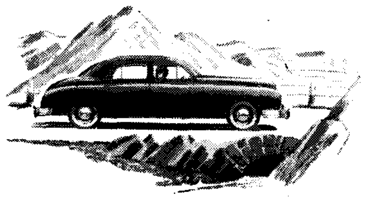

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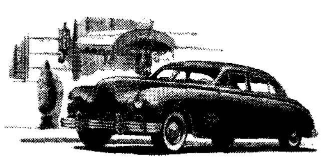

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She moved aside, utterly unable to speak. Horace Talbot closed the door, took off his coat and laid it, with his rusty green opera hat, on a chair. He turned and smiled at her, straightening his tie.

"I must look very out of date. It was black tie, wasn't it?"

Sybil nodded. She was dreaming. In a moment he would fade, the way the wraiths had faded that had filled the hall, laughing and smiling, a few moments before.

Horace Talbot looked around him. "Where are the others? Am I too early?"

She shook her head again and managed to speak. Even if it was a fantasy she had to answer. "I canceled the party," she whispered.

He looked at her gravely for a moment. Then he put his hands out and took both of hers.

"I'm sorry you did that, Sybil," he said gently. "I wanted you to have the party, so I could come over and show people that we're good friends—you and I."

HE WAS leading her across the hall into the living room. She shrank away from him, trembling uncontrollably. It was worse than she could have dreamed, and this time she had to face it.

"Yes, I know," he said. "That's why I came. I thought if I came, it would make everything all right. That's why I'm sorry you're not having the party."

She shook her head slowly. "No. I . . . understand you. It's terribly, terribly sweet of you. It's unbelievably sweet. But you can't do anything for me. It won't work."

"Yes, I think it will, Sybil," he said. "Go and call a few of your guests. Tell them you've decided to have the party after all. Tell them I'm here, if you like, and you have to have a few more people to help entertain me."

She kept back her tears. "No," she said.

"Why not? If it doesn't matter to me, the rest of the town will forget it. I think they'll be very happy to have the chance."

"No," Sybil said. "I'm going away." She looked at him unflinchingly.

"You know, I'm grateful to you, in a way," he said. "Curiously enough, I feel better having everything suddenly out in the open. People have been kind and generous, but I've always been a sort of fugitive, trying not to force people to decide anything, good or bad, about me. But now, everybody knows, and everybody has had to react to knowing. And—well, I came tonight. I'm here. I've broken away from Hollyrood and all it's stood for—"

"I'm glad you came. I can't tell you how much. I'm . . . sorry for what I did. But I'm going away. I've had every chance for . . . happiness in the world, here, and I've thrown them all away. I don't belong. I don't deserve to. I see a lot of things now that I didn't see before. What you said about the demon is right. And I'm afraid—afraid that if I stay here, I'll forget . . . even this. If I stay, I might do . . . what you did. I know it. If I get out of this without paying anything for it, I'd forget it. I'd be back where I was before."

Horace Talbot started to speak, but she stopped him.

"Please. You're being terribly kind to me. But you'd better let me go while I still understand things. Charlie wouldn't ever forgive me, and he shouldn't. And nobody else would. They'd never trust me. I'd never trust myself. I don't think I meant to hurt you, but I did mean to hurt Lisa. I'm not sure I meant to do that, at first, when I found the clippings, but before I was through I did. I'd be lying if I said I didn't. I know she's in love with Charlie and I know he's in love with her. Maybe she's right that they'd never do anything about it. Maybe they're that kind of people. But I'm not."

"You're not what kind of people, Sybil?"

"The kind of people that want something and let . . . honesty keep them from getting it." She managed to smile faintly. "They might be, but I know I'm not. I wouldn't ever believe they were, for one thing, not for very long, even if they were. I'd be torn to pieces, knowing they loved each other and knowing I was just an accident of the war . . . which is what I know I am.

"I know it's true. I'm not giving Charlie up to be noble or anything. I'm giving him up so I won't be where you've been all these years. Because I couldn't take it the way you have. If I don't give him up and get away from here, something terrible would happen. I . . . I'd have an accident with my car and . . . Lisa would be killed. It sounds horrible, but it's true. You must know it is, don't you? You know what jealousy is, and you know what it can make you do. And if you know yourself as well as you know me, then you know why jealousy can do that to you. You know what the price is, and you know the horrible temptations, and the fears."

He didn't answer.

"—Because it must have been you that had Sam put the guns away, wasn't it?" she asked.

She hadn't thought of it until that moment, but she should have thought of it. It was only Horace Talbot who'd seen her the night she burst into their house. He was the only one who'd think of it.

"It was you, wasn't it?"

He nodded.

"Don't explain," she said quickly. "I understand. I could have done what you did—and for the same reason. So you see it's worked out best this way. If I hadn't done what I did to you, I wouldn't have known I had to go away. So . . . I'm glad you came . . . so glad. I can go with a less . . . oh, I don't know. I guess you do."

"Yes. I think I know."

"And it's very strange. I don't really mind going, somehow."

She raised her head, listening. A car was coming up the drive. She looked quickly at the clock.

"That's my taxi," she said. "Tell him to wait, will you, please? I've got to get something."

She ran out of the room and up the stairs. Horace Talbot went to the door, spoke to the driver and came back. He was looking down at the logs in the fireplace when she came in.

"Here," she said.

He turned. She was holding out the batch of faded clippings.

"I couldn't leave these . . . for anybody else to find."

He started to put his hand out and stopped, seeing what they were. She picked up the lighter on the coffee table, flicked on the flame, held it to them and dropped them in the fireplace. They stood there until the last long ribbon of faded paper curled up, a black fragile ghost. Sybil went quickly out into the hall and got her hat and coat.

"I was going to write Charlie a note. But I'd rather not. Will you stay and tell him I've gone? And wish him good luck, and happiness. I'll have Dad write to him. And . . . some day I'll write him myself. But not now."

She stood for a moment looking at him, then came quickly back into the room. "Will you kiss me goodby?"

He put his arms around her and kissed her gently. "Goodby, Sybil."

"Goodby. Don't come out. You'll catch cold."

SHE picked up her bags and went out, closing the door quietly and finally behind her. There was a click as the latch snapped into place. Sybil stood for a minute with her hand on the knob . . . This door was different. This was one door she had closed on herself. She looked at the cold white snow that lay all about her on the ground and on the gaunt limbs of winter trees. Then she was gone.

Horace Talbot stood looking after her until he heard the car start. When the sound of chains rattling down the snow-covered orchard lane had faded away he turned back and looked down into the fireplace, at the small black heap of ash. He raised his head slowly . . . The old passion was dead at last. It no longer meant anything. He tried to recall the face of the woman he had loved so jealously years ago. He could not even remember what it was he had seen in her. The only face he could see was one white as a flower under glossy black hair, with blue sapphire eyes.

He smiled, and sat down to wait for Charlie and Lisa.

THE END

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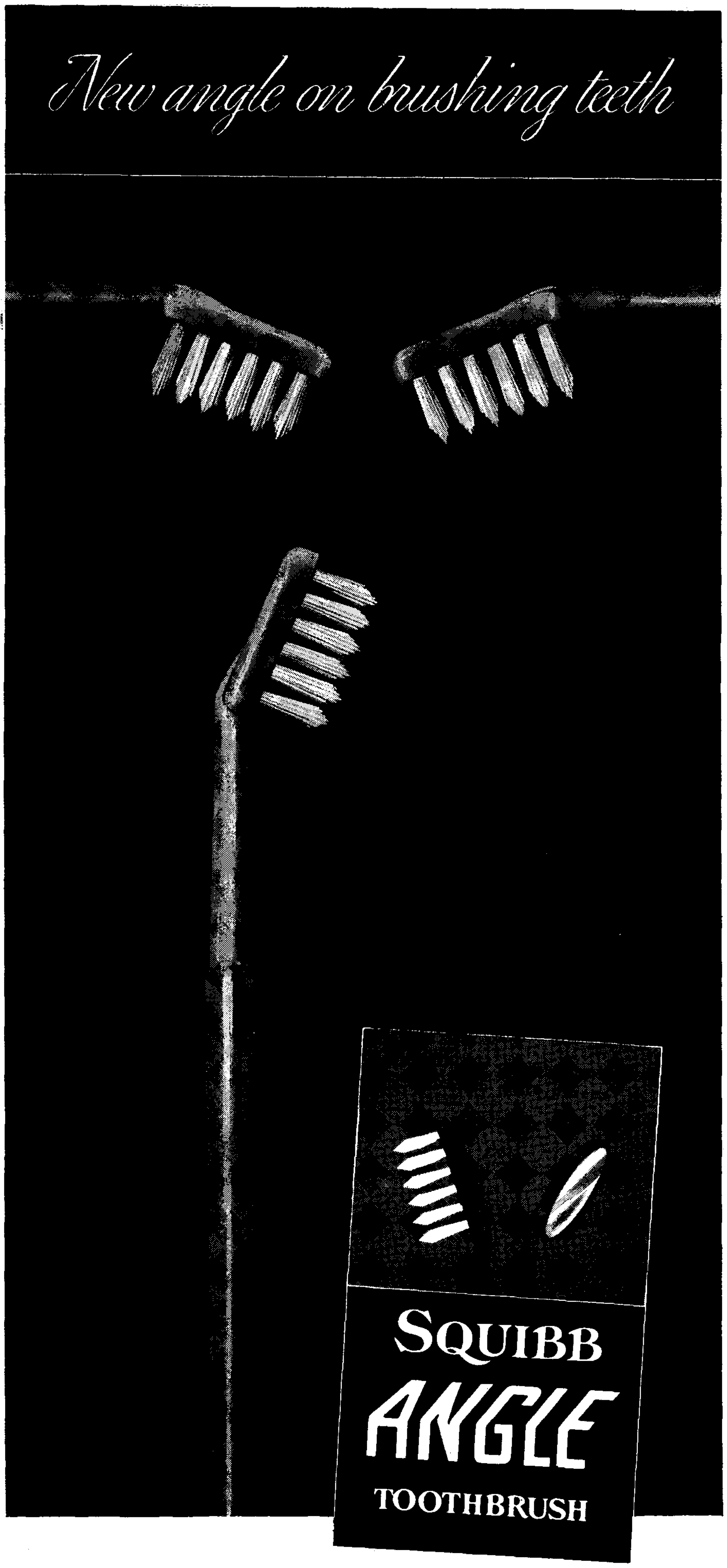
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The Vets' Best Bet

Continued from page 34

doctor. When the United States declared war, Erskine joined the Marines, because, he says, "I thought I would get quicker action."

For a while it looked as though he had thought wrong. Commissioned a second lieutenant, there was so much delay in getting him overseas that he "threatened to go to Canada." The commandant of the officers' school decided to assign him to a combat unit. They not only reassigned him to a combat unit slated for France, but enrolled him as a probationary officer in the regular corps. "I had expected that I would be in the Reserves," he explains, "but, of course, like all the rest, I had signed every paper they handed me and somehow I appeared as a probationary."

Once overseas, the former sergeant trumpeter made up for lost time. He was courageous—and resourceful. He returned from the wars a veteran of Belleau Wood, Soissons and St. Mihiel and—at 21—a captain. He wore the Silver Star, the Purple Heart and a French *fourragère*.

Erskine, in the course of the long Armistice, had varied duty. He was awarded the Nicaraguan Medal of Merit for his services with the Nicaraguan *Guardia Nacional*. He did a two-year tour as executive officer of the Embassy Guard at Peking, China, from 1935 to 1937. Meanwhile, he went to school at home; he was graduated by the Army Infantry School at Fort Benning and for two years attended the Command and Staff School at Fort Leavenworth.

He taught, too; his teaching ran a gamut from machine-gun instruction ("I was very much interested in weapons at one time; I was a weapon man,") to infinitely more complicated courses in the Marine school at Quantico and the basic school at Philadelphia; to tactics and to strategy. When Pearl Harbor came he was already an expert on amphibious landings and was applying knowledge gained at Guantánamo and at Quantico as chief of staff of the amphibious corps, Atlantic Fleet. By 1942 he was chief of staff of the amphibious corps, Pacific Fleet, and participated in the training of Army troops for the Kiska and Attu operations. He took part in the Kiska show himself.

A Fine Record in the Pacific

As "chief of staff, amphibious training staff, amphibious corps, Pacific Fleet; fleet Marine force, San Diego area and the Fifth Amphibious Corps," Erskine contributed greatly to the combat efficiency of the troops who occupied the Gilbert Islands. And it was largely because of his planning—on the authority of Admiral Nimitz himself—that the operations against the Marianas and on Saipan and Tinian went forward without a hitch. Through the 35 days of actual battle on Saipan and Tinian, Erskine was consistently on duty with the commanding general as chief adviser and co-ordinator, and his tactical judgment and driving force were important factors in the final victory.

These activities won Erskine the Legion of Merit and a gold star in lieu of a second, Iwo Jima gained him the Distinguished Service Medal for "dauntless valor, tenacious and resolute fortitude in the face of overwhelming odds."

It is characteristic of Erskine that no sooner did V-J Day put an end to the fighting than he insisted that every Marine in his command take a compulsory course in the G.I. Bill of Rights. He supplemented this with a divisional program of voluntary education designed to fit his men for a world of peace. It was not long before more than half of The Big E's boys—veterans of Saipan and Tinian, Marines who had knifed their enemy into the sea from the black, volcanic sands of Iwo Jima—were busy with pad and pencil and textbook; surely a record for educational programs of this kind.

Nowadays Erskine goes quietly about Washington thinking about his job and talking to practically everyone. A sociable fellow when there is time for sociability, he likes a drink now and then, has a Louisianian's fondness for fried shrimp, and has an unerring eye for a veteran. Recently he was talking with a taxi driver who, it turned out, was an ex-Marine. Not only that, but an ex-Marine who had served for a time in the Third Division, Erskine's own command. Erskine confessed modestly that he, too, had served with the Third. "Well," said the cabby, "I don't remember you. What's your name?"

"My name's Erskine," said the general.

"Erskine," mused the driver. "Erskine—oh, you must be The Big E they talked about."

There is no doubt in Erskine's mind as to what the veterans deserve. On this he is emphatic; he says:

"If the country can't do more than just absorb the veteran, if it can't make him better off than he was before, something is terribly wrong. Soldiering should have made it possible for him to be better off, soldiering is a part of American life. These men should not only be absorbed by the community, they should be leaders in the community. If they haven't got that much out of their service, we have failed."

Ex-Soldiers' Postwar Destiny

The general's approach to his job is as definite as his beliefs regarding the veterans' place in postwar America. Erskine believes that the RRA's work at Washington should be that of co-ordination and direction; the job itself, he feels, must be done in "the field."

"Only in the states and in the communities," he says, "can the problems of the individual veteran be met and solved. Only the community leaders know the possibilities; only they can advise the veteran intelligently.

"My job here is one of direction and co-ordination. They do the executing—the states and the communities. Federal agencies co-operate and assist states and communities to achieve their goal. There's an almost exact parallel to military procedure."

This philosophy, this old-fashioned belief in state and local responsibility for the things which concern state and locality, is apparent throughout General Erskine's order, RRA Order No. 3, which is to be RRA's working bible from now on. The order states that "the task of reintegrating the millions of people whose lives have been disrupted by war is considered to be primarily a community responsibility." It outlines an orderly "chain of command," for federal, state and community agencies and services, down to the advisory centers in the communities themselves. It sets up a standard of services for these centers, information, referral, counseling, clearinghouse.

The order urges governors of states to set up or implement state agencies to stimulate and encourage communities in the establishment of advisory centers, to obtain the co-operation of other state-wide agencies involved, to provide for participation of all organizations interested in aiding veterans and displaced war workers.

The narrow, federally dominated "State Veterans' Service Committees" set up during the Hines regime are liquidated by the Erskine order, which urges governors to authorize state agencies to "take such measures as may be necessary to insure that Community Advisory Centers provide such information and counseling service to veterans and others as is not furnished by federal and local agencies in the execution of their legal functions."

All federal agencies subject to the jurisdiction of the RRA are *ordered* to co-operate with state and local agencies in the establishment and operation of Advisory Centers. The order says:

"Federal agencies will dispense information, counsel individuals, and make such determinations as they are directed to do by law." And it adds: "A federal agency should refer an individual with a problem outside its own scope to an established Advisory Center if the problem is not sufficiently well-defined to make direct referral to another agency logical."

How General Bradley feels about it is made altogether clear by Paragraph 5 of the Erskine order, which reads:

"The Administrator of Veterans' Affairs concurs in principle with the provisions of this order in so far as they affect the operations of offices of the Veterans' Administration *and is issuing separate instructions with a view to effecting close co-operation of officials in the Veterans' Administration with state and community agencies.*"

Bradley promptly followed up with an order of his own, a final resounding whack on a nail already driven home. The generals—quite without design—had given Washington's world of squabbling, jealous agencies a lesson in co-operation.

Erskine no sooner took over than he set about meeting people whose efforts he was to co-ordinate, to familiarize himself with their problems. He began, too, to build a staff which was both competent and in sympathy with his uncomplex, nonbureaucratic program. He approached both assignments calmly, confidently:

"Of course, we have to know the people who are doing the work. Sometimes we have to help find people who can do the work. You always can. In the Pacific we had no trouble finding the people we needed when we set up our educational program."

General Erskine is emphatically one to practice whatever he preaches—and without lost time. Almost immediately he set out to "know the people who were doing the work," and began building up a staff of field representatives, mostly veterans of World War II.

A Handbook by Forty Experts

Early last December he called a conference of the heads of 40 community centers in representative cities from the Pacific to the Atlantic seaboard. He told them he wanted a handbook, based upon experience, which would explain how a veterans' community center should be organized—and expected them to edit it. In two days he had his handbook, written out of the combined background of 40 experts, each of whom, in the process of exchanging methods and ideas, had learned something he had not known before.

Between them, Erskine and Major William H. Burnham, chief of his Advisory Centers Division, saw every one of the delegates and listened to their kicks, mostly kicks involving the U.S.E.S. and the Selective Service System. Erskine dispatched Major Burnham (who had had wide experience organizing veterans' centers throughout Connecticut) around the country to talk to state governors, veterans' officials, the heads of various national organizations which had programs of their own. The governors were uniformly enthusiastic.

Meanwhile, in Washington the administrator found that almost every state had a program of some sort, at least on paper, but that there the resemblance ended. Everywhere there were conflicts and omissions, with no standardization of methods or techniques. It was apparent that there were two essentials to any proper program. One was co-ordination of state facilities, such as arranging for departments of education to assure adequate and effective on-the-job retraining programs. The other: good informational literature to tell the communities how their local programs could be organized.

Objective: Better Co-operation

Erskine conferred with representatives of national, labor, business, farm, welfare and educational organizations, and finally invited all chairmen of state veterans' committees to Washington. The meeting's agenda furnishes further evidence of Erskine's attitude. Aside from reports, it consists almost entirely of questions: "How can the RRA render the most effective assistance to *state* agencies? . . . How can the RRA co-operate most effectively with the *states* in order to effect a rapid increase in the number of advisory centers? . . . What specific steps can be taken to improve co-operation among governmental agencies concerned with the human side of demobilization? . . . What steps can be taken to meet the critical shortage of trained Advisory Center personnel?"

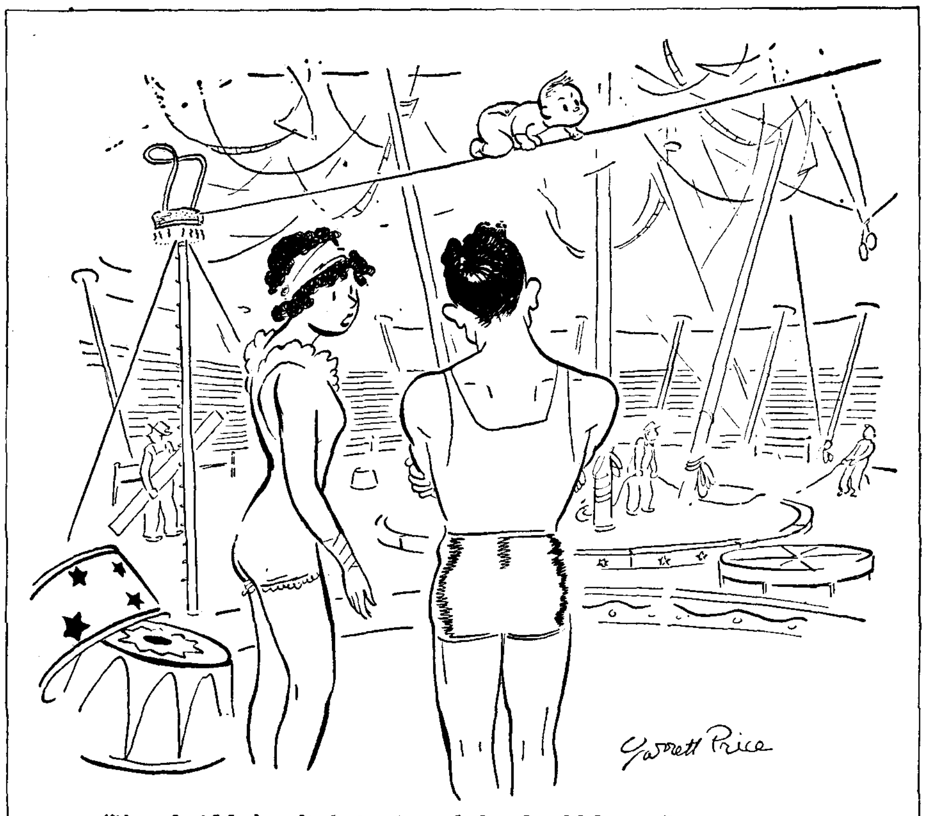
To a suggestion that this plan to delegate execution of the program for veterans' retraining and re-employment to the states might lead to conflicts, Erskine replied:

"Fight? I am not going to fight. If it is the law, they do it. If it is not the law, they don't."

But the surest guarantee that there will be smooth sailing from now on lies in the character of the two top men, Erskine and Bradley, their joint and declared determination to get on with the job in spite of red tape and artificial lines of demarcation. Erskine and Bradley are much alike. Not only is there perfect co-ordination between them, officially as well as unofficially, but they are temperamentally akin. Sometimes they use almost exactly the same turn of phrase to express a similar attitude. Both, for instance, have been known to reply to well-meant comments upon their multiple rows of ribbons pretty much like this:

"These? These decorations really belong to my boys."

THE END



"I'm afraid he's a little backward; he should be walking by now"

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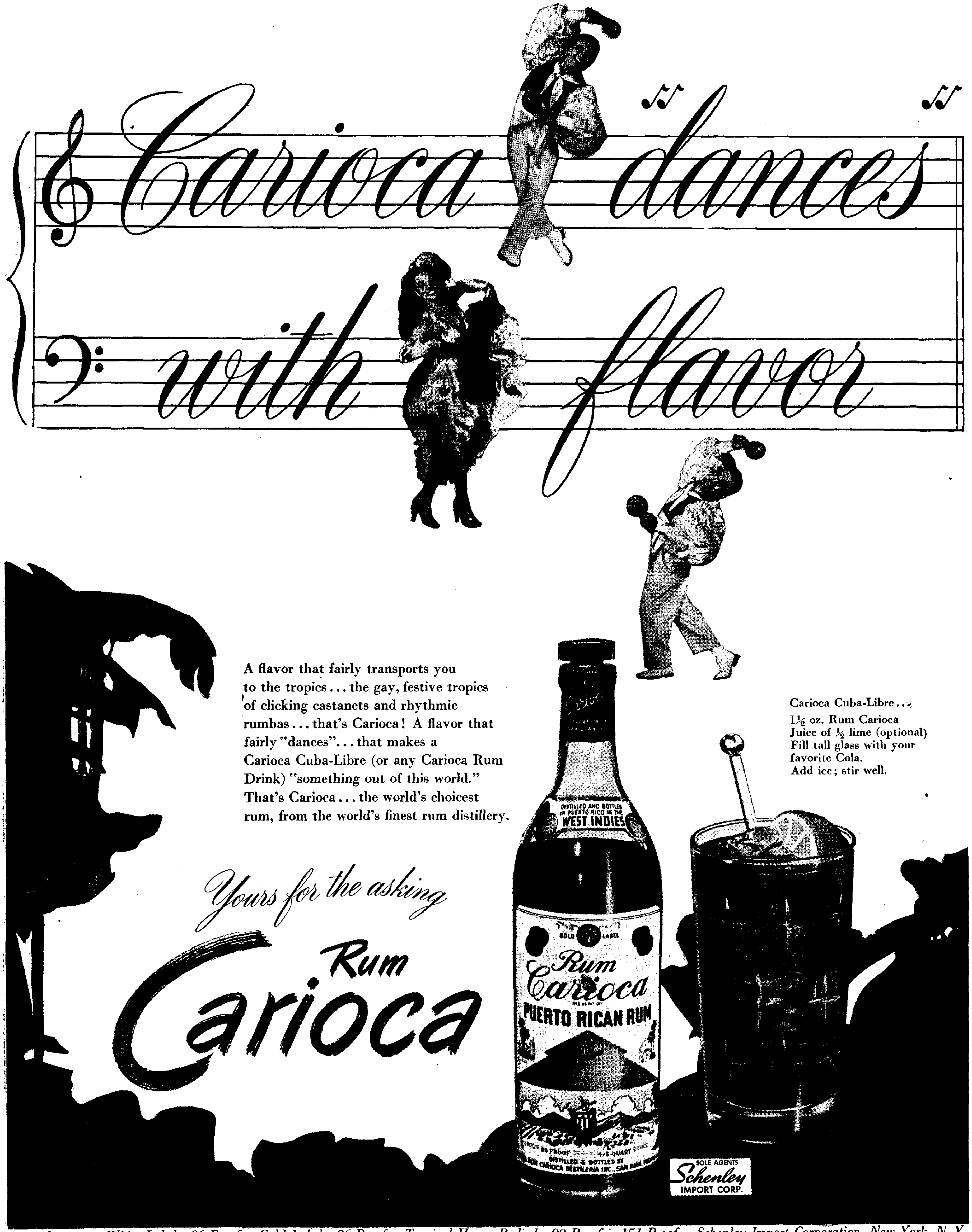
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Billion-Dollar Dam Builder

Continued from page 17

started on their conquests, there would have been no Pearl Harbor and no Pacific war.

Furthermore, these advocates argue, American labor and American business will never be able to profit from trade with a half-starved China. If China is industrialized, we will have 450,000,000 good customers. The Yangtze enthusiasts say there is enough potential business there for the electrical equipment factories of Schenectady alone to keep workmen busy for the next twenty-four years.

We might also mention that Henry J. Kaiser and Donald Nelson have both shown lively interest in the Yangtze development scheme. Henry Kaiser thinks the Orient holds vast possibilities for an expanding American trade. Mr. Nelson, you'll recall, was sent to China by the late President Roosevelt to help Chiang Kai-shek solve his problems of war production. The former War Production Board chairman met Savage in Chungking.

"What's this you're doing down on the Yangtze?" asked Mr. Nelson.

Washington Wasn't Impressed

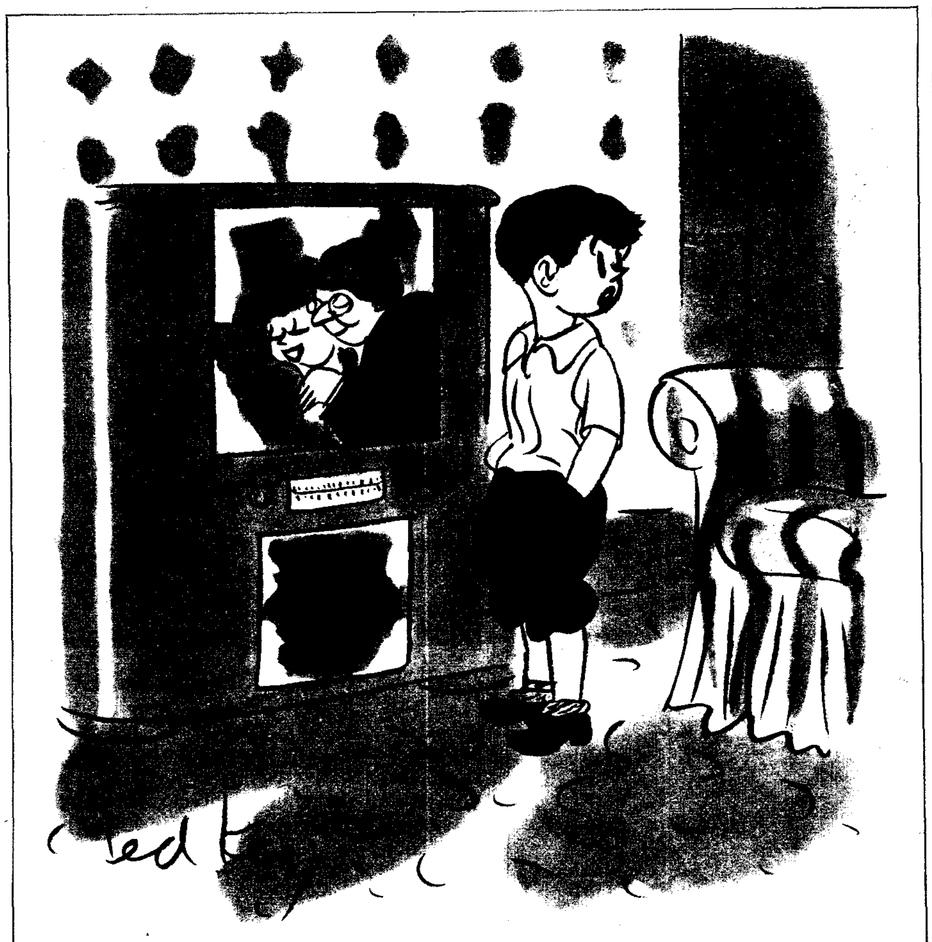
The dam builder told him. Mr. Nelson was so enthusiastic that he started burning up the wires to Washington on behalf of Mr. Savage's plans, which were not even in final form for official submission. When Mr. Savage's blueprints finally reached Washington, however, some officials in the State Department seemed vastly uninterested in the whole thing.

It may have been Donald Nelson's insistence which forced action. Finally, last fall, the United States Bureau of Reclamation signed a $500,000 contract with the Chinese government according to which the Reclamation Bureau engineers at headquarters in Denver are setting to work on the final detailed plans. Chinese engineers are already in Denver to help, and more are en route. Jack Savage is the consultant for China. Now retired from his full-time Reclamation Bureau job, he continues as a bureau consultant.

The man who started all this controversy over an industrial policy for China is tall, white-haired, modest and unassuming in the extreme. His home is in Denver, but tomorrow or next week may find him in Australia or Afghanistan.

He has bright blue eyes set in a face tanned from years of work outdoors. Until last year he worked for a government salary which was never more than $8,750 a year. Private consultants could have collected hundreds of thousands of dollars in fees for the same work, but this never bothers Jack Savage.

"I'm not a very good businessman," he says with a quiet grin. "Money doesn't interest me very much."



"Hey, Ma—guess who's dining and dancing at the Café Noir, gay, smart rendezvous just thirty minutes from Manhattan on the Jersey-Hudson Turnpike"

COLLIER'S TED KEY

He tells a story to illustrate. He was born on a farm near Cooksville, Wisconsin, on Christmas Day, 1879, and eventually ended up as a student at the University of Wisconsin at Madison, his family having moved there. One summer, someone persuaded him to try his hand as a book salesman, working on commission, and he paid $10 as a deposit on two sample books and nervously prepared to ring doorbells.

His father, knowing his son's retiring nature, boisterously wagered that within two days Jack would be a farm hand. Jack sold the first book to an understanding customer on his first day's tramping, and by superhuman effort managed to get rid of the second on the next day. Then he headed for a farmhouse and asked for a job.

For a month, in letters to his parents, he pretended that he was selling books and collecting big commissions.

Then one day while pitching hay he looked over his shoulder and saw his father and an uncle grinning at him from their seats in a waiting buggy.

"That's the last time I ever tried to make believe that I knew anything about business," says Mr. Savage.

This same man, however, held the implicit faith of the United States government when it came to decisions involving huge amounts. If Mr. Savage came to the conclusion that a plan had to be changed to meet some hitherto unforeseen condition, even though it altered a project's cost by hundreds of thousands of dollars, the decision was up to him.

The Reclamation Service was born in 1902. Jack Savage, fresh from his engineering course at Wisconsin, went to work for it the next year.

Controlling the Snake River

His first job was on the Minidoka project, on the Snake River in southern Idaho. The West held a romantic interest for a newcomer, and Jack Savage was a prodigious worker; fourteen hours of work a day was routine for him.

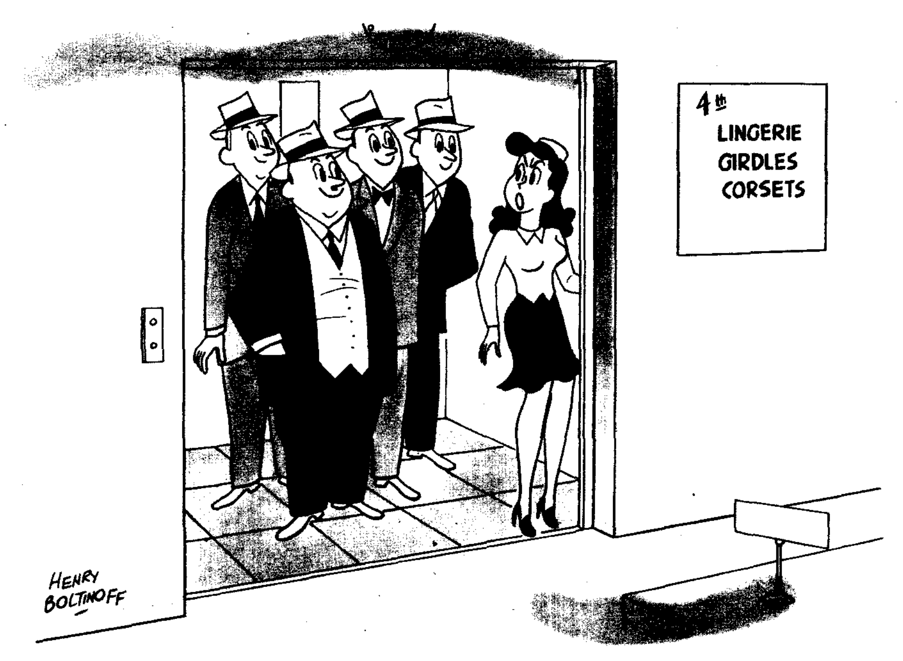
A few years later, a Boise engineer and private consultant named A. J. Wiley persuaded the young engineer to join his firm. The two men drew plans for dams in which they created new designs as they went along. Mr. Savage says today, "A. J. Wiley taught me engineering."

In 1916, when the firm's private construction lagged, Mr. Savage returned to the Reclamation Bureau. Within a few years—he had been married in the meantime—he was chief designing engineer in Denver.

After so much practice, dam designing became to him more or less a rule-of-thumb procedure. Then in the late 1920s came the biggest challenge any engineer had ever faced up to that moment—the federal government's order to build Boulder Dam on the Colorado.

Jack Savage tramped the gorges and deserts around the site on foot, and surveyed the river from a powerboat. Research laboratories had to be organized. The job was so huge that six big Western construction companies—Henry Kaiser's firm was one of them—pooled their resources in order to amass the tools and know-how for the job. Designing Boulder Dam—until he saw the Yangtze gorge—was the big thrill in Jack Savage's life. It was the first of the giant new dams.

One new technique which Mr. Savage had to develop at Boulder was an artificial method to cool 3,500,000 cubic yards of concrete. Concrete contracts as it cools and dries, and if such a vast amount had all been poured



COLLIER'S "Fourth floor . . . none of your business!" HENRY BOLTINOFF

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... the modern, manly underwear that provides mild athletic support

The trend is to Scandals—because Scandals offer men *more*. Easy comfort—yes, Trim fit—of course. Good looks—you bet. But most important, Scandals give you the patented dart-stitched pouch that provides mild athletic support. Yes, the mild support that helps fight fatigue . . . helps keep you feeling your trim best.

The growing popularity of Reis Scandals may mean an occasional shortage in dealer stocks. If you can't get Scandals the first time you ask, please ask again. Soon there will be plenty for all!

THEY'RE CUT TO FIT TO FIGHT FATIGUE

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Scott Johnston

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●

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AVOID '5 O'CLOCK SHADOW' WITH

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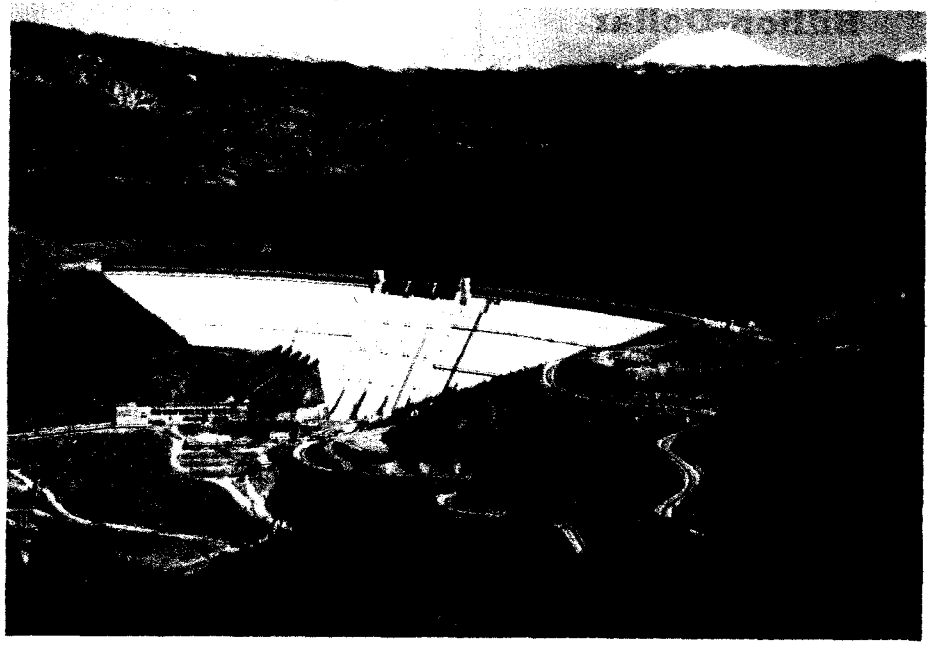

Shasta, world's second largest dam. Chief designer . . . Jack Savage

at once, it eventually would have cracked wide open. Mr. Savage estimates, in fact, that if you poured that much concrete in one solid mass, it would take a century for all the heat to get out.

The trick he devised for Boulder was to pour the concrete in sections, circulating cooling water through pipes embedded in the material. When the sections had shrunk to normal, he merely cemented them together, filling up the air spaces.

The Roosevelt era brought vast new projects all over the land, and Mr. Savage and his staff pitched in even harder to keep up with the demand for more and more blueprints. He was in Panama when he got a rush call for consultations on the new TVA system, and he was chief designer of Norris and Wheeler dams there. Then came Grand Coulee and Shasta.

At Grand Coulee the engineers were confronted with the problem of a "twist" to which the dam was bound to be subjected. Pressure against one center section would be greater than that against other sections, and the uneven twist might crack the huge mass of concrete.

Mr. Savage and his staff finally decided to put what he called "twist adjustment slots" at half a dozen points in the dam. These were vertical gaps about six feet wide, filled with sand except for seals on the dam's upstream and downstream faces. This would permit the structure to give as the reservoir filled. Finally, when the water neared its top level, the sand could be removed and the slots filled with concrete.

Millions Live on Project Lands

Mr. Savage's analysis was correct. In a test model, cracks came exactly where he calculated they would. Such daring methods have brought results, and millions in the Far West earn their living on once-arid lands made green by federal reclamation projects.

Today it's estimated that nearly one out of every five in the seventeen Western states—5,000,000 persons—are dependent in some way on the irrigation and power facilities built by the Bureau of Reclamation. Its officials say the Reclamation Service is the world's largest single producer of power with a present installed capacity of 2,500,000 kilowatts, which eventually will double.

Under Mr. Savage, the Reclamation Bureau also developed its present standard system of "trial-load analysis" to test the stresses and

Grand Coulee, biggest man-made structure, designed by Savage

strains of tremendous water pressure against a dam. With the complicated formulas worked out by Mr. Savage and his men, an engineer can now determine just what size and shape a dam must be to fit its purpose. Years of tests, with actual models, went into the findings.

At any rate, bureau engineers are willing to bet that none of Mr. Savage's dams are going to be washed away in the next century.

No man could work on so many leviathan projects without winning world-wide fame. Engineers from many lands commenced beating a path to Denver, and governments cabled Washington to request Mr. Savage's personal advice. The state of New South Wales, in Australia, feared for the safety of its big Burrinjuck Dam, which might collapse without expert treatment, and in 1938, Mr. Savage agreed to go to London for an emergency conference of engineers.

Just as he was leaving, someone discovered a law prohibiting American officials from accepting emoluments from foreign lands. Mr. Savage wired his superiors that he would accept no compensation, and went on to London. Finally, Congress passed a special law in 1941 to meet the situation, permitting the President to detail Mr. Savage for a trip to Australia and India.

Too Busy to Worry About Subs

He got to Australia, for a firsthand look at the troublesome Burrinjuck Dam, but no farther. The Japanese picked that moment to attack Pearl Harbor. The long trip back from Australia produced a few submarine scares, but Mr. Savage was too busy with his reports to pay much attention.

Early in 1944, the designer of Boulder and Grand Coulee left on the trip in which he was to develop the great enthusiasm of his life—the journey which took him to wartime China and the tremendous gorge of the Yangtze. He went first to India and spent months inspecting sites there, crossing rivers hand over hand on makeshift rope bridges and riding elephants, while camel caravans carried the party's gear.

His major projects in India call for dams as big as Grand Coulee and Shasta. A big difficulty with dam building in India, he discovered, is that the engineer must at all costs avoid covering holy temples with water. Mr. Savage became friendly with one young maharaja, who agreed to move a temple to higher ground to make one project possible. Another ruler forced Mr. Savage to reduce the size of a dam; the maharaja refused even to consider touching a sacred temple which stood in the way.

Savage next crossed the Khyber Pass into Afghanistan to its storied capital of Kabul, and recommended a project there on which Kaiser and other American interests are now working.

Finally he arrived in China. Every other construction job of his lifetime, even including Boulder, his old favorite, shrank to insignificance as he saw the possibilities of damming the Yangtze gorge, backing its waters into a lake 250 miles long, and producing 10,500,000 kilowatts of power—ten times as much as Boulder—to industrialize ancient and backward China.

A Believer in China's Future

Today the world's champion designer of magnificent dams is a China enthusiast. His voice rings as he tells a listener of the tremendous prospects there. In official reports he has said that the Yangtze development would rank as one of the classic exploits of mankind. He is sure that it would transform China from a weak to a strong nation.

If Jack Savage has any passion stronger than that for building dams, it's his love for children. He and his wife, the late Jessie Burdick Savage, gave college educations to fourteen boys and girls, most of them his own kin. If his project on the Yangtze goes through, it's probable that he will have performed a vastly greater service for the children of China for generations to come.

Doubters of the project say that the Chinese are too inefficient ever to build it, or to make use of it if it is built. If you ask Jack Savage his opinion of the efficiency of Chinese engineers, however, he pulls out four bulky reports produced in China and says, flatly:

"I couldn't have got these out any faster or any better with my staff here in Denver. I had the finest help in the world from the twenty or thirty young Chinese engineers who worked with me. Many had experience in this country. Some of them are here in Denver today to help on the final plans."

He goes on: "I have no doubt whatever that a big industrial development is coming in China. China is on the threshold of such a development, just as we were only a little more than a generation ago.

"Why in the world shouldn't China succeed—just as we did?"

THE END

COLLIER'S "I beg to disagree with you" CHON DAY

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April Showers

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

BY HERBERT GUTTERSON

IT WAS close to noon on a fine spring day when the young man walked into the florist shop. Mr. Hotiphar, who had been trimming rose stems, looked up and saw him—a tall, lean young fellow with a strong, handsome face. He was standing before one of the display cases, staring morosely at the flowers. Mr. Hotiphar placed his shears very gently on the counter and went over to him.

"Can I help you?"

"Yes, I'd like some flowers."

Mr. Hotiphar smiled. People always said that. As though they thought it necessary to explain why they had come into the shop. As though it weren't a little obvious after all.

"Yes," he said, "certainly. Have you anything special in mind?"

The young man shook his head. "No," he said. Then he added, rather wistfully, "I guess I do need something special at that."

MR. HOTIPHAR was thinking of the way humanity swarmed past on the sidewalk all day. And then, suddenly, a fragment would detach itself and come into the shop and there would be another problem to solve, or some distress to lighten and, often, joy to confirm. Indifferent people, Mr. Hotiphar had discovered, never bought flowers. They didn't need them. He glanced up at the young man.

"What is the occasion?"

"What?"

"Birth, death, sickness?" Mr. Hotiphar regarded his customer slyly. "Or did you quarrel?"

The young man smiled grimly. "As a matter of fact, we did. It's worse than that. It's all over."

Mr. Hotiphar's eyes narrowed slightly. "Then why send flowers? Do you wish to commemorate the unhappy fact?"

The young man laughed. "Well, I guess maybe it isn't quite as bad as that."

"I thought not," said Mr. Hotiphar. "It seldom is at your age."

The young man was looking at Mr. Hotiphar as though he were seeing for the first time the silver hair, the ruddy face, the kindly blue eyes with the tiny wrinkles fanning out from the corners. "You're a funny guy," he said. "I mean, to be working here."

"We'll go into that another time," said Mr. Hotiphar. "Right now I would like you to describe the young lady briefly."

The young man's frown returned and he stuffed his fingers nervously into his pockets. "Well, she's rather tall and she's got dark hair. Good sense of humor. Anyway, most of the time." He smiled wryly. "She's also got a terrific temper."

"So I gathered," observed Mr. Hotiphar.

"Well, that's about all."

"Young man," said Mr. Hotiphar, "permit me to sum up the situation. You and this young lady have had a small disagreement, but you are very fond of each other." He paused, his fine white eyebrows arching a question.

"We were," replied the young man sadly. "Up until a few hours ago."

"Exactly," Mr. Hotiphar continued. "And now you have thought it over and decided that it is a great mistake to be so unhappy. And besides, you were probably wrong in the first place." He held up his hand. "Now wait a minute! I see, by the way, that you, too, have a temper. When I said wrong, I meant that you were only half right. When you are married, young man, you will learn that to be half right in a situation like this is the equivalent of being wrong. It's best to accept the fact as gracefully as possible."

The young man grinned. He was becoming progressively more astonished. Mr. Hotiphar noticed this and his blue eyes twinkled.

"You have wisely decided," he went on, "to send some flowers. You realize, of course, that she will be expecting them about three o'clock this afternoon."

"Oh, no!" the young man spoke up hastily. "You're wrong there. She told me—well, it was quite plain that she wasn't expecting anything."

"Poof!" said Mr. Hotiphar disdainfully. "If you ever hope to be happily married, young man, you must learn to distinguish between April showers and a typhoon. In this case, I feel confident that we are dealing with a tempest of the former variety. But as I was saying—flowers are splendid ambassadors. However, they do not all speak with equal eloquence, nor do they have identical things to say. If you were to send gardenias, for example, she might think you sentimental and rather superficial. Narcissus would undoubtedly brand you as flippant. Snapdragon—obviously much too much to the point."

"Then what shall I send?" said the young man in a voice of complete bewilderment.

Mr. Hotiphar paused dramatically and then he said softly:

"A single rose."

"You mean all by itself?"

"I do," said Mr. Hotiphar firmly. "Consider the young lady's reactions. She will first of all observe the beauty of the flower. It will then occur to her that you chose with taste and discrimination. She will next wonder about your meaning and she will attach her most favorable interpretation. She will conclude by being a little curious and a little mystified. And that, young man, is the most ideal state of affairs."

The young man shook his head in wonder. "Holy smoke!" he said. "With a line like that you could sell a guy anything."

"Please!" said Mr. Hotiphar with a pained expression. "Would you care to enclose a card?"

The young man considered this for a moment. "No," he said. "I don't think it will be necessary."

"I agree," said Mr. Hotiphar. "The language of flowers requires no emphasis."

The transaction was completed and the young man moved to the door. He held out his hand.

"Thanks a lot," he said earnestly. "I hope it works."

"So do I," said Mr. Hotiphar. He smiled. "And remember, lad, when you're married, sometimes you have to back up a bit if you want to go ahead."

ABOUT four o'clock Mr. Hotiphar answered the telephone. As he listened to the girl's voice, he began to write down her order in his neat, old-fashioned script.

"I know it sounds silly," the girl said, "but that's what I want."

"Not at all," said Mr. Hotiphar. "Any card?"

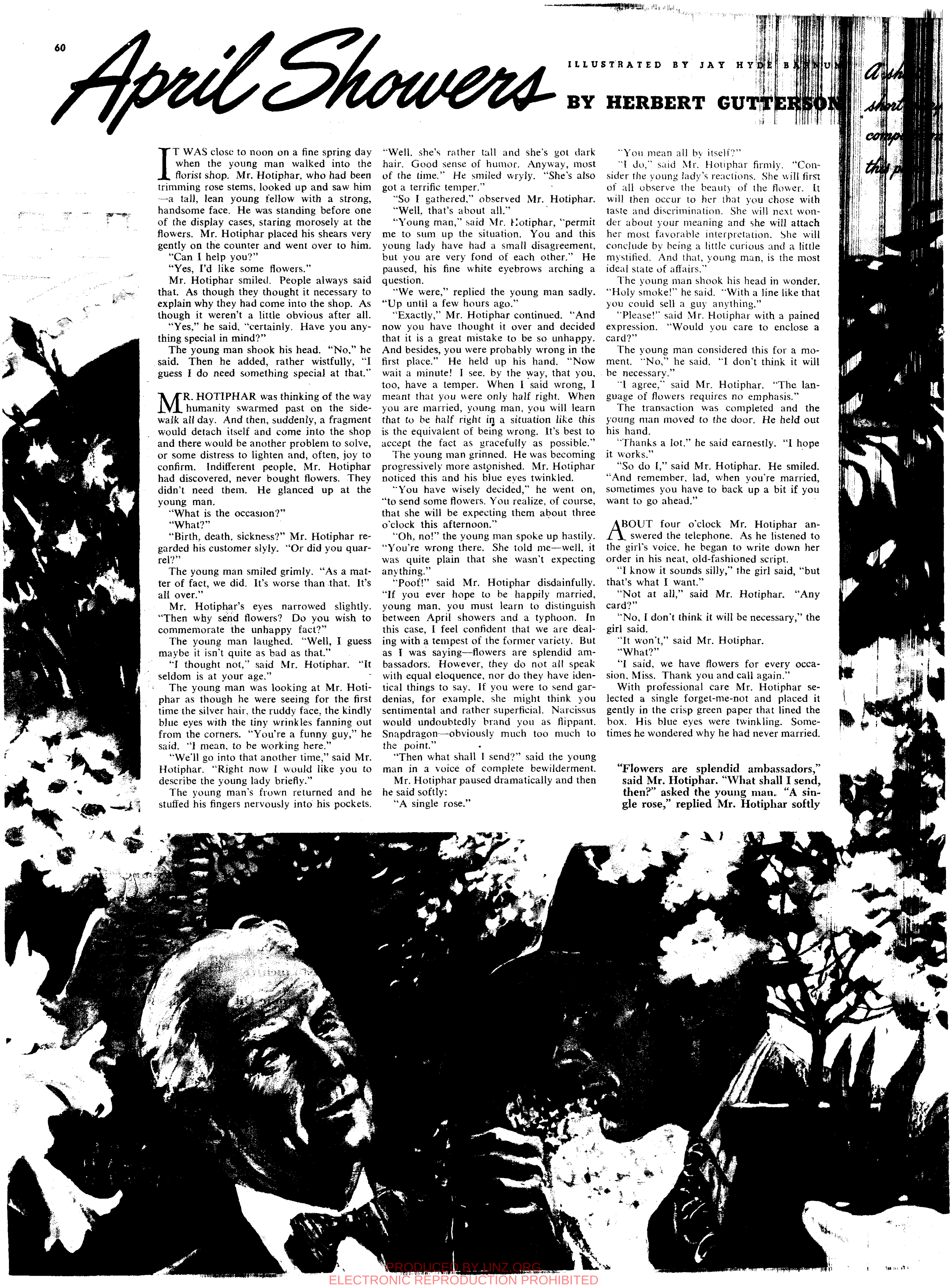
"No, I don't think it will be necessary," the girl said.

"It won't," said Mr. Hotiphar.

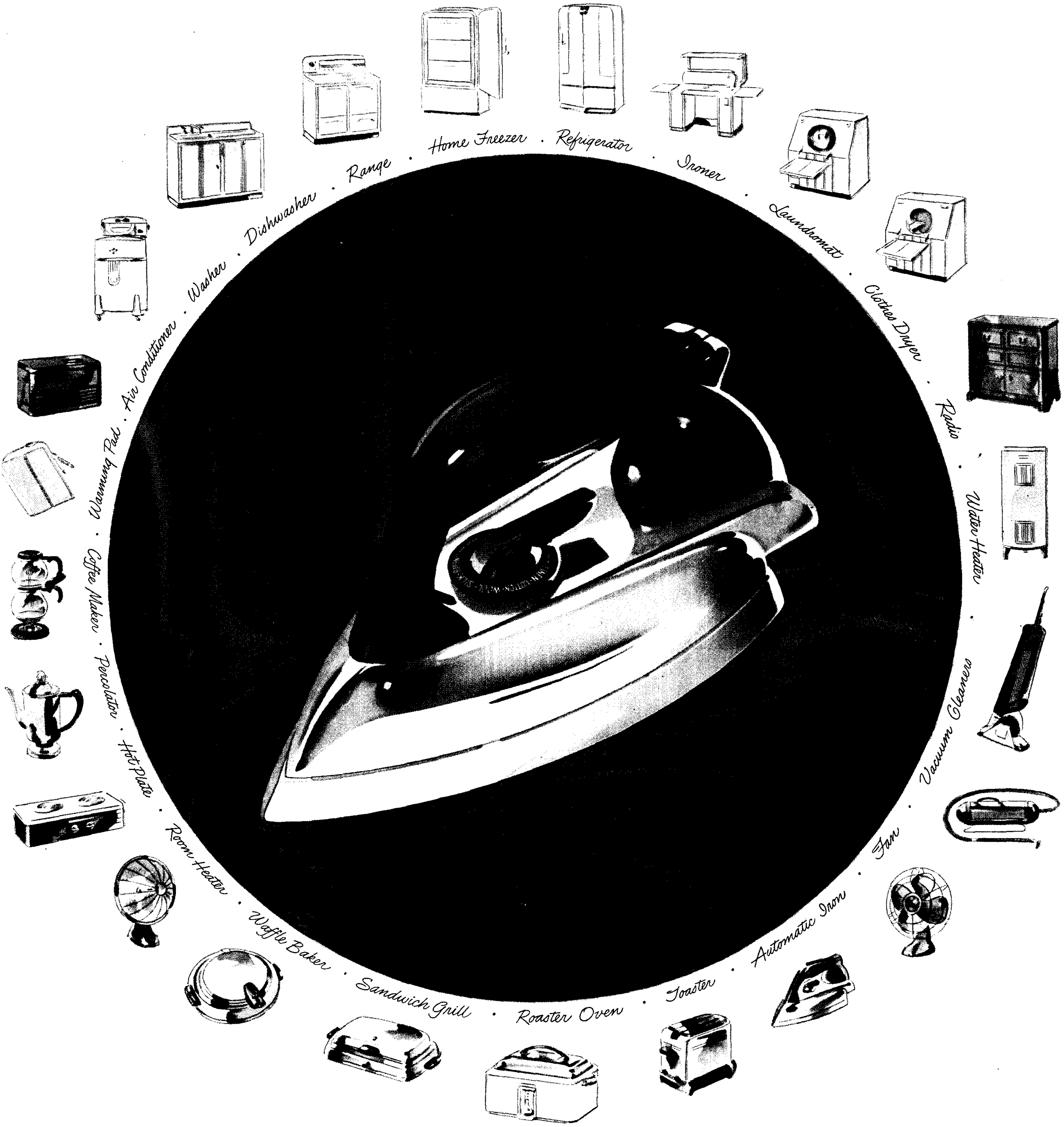
"What?"

"I said, we have flowers for every occasion, Miss. Thank you and call again."

With professional care Mr. Hotiphar selected a single forget-me-not and placed it gently in the crisp green paper that lined the box. His blue eyes were twinkling. Sometimes he wondered why he had never married.



"Flowers are splendid ambassadors," said Mr. Hotiphar. "What shall I send, then?" asked the young man. "A single rose," replied Mr. Hotiphar softly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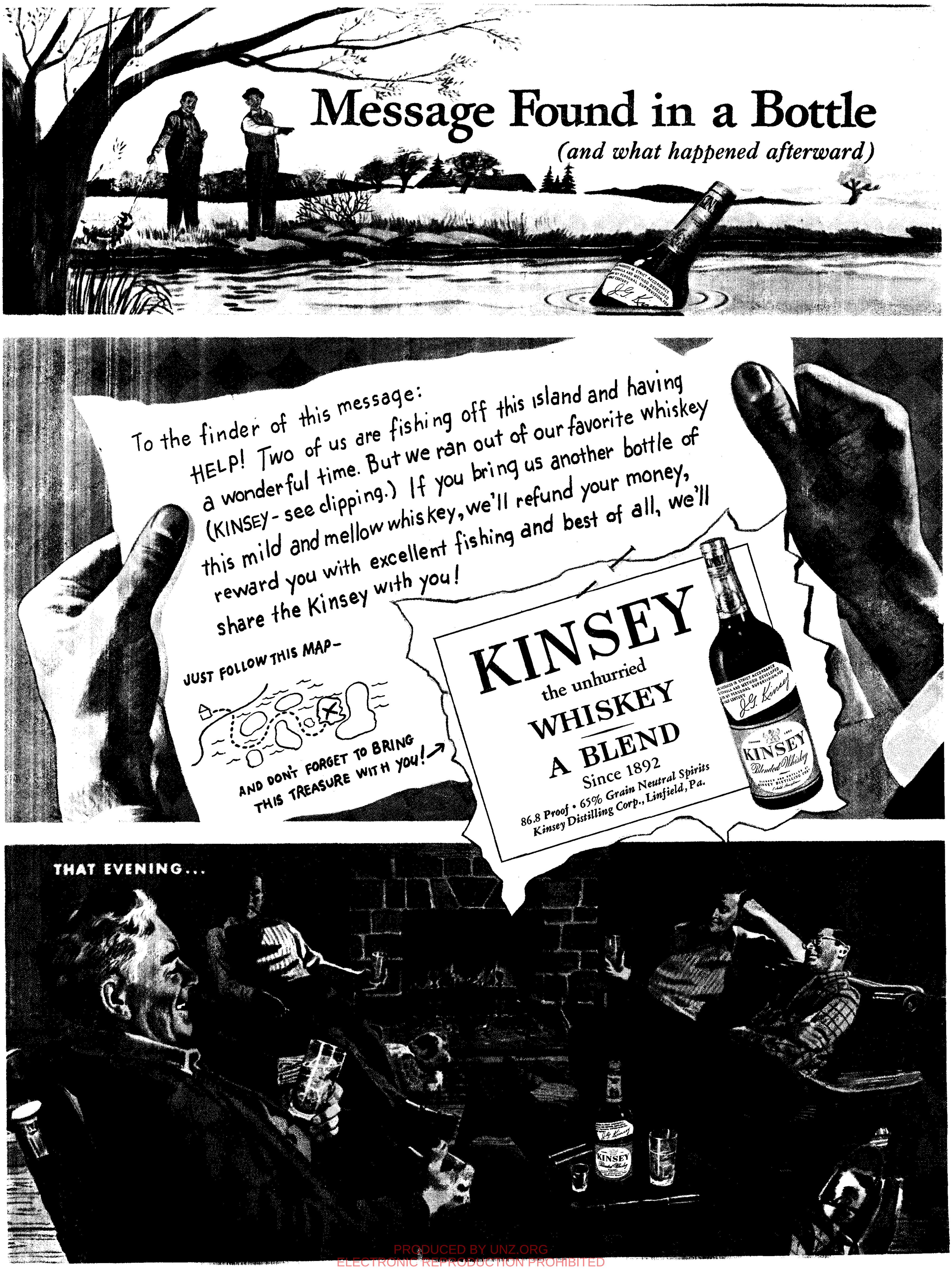

Message Found in a Bottle

(and what happened afterward)

To the finder of this message:
HELP! Two of us are fishing off this island and having a wonderful time. But we ran out of our favorite whiskey (KINSEY - see clipping.) If you bring us another bottle of this mild and mellow whiskey, we'll refund your money, reward you with excellent fishing and best of all, we'll share the Kinsey with you!

JUST FOLLOW THIS MAP-

AND DON'T FORGET TO BRING THIS TREASURE WITH YOU!

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the unhurried

WHISKEY

A BLEND

Since 1892

86.8 Proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits
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THAT EVENING...

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

U.S. correspondents and photographers look over a roofless rubber factory in Mukden, Manchuria. Chinese say Russians stripped it

DAIREN: SECRET SOVIET BASE

BY DICK WILSON

U.S. correspondents ignored Russian restrictions and calmly rode into the heavily guarded Soviet treaty ports. Here's what one discovered

RADIOED FROM SHANGHAI

THE extent of Soviet domination in the area that China calls her Northeastern Provinces was realized by few outsiders except Intelligence agents and their superiors until 22 newsmen invaded Russian-held Manchuria without permission.

This bunch of Americans blithely ignored Soviet red tape and rode uninvited into Mukden.

The Russian consternation grew when nine of the Americans boarded a train for Changchun although travel permits were refused. They were promptly interned in a hotel on arrival in the Manchurian capital. Soviet temperatures hit a boiling point when Correspondent Richard Cushing and Photographer Julian Wilson and I boarded a train for Dairen like a trio of tourists and alighted unchallenged in the heart of Russia's fortress of Manchuria.

The Russians are building an arsenal in southern Manchuria. Russia doesn't consider the war ended and will not until the United Nations sign a peace treaty with Japan —which may be a long time off or never. Meantime, Russia considers the Dairen and Port Arthur area to be Soviet-leased territory to be ruled by Russia. This position was made angrily clear by a Soviet commandant who rebuked us for entering his domain. Then he placed us under house arrest.

The extent of Soviet domination in this area was obvious to anybody who stepped off a Chinese train into the custody of the Soviets. From Harbin to Dairen, the Russian military was in supreme control except in areas where they turned the task of running stripped towns over to the Chinese Communist Eighth Route Army.

The railroads running north, south and east from Mukden are all Russian-operated and guarded, and no one may travel (theoretically) without Soviet permits. (Under the Sino-Soviet treaty of last August they are to be operated jointly with the Chinese, but the latter have not yet taken over their share of the task.) However, during our trip we had some opportunity to look around and to learn what has happened. A great amount of machinery has been removed from Japanese-built war factories. Perhaps one of the greatest factory-stripping operations was performed at Anshan, between Mukden and Dairen and the site of Manuchuria's largest steel works. Seventy to eighty per cent of the plant's heavy machinery and technical equipment was ripped out by the Russians and transported 200 miles south to Dairen, Port Arthur and Korea and shipped in huge convoys to Vladivostok in Russia. Between September 25th and November 6th, some 3,000 former Japanese employees at Anshan and an equal number of Japanese soldiers, working under the direction of Soviet Colonel Caesar I. Kusaroff and eighty Russian technicians, wrenched out the huge milling engines, pumps, electric locomotives, chemical works machinery and research-institute equipment.

The bulk of this war booty was shipped to Dairen, where trucks—mostly American Lend-Lease—and tanks dragged it to the docks, and Jap laborers began loading it on ships. The loading took one month, and on December 8th, a convoy of about 30 freighters, including some 20 American Lend-Lease Liberty ships, sailed for Vladivostok.

Only in the Dairen-Port Arthur area have the Russians left most of the Japanese-built plants in operating condition. The Jap locomotive works at Dairen, however, were stripped to improve local Russian-operated railroads, and the surplus was shipped to Vladivostok. The Soviets appear to be attempting to resume work in Dairen plants, and failure to remove the industries was a strong indication of their intention of developing the area.

The Russians, in fact, are building a mighty arsenal in the Dairen-Port Arthur area. A high Chinese military source told me that 4,000 Soviet troops landed at Dairen in February and "tens of thousands" at Port Arthur.

From observations I was able to make in the brief time I managed to elude my Dairen "guides" and tour the market and restaurant areas, I can certify that Dairen is undoubtedly heavily garrisoned—at least five times stronger than Mukden.

As I looked out the window of the train which took us into the area, I could see an impressive display of Soviet might. On the rolling plains north of Dairen, full-scale battle maneuvers were under way. On each side of the tracks as we raced through the vast encampment, I saw American Sherman tanks growling across fields followed by long lines of rugged young tommy gunners.

The countryside bristled with exceptionally large antiaircraft guns, mortars, pillboxes and troops busy digging slit-trenches, revetments and dugouts.

Sprawled on their bellies, snaking waves of infantrymen advanced on their objectives as a formation of fighter planes and torpedo bombers roared overhead.

As a correspondent for Stars and Stripes, I was the first American soldier to enter this highly secret military zone in many years. This was Soviet-leased territory, I was informed by Lieutenant General Kirilivitch Koslov, the Dairen commandant, and will remain under Russian rule until the formal end of war.

A Russian General Protests

Obviously disturbed at the realization that an American could board a train at Mukden and ride unchallenged along the heavily guarded railroad to the heart of his stronghold and walk in on him unheralded, the general told me in no uncertain terms that I was "out of bounds."

I had authority to travel anywhere in China, which includes Manchuria, but Koslov said that "Dairen is not Manchuria; you are not in China any more—this territory is leased to the Soviet Union."

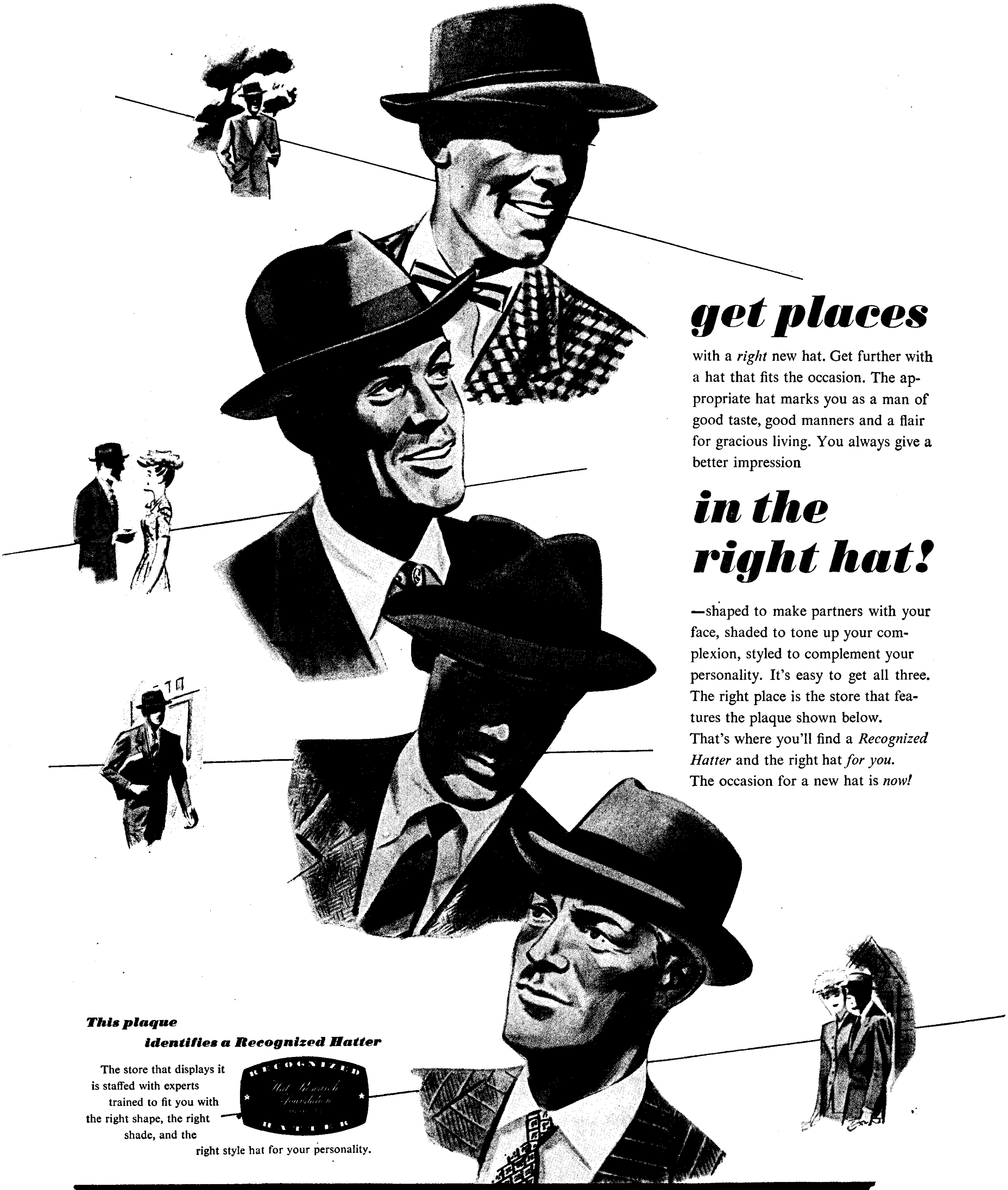
Koslov, who only four months previously had refused America the right to land Chinese troops in Dairen because it was a free port and hence troop movements are prohibited, said that Russia's right to Dairen was provided by the Sino-Soviet treaty. But the treaty, as published and interpreted by the Chinese, makes Dairen a free port open to commercial vessels of all nations, and establishes a commission of three Russians and two Chinese to rule Port Arthur for thirty years. Dairen undoubtedly at present is not a free port but a secret naval base. Port Arthur is even more closely guarded, and the Russians indicated no intention of arranging for the Chinese to take part in its administration, let alone its defense.

From investigation and conversations with residents and Red Army officers, it seems certain that while Russia may eventually pull out of Manchuria, she has no intention of allowing Dairen and Port Arthur again to slip from her grasp. The Russians have changed the name of Dairen to Dalny, the name it bore for eight years when it was Soviet-leased territory before the Japs wrested it from them in 1904. They are buying local property, hiring civilians to augment troops in the headquarters administration, assuming control of the city government through an appointed mayor, and resuming local industry. Even in other areas of Manchuria there is little indication that the Russians plan a speedy return home. They have issued their own occupation money, which is redeemable at full value and marked, "Must be accepted as legal tender under pain of punishment." It is this occupation money they use to buy Chinese and Japanese property.

Street signs are being changed so that they will read in both Russian and Chinese. Troops are housed in permanent billets converted from old hotels or office buildings, and officers said that they were bringing their wives out from Russia.

In areas held by the Chinese Communist Eighth Route Army, anti-American posters and slogans are appearing. English no longer may be taught, and matter may not be printed in English. These are all indications of the main propaganda line taken by Communists, which is "Get the Americans out of China." And the Russians in Manchuria don't attempt to hide the perturbation with which they watch the Yanks who are deployed two hundred miles across Liaotung Gulf from them.

They're not convinced that the Americans are in China solely to repatriate the Japs, and the only answer I could get when I asked Soviet generals when they were quitting Manchuria was the counterquestion, "When are Americans leaving China?" ★★★



get places

with a *right* new hat. Get further with a hat that fits the occasion. The appropriate hat marks you as a man of good taste, good manners and a flair for gracious living. You always give a better impression

in the right hat!

—shaped to make partners with your face, shaded to tone up your complexion, styled to complement your personality. It's easy to get all three. The right place is the store that features the plaque shown below. That's where you'll find a *Recognized Hatter* and the right hat *for you.* The occasion for a new hat is *now!*

This plaque identifies a Recognized Hatter

The store that displays it is staffed with experts trained to fit you with the right shape, the right shade, and the right style hat for your personality.

RECOGNIZED HATTER

wear the hat . . . it makes the most of you!

Babes in Wall Street

Continued from page 12

little nourishment from anything real and has collapsed from malnutrition.

Because the little investor won't read the prospectus, disclosure of a stock's facts of life, which was intended as a high-caliber weapon for his protection, has turned out to be a water pistol. And because Joe won't read the prospectus he is largely innocent of the windfalls reaped without risk by bankers and company insiders who arrange the new stock deals that Joe buys into.

Like the "bail out" and the highly speculative stock, the "windfall" deal for banker and insider is strictly legal, is disclosed in every detail in documents filed with the SEC, and in prospectuses prepared for the investor.

Here is an actual case as set forth in a registration statement filed with the SEC and in a prospectus published for investor consumption.

A Little Gravy for Insiders

A chain of stores which retails women's clothing in a number of states sold stock to the public in April, 1945, and thus raised $670,000. But as part of the deal, bankers and insiders gave themselves special rights (not accorded to the general public) to buy company stock later at prices that yielded them a profit, actual or on paper, of about $600,000—almost as much as was raised from the public.

This was disclosed in a prospectus dated March 4, 1946, when the chain sold additional stock to the public. But that wasn't all the prospectus disclosed. It revealed that bankers and insiders had exercised only part of their special rights to buy the company's common stock. If they exercised their remaining rights as of March 4th, they would have a further profit of $570,000. Thus in a financing deal from which the company netted $670,000 in April, 1945, bankers who arranged the deal, lawyers who attended to the legal details and officers and directors who authorized it—stood to make more than $1,100,000 as of March 4, 1946.

How was it done? Through an impeccably legal financial device known as a "warrant." The warrant is an option to buy a stock at a stipulated price at any time up to a given date. If you have a warrant or option to buy for $7.50 a stock that's selling in the market for $31, your warrant is obviously worth $23.50. The chain's directors gave themselves and bankers the right to buy the company's common stock from the company at $7.50 at any time up to April, 1948, thus (as the March 4th prospectus dryly stated) giving themselves "the opportunity to profit from a rise in the market of the common stock."

State securities commissioners are up in arms over this kind of warrant deal, and in at least 9 states, all financing deals involving warrants to bankers or insiders are suspect from the start. Securities commissioners from 9 states resolved at a meeting last year to look "with great disfavor" on such deals. Illinois refuses to "qualify" (permit registration and sale of) many issues which bear such warrant rights, and violators face fines or imprisonment. Ohio has barred about one third of the hundred warrant deals that sought registration in that state during the last year.

Ernest Cornell, chief of Ohio's Securities Division, stated the case this way:

"Warrants are grossly unjust and unfair. When the man in the street, the outsider, buys a share of stock, he takes his chances. The banker or insider who gets a warrant can wait and see whether the stock goes up in price. If it does, he buys the stock and makes a profit without any risk whatever. And when the banker and the insider turn their warrants into shares of common stock, this of course increases the total number of shares, and dilutes the holdings of all the shareholders."

What about the federal government, the SEC?

"The only thing the SEC can do under the law is to disclose all the facts to the public," Ganson Purcell, SEC chairman, said.

SEC Can't Outlaw Speculation

Purcell knows firsthand about the speculative mania that's sweeping the country. He's a special target for demands for market tips by waiters, bartenders and bus boys who know he's SEC chairman. But he doesn't think the SEC "should inject itself into what a fellow can or cannot sell to the public." Commissioner Robert E. Healy, who has been with the SEC since its birth in 1934, summed it up: "Congress hasn't given us permission to outlaw speculation."

The Interstate Commerce Commission does tell the railroads what securities they can or cannot sell, because the railroads are closely regulated, and the government decides whether it's in the public interest to build (or end) railroads.

If the government had the same life-and-death power over industrial securities, it could direct the flow of capital as it saw fit—encourage some industries, let others die. And that would no longer be the free capitalist system as we know it. But bail outs and windfall deals by bankers and officers are something else again.

In Wall Street, most brokerage houses now employ statisticians and analysts to study company earning power and industry prospects. What advice are they giving customers, particularly on low-priced, highly speculative shares, on bail outs, and deals in which warrant windfalls dilute the investors' holdings? I put this question to a number of leading Wall Street brokerage houses.

"We're not the moral or legal guardians of our customers," said one brokerage-house partner. "And besides, we're like a public utility; we can't refuse to take any business."

There's, of course, no law compelling brokers to execute orders for stocks. If uninformed Joe Plunge wants to buy a highly speculative stock which has no sound record of earnings, the broker can cool Joe off by laying before him some of the financial facts of life.

Many brokers do. But for every broker or dealer who refuses to have anything to do with the cheap speculative share, there are many who fight for the chance to "get in on the ground floor" and to obtain an allotment of the new issues for their customers. Every deal means a commission, and after years of famine, some brokerage houses are in no mood to bar themselves from the feast.

Besides, in many speculative deals, customers' men often get four and five times their usual commission, and thus have a strong incentive to load up unsophisticated customers with the new issues. (One customers' man who asked for a $50 job in 1942 and got a $40 one, last year earned $31,000, which made him a member of Wall Street's new aristocracy.)

That the speculative seeds they're now sowing must inevitably harvest a public reaction against "The Street" worries most brokers little at the moment. The future, to Wall Street, is the day after tomorrow. And besides, the customer isn't the only one the broker sells. Soon he has sold himself, and he, too, is carried away with the tide.

He becomes a victim of "pen and pencil inflation." *If* the best of all possible best worlds comes true, *if* the boom continues for five years, *if* the dollar is devalued, *if* that big merger deal comes off—the stock may be worth more money someday.

What the Big Board Lists

I asked Emil Schram, president of the New York Stock Exchange, what the Exchange was doing to discourage uninformed speculation. The Big Board, it should be pointed out, lists no new speculative issues of the type described, but as a rule accepts for listing only those issues that have been "seasoned" by trading in the lesser exchanges and the "over the counter" markets. But this doesn't mean the Big Board is free of highly speculative issues—which had been admitted previously to trading. Furthermore, Stock Exchange member firms whose conduct the Exchange polices are some of the biggest brokers and dealers in highly speculative stocks.

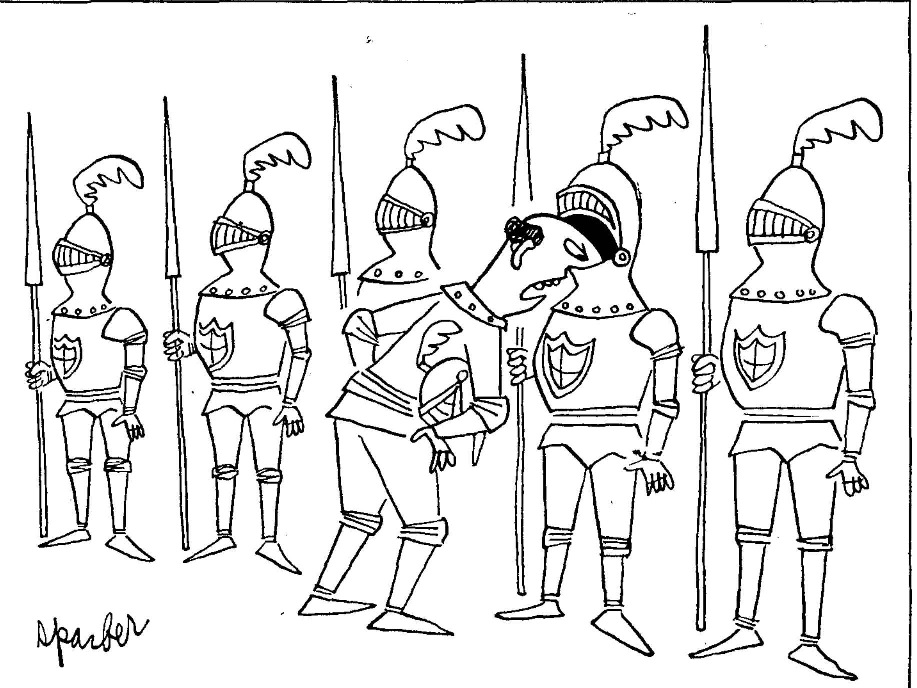
"We're trying to get people to use judgment; anyone who can't appraise stocks or have some competent person appraise them, shouldn't be in the market," said Schram. He cited the Stock Exchange's advertising campaign, and pointed out that brokerage houses, the security exchanges, and the government spend thousands of dollars to amass a wealth of information vital to investors—if they'd only use it.

Is the United States government worried about the speculative boom? Gambling on the horses hurts nobody except the loser, but gambling in stocks raises prices of securities without creating any real wealth, and losses to millions of investors will hurt purchasing power at sometime in the future, perhaps at the very time it is needed to prop up business activity and maintain employment.

Marriner S. Eccles, chairman of the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System, which is the country's central bank and controls stock-buying on margin, assails stock-market gambling, and urges that taxes on stock-market winnings be hiked. But there are few in Congress to listen to him.

Mark Twain's Pudd'nhead Wilson had something when he noted: "April is a particularly risky month in which to speculate in the stock market. The other months are February, December, March, November, May, October, June, August, July, September and January."

THE END



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Employees of the great DOXA establishment are as temperamental as all artists. Pride in their work ranks higher with them, than what they receive for it. Each DOXA leaving their talented fingers is a precision instrument.

Almost every worker descends from a family of Watchmakers. Such men cannot be hurried. Accuracy in their production must result! Accuracy IS the result and has been for over 56 years.

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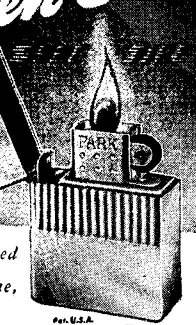

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For a fast, sure-fire, "on-the-spot" flame in any climate, any weather, wind or rain, Park Lighter's positive performance is prized by millions. Convenient in size, built to last, with no complex mechanism to get out of order . . . Park Lighter is the perfection of our 30 years' experience making millions of precision lighters. Its unequalled performance and dependability will be prized by you now that civilian production is permitted.

A Favorite of Soldiers Sailors Marines Round the World

Other Park Lighters from $1 to $100

No charge is made for repairing any Park Lighter when it is returned to the factory.

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Distilled from American Grain
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1 Fleischmann's "Dry" Dryness! Not just dry—FLEISCHMANN'S GIN is "dry" dry . . . without the slightest trace of "sweetness." In fact, tests show it's 100% dry—a connoisseur's choice, yet priced for you to enjoy!

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4 Fleischmann's Mixability! It's priceless—for making perfect drinks! The secret is simply that FLEISCHMANN'S provides the ideal "base" for Martinis, Tom Collins, for all gin drinks! It's "balanced" at 90 proof—just right!

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You find all 4 only in

FLEISCHMANN'S...

America's First Gin

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK

How to Annoy an Umpire

Continued from page 18

But the sportsman who yelps, "*You're* a dirty name if the ball was a strike," promptly winds up talking to himself in the solitude of the clubhouse. He has made the grievous mistake of being too explicit. The art of indirection is as useful in baseball as it is in diplomatic double-talk. Mustn't say the nasty word if it can be construed to the second person singular, some of whom are very singular indeed.

Profanity is the chief cause for fines slapped on players and managers by the league presidents, but invariably there are other contributing annoyances that impel an umpire to nail his persecutor on the technical charge of a vivid vocabulary. After all these years, profanity is rooted so deeply in baseball that it is accepted as part of the tradition of toughness found in other, unrelated occupations such as truck driving, backroom politics, literary chitchat and soldiering. Profanity always has been a feature of colorful, succinct expression and it can be used freely on the ball field if it is kept in a minor key. Ford Frick, president of the National League, confides that he rarely collects more than $500 a year in fines.

Some umpires will listen to griping with forbearance and will take a good deal of loud lip, but none will let a wise guy get away with an overt act that tends to ridicule him. Frisch once walked on the field with an open umbrella to signal a pitcher from the bull pen when he thought a game—that he was losing, of course—should have been called on account of rain. Two years ago Dykes, who has been thrown out of more games than a clumsy card sharp, enraged Bill Summers by putting a portable radio on the field and indicating, in pantomime, that he couldn't possibly be watching the same game being broadcast. The fun-loving fellows were requested to get the hell out of there even though they didn't open their mouths.

Since umpires lose arguments about as often as Stalin, it is one of the sweet mysteries of life why players continue to yap and go to strenuous measures that can get them nothing but frustration. They know they can't win a debate with an umpire. There is no appeal of any decision of judgment, such as a ball or a strike or a play at a base. Once every five years, perhaps, a protest concerning an umpire's interpretation of a rule is allowed, but such instances rarely arise. Why, then, so much interminable sniping?

That is an involved question which doesn't take too long to answer. Some ballplayers try to alibi their mistakes by putting a bum rap on the umpire. Then there are umpires who antagonize the players with their overbearing arrogance. The story is told of Bill Guthrie, who called such a bad strike that the hitter threw his bat into the air in disgust. "If that bat comes down, you're out of the game," Guthrie said blandly.

Umpires' predilection for using long words, to impress the sweaty slaves, often leads to trouble—for the other guy. Mike Kreevich, lead-off hitter for the White Sox, was thrown out of a game by Bill McGowan in the first two minutes. Dykes charged to the plate and demanded to know why his man was bounced. "For using bad language offensive to a gentleman," McGowan replied.

Dykes walked away slowly wondering out loud what, for goodness sakes, was becoming of the game. McGowan turned suddenly and yelled that Dykes, too, was invited to an early bath.

"What for?" Dykes demanded.

"For intimidation," McGowan said resolutely.

Dykes hooted. "Intimidation? G'way, you don't even know what it means."

McGowan smiled in superior fashion. "I do so. It means delaying the game. That's you. Out for intimidation."

Mordant Sarcasm from Frisch

The most persistent umpire-baiters are those who have what amounts to a psychopathic hatred of the men who call the plays. Frisch has been fighting umpires for twenty-eight years and hasn't mellowed yet. His special delight in life is needling umpires into a fine, foaming lather. During a furious argument Frisch once astonished George Magerkurth by asking him, in a conversational tone, whether he had a cigar. Magerkurth, against his better judgment, asked why.

"You've been standing like a wooden Indian so long that I thought they must've built a cigar store behind you."

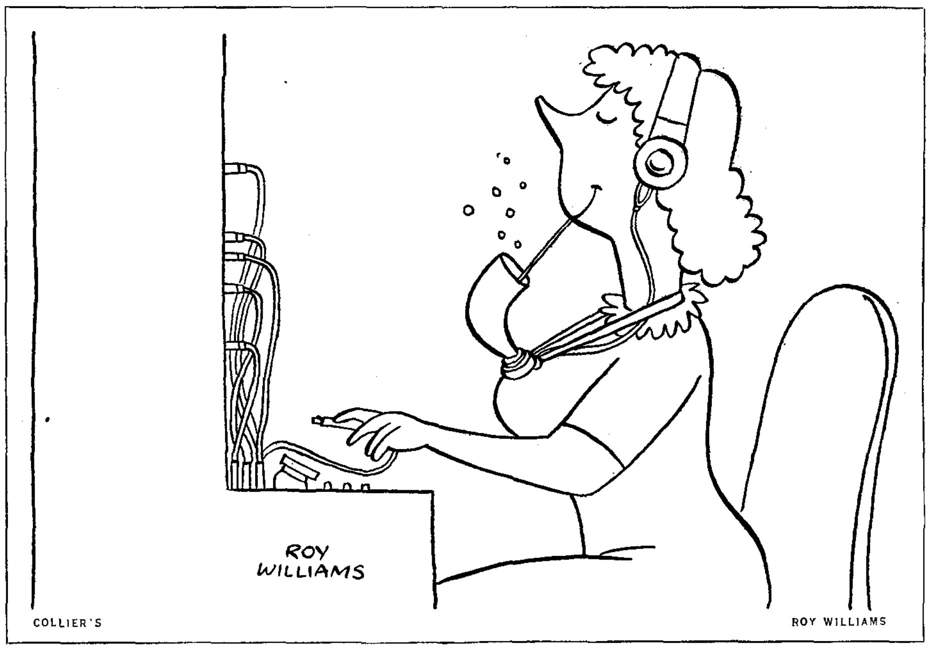
On another occasion Frisch and Beans Reardon had been carrying on a running commentary for several innings when Reardon suddenly rushed to the Pirate dugout and furiously demanded to know what he had just said.

"You've been guessing all day," Frisch snapped. "Guess what I said."

Reardon's curiosity never was satisfied, but Frisch didn't see the end of the game, either.

There always is trouble when Frisch and Durocher, another intransigent character, are in the same park. Last year 38 players were ejected from National League games and 32 were Pirates and Dodgers who took cues from their combustible managers. Perhaps the most revealing example of Durocher's uncompromising attitude toward umpires, any umpire, occurred in 1942 when the Dodgers trained at Havana.

Good neighborly feeling was rampant for the Dodgers' opening exhibition game against a team of Cuban all-stars. High government dignitaries and the flower and chivalry of Cuban society were in the stands for the festive occasion. Durocher was applauded in heart-warming fashion when he walked



COLLIER'S ROY WILLIAMS

The flanged wheel on the steel rail

Carries the output of farm, factory, and mine—at an average charge no higher now than before the war

● Remember this picture of the wheel and the rail . . . the unique combination which makes it possible for railroads to run trains of cars . . . the only means of transportation with the capacity to meet America's major needs . . . in peace as well as in war.

Flanged wheels on steel rails, plus a vast volume of traffic, made it possible for railroads — despite steep increases in wages and costs in the past five years — to haul *freight at charges generally no higher now than before the war.* It still costs, on an average, less than one cent for hauling a ton of freight a mile.

Railroad charges depend upon both operating costs and traffic volume—but whatever changes the future may bring, the flanged wheel on the steel rail will still be America's basic reliance for dependable transportation at the lowest possible charge.

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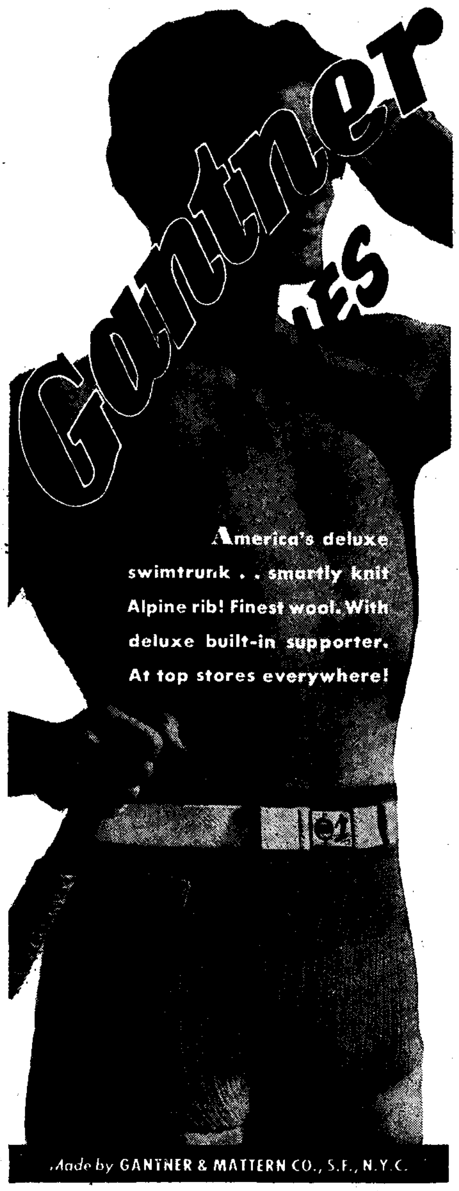

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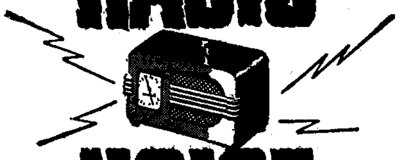

NOISE

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Just make sure that the next appliance you buy is Tobe-Filterized! Which means that the manufacturer has been thoughtful enough to incorporate Tobe Filterettes in the appliance he sells to you. And how happy your family will be to enjoy *both* the appliance and splendid radio reception at one and the same time!

TOBE
*REG. TRADE MARK

LOOK FOR THIS TAG On All Electrical APPLIANCES

to the plate to discuss the ground rules with the umpire. Since he spoke no Spanish and the umpire was deficient even in a well-broken English, Durocher took along as his interpreter, one Pimento, a local youth who ran errands for the Dodgers. Pimento dutifully repeated the umpire's opening remarks to Durocher and relayed a routine question back to the Cuban.

Suddenly, Durocher and the umpire were climbing all over Pimento in an effort to get at each other's throats. Poor Pimento, caught in the middle, continued to interpret literally the exchange of dialogue, omitting no gamy connotations, while preparing to duck the punches about to be unloaded. The customers were working up to a modest riot when the police led Durocher off the field with machetes. Durocher was choleric with rage at an umpire he couldn't understand in a game that meant nothing to his team.

Rabble-rousers like Frisch and Durocher are direct throwbacks to the hardheaded bully boys who were responsible for a National League tradition which, in contrast to American League procedure, marks today the most striking difference between the two major leagues. It is no trade secret that National Leaguers can raise more of a rumpus than is permitted on the other side of the street and the reason goes back to the origin of both organizations.

Ban Johnson's War on Rowdyism

The National League was founded in 1876, a quarter of a century before Ban Johnson formed the American League. Johnson himself was a pretty rugged character, but he was shrewd enough to realize that ultimate authority had to be vested in the umpire if baseball was to emerge from the cap-and-sweater, two-bit stage and develop as a respectable entertainment that could draw patrons from sources other than poolrooms and saloons. Johnson was determined to eliminate rowdyism from baseball and he supported his umpires so vigorously in their brawls with players that he made his long-range purpose stick.

One team and one man balked for forty years the National League's feeble efforts to make the umpire the absolute boss on the field. The team was the Baltimore Orioles of the 1890s, who left something more than a legend in baseball. They left a tradition of tremendous aggressiveness which was kept alive by John J. McGraw, its most famous product. McGraw played with a crew of mugs who habitually intimidated umpires and thought nothing of giving them a physical going-over when verbal persuasion failed to bring the desired results. Umpire Burnham once pulled a watch during an argument with the Orioles. Before the row was finished, Burnham's watch was stolen and he never did discover who lifted it.

While Johnson was cracking down on American Leaguers who got out of line, National League presidents were hamstrung at every turn by ruthless individualists in New York, Chicago and Pittsburgh, the meal tickets of the league, who insisted on conducting their affairs as they jolly well pleased. McGraw, Frank Chance and Fred Clarke monopolized all the pennants between 1901 and 1913, and they pulled too much weight on and off the field to be disciplined.

All three were notorious umpire-baiters and encouraged their players to copy their tactics. No ballplayer in recent years has approached the hysteria of Johnny Evers, the old Cub second baseman, who drove everyone crazy with his perpetual griping. More than once, Chance, his manager, actually choked him on the field to make him pipe down. Charley Murphy, owner of the Cubs at the peak of their power, offered Evers a new suit if he went two weeks without getting the heave from an umpire. He never even came close to collecting the bonus.

The changing character of the players and clientele baseball was attracting was reflected gradually in the higher type of men willing to go into umpiring. Yet as late as 1928 McGraw's vindictiveness forced Bill Klem, the best umpire who ever lived, to resign—a fact that isn't generally known. Late in the season the Giants lost a game to the Cubs on a decision by Klem at home which went against them. When the Cardinals nosed out the Giants for the pennant, McGraw needled Charley Stoneham, his owner, into preferring charges against Klem on the grounds that he bet on horses. McGraw himself was an inveterate horse-player and once held stock in the track at Havana. Klem withdrew his resignation when Landis got tough with McGraw.

It is inconceivable today that pure venom can cost an umpire his job, but the men who run the ball game are finding themselves under pressure from another direction. In the old days the player always was presumed to be wrong in any rumpus with an umpire. That one-sided interpretation has been changed radically. Although you seldom read it in the papers, umpires are fined for ineptitude, provoking players and failure to keep the situation under control. A few years ago Frick fined George Magerkurth $250 and suspended him for ten days for indulging in a silly face-spitting exhibition with Billy Jurges.

"I regard an umpire's behavior the same as a cop's," Frick explains. "Like a cop, you give an umpire more leeway than the guy he's pinching, but he has a greater responsibility for conducting himself properly. In the spitting incident with Jurges, I didn't care who let fly first. Regardless of the provocation, Magerkurth should not have lost control of himself to that extent.

"A great many arguments on the field don't involve the correctness of the umpire's decision. The players often are raising hell because the umpire loafed on the play and wasn't in position to call it properly. The players are right, too. When that happens, I soak the umpire just as a manager fines a player who doesn't bear down."

Not Exactly Wage Slaves

Umpiring now can be dignified with the label of a respectable profession, and there are tougher ways of making a worse living. A man on a major-league staff breaks in at $4,000 a year and gets annual raises of $500 until he reaches $7,500, with a potential roof of $10,000 a year for long and meritorious service. He draws an average of $1,600 a year for expenses and can count on occasional World Series assignments at $2,500. Ernie Stewart, a rookie umpire in the American League last year, was fired by Will Harridge for trying to steam up his colleagues in a demand for more money, but it would appear that umpires hardly are oppressed wage slaves. They work less than six months a year, their hours are short and their prestige can be turned to nice advantage in off-season occupations.

It must be an attractive job, for the caliber of officiating today is higher than it ever has been and good young men are coming along all the time. Frick and Harridge scout the minors as thoroughly as the ball clubs for new talent.

When reports on an umpire are promising, Klem or Tommy Connolly, the supervisors of the major-league staffs, give the fellow a critical once-over before his contract is bought, for about $2,500 from the lower league.

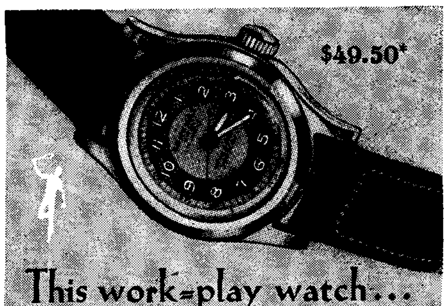
Despite disturbances on the field, the players' hostility toward umpires is diminishing steadily and even the customers are beginning to show compassion for them. Last July 19th at Cincinnati, a fan sitting in a box devoted the afternoon to caustic criticism of Magerkurth's talents and breeding. Mr. Magerkurth is a large man (245 pounds, six-four) filled with reasonable patience, but enough was too much. He went over to the box and punched the fan's nose.

It presently developed in court that in socking one Thomas J. Longo, a Dayton restaurant man and former boxing referee, Magerkurth was in grave embarrassment and error. He had picked on the wrong man. Longo did not prefer charges, but Frick fined Magerkurth $100 for conduct unbecoming a gentleman and/or sportsman.

Collections promptly were taken in Dayton bars with which to pay the fine. "We feel a great injustice has been done to good old George," the spokesman for fair play explained.

The millennium is here.

THE END



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Wear this watch when golfing, fishing, camping or at work if your job is not a "white collar" position. Rough usage, water and dust do not trouble the Lonville Work-and-Play Watch. One letter says "buried 28 hours in wet mud . . . banged against rifles and shovels—covered with dirty snow—still running and keeping perfect time!" (Photostat of letter sent on request.)

The Lonville 17-jewel Work-and-Play Watch is protected against water, shock, dust and magnetism. If your dealer does not stock this, write to us.

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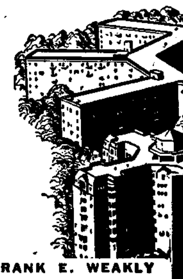
WASHINGTON'S LARGEST



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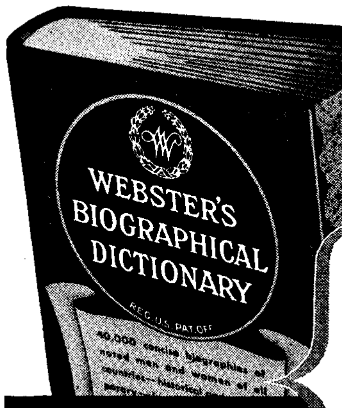
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Junior Genius

Continued from page 11

Alva Edison got along admirably on only four hours sleep a day."

I opened my duffel bag and took out a souvenir samurai sword.

"Come, Haskell," said Sophie quickly. "Pater is angry."

"War seems to have brutalized him somewhat," said Haskell, but he climbed into his bed.

"*You*," I said to Sophie when the Junior Genius had fallen into an encyclopedic dream, "don't have to call me Pater."

"That's Latin for father," said Sophie. "I think it's nice. High-toned, sort of."

"I know what it means," I said irritably. "They taught Latin at Vocational High School."

"My, you're certainly in a fine mood for a man who's just come home after three years."

"Look what I came home to," I cried. "A Junior Genius. Sophie, what have you done to that boy? Why didn't you leave him alone? Why couldn't you let him grow up like all the other kids, flying kites and playing baseball?"

"You should be proud, Harry, proud to have a son as brilliant as Haskell."

"Proud! Ha! I can hear the neighbors talking already. 'I wonder where that Haskell gets it from. Certainly not from his father, that dope.' Proud, yet."

"Harry, you're being unreasonable and selfish and despicable, standing in the way of your own son bettering himself."

"Listen, Sophie—"

"You don't love me any more. That's it. You've fallen in love with one of those native girls."

"Sophie," I said, "the native girls *I* saw, even the native boys didn't fall in love with."

"All right, Harry," she said, her lower lip trembling bravely, "you can have your freedom, if that's what you want. I guess I should have listened to those people who said that war marriages can't last."

"Sophie," I reminded her, "we were married in 1934."

"Haskell and I will get along somehow," she continued. "I can bake pies or something, and Haskell can carve wood figurines after school."

"Aw, Sophie," I said, taking her in my arms. "Aw, Sophie. There, there, Sophie. Now, now, Sophie. Here, here, Sophie. I love you, Sophie. Honest, hey."

"You do?" she asked, her face registering interested attention.

"Of course I do."

"Well, I love you too, Harry."

That being the case, we kissed each other for fifteen minutes.

"You are glad to be home, aren't you, Harry?"

"Of course, dear."

"And Haskell can go on being a Junior Genius, can't he?"

"Well—"

"Please?"

"Aw, all right."

Sophie beamed. "Sit down, sweetie, and tell me all about the war."

I told her all about the war. Then she told me all about the home front. Then we turned our attention to the problems of peace.

THE most immediate problem was staring us right in the face—our apartment. "Sophie," I said, "we've got to find another place to live."

"Ha," said Sophie.

"This place isn't satisfactory at all," I said. "Look at it."

We looked. The entire apartment consisted of one room. In one corner stood an ancient iron double bed with feet shaped like talons. This was ours. In another corner stood an ancient iron single bed with feet shaped like talons. This was Haskell's. In a third corner was a refrigerator the size of a golf bag. Next to the refrigerator stood a gas plate on two orange crates. A wicker love seat was in the fourth corner. Our clothes hung from a steam pipe running head-high through the middle of the room. Our dishes were stacked in a single pyramid on the floor, and our linens collected dust under the bed.

"This is impossible," I said.

"We are not going to move in with my mother," said Sophie. "I stayed with her all the time you were away, and now that you're back, I want a place of my own, I don't care how bad it is. Besides, my three sisters and their husbands and children have already moved into my mother's."

"Who said anything about your mother's?" I asked. "I'm going out and find us a nice furnished apartment with two bedrooms, janitor service and convenient to town."

"Harry, you've been gone a long time. You don't know—"

"Or perhaps," I interrupted, "a little bungalow. Yes, that would be nice. A little white house with a garden. I've always had a hankering to potter around in a garden."

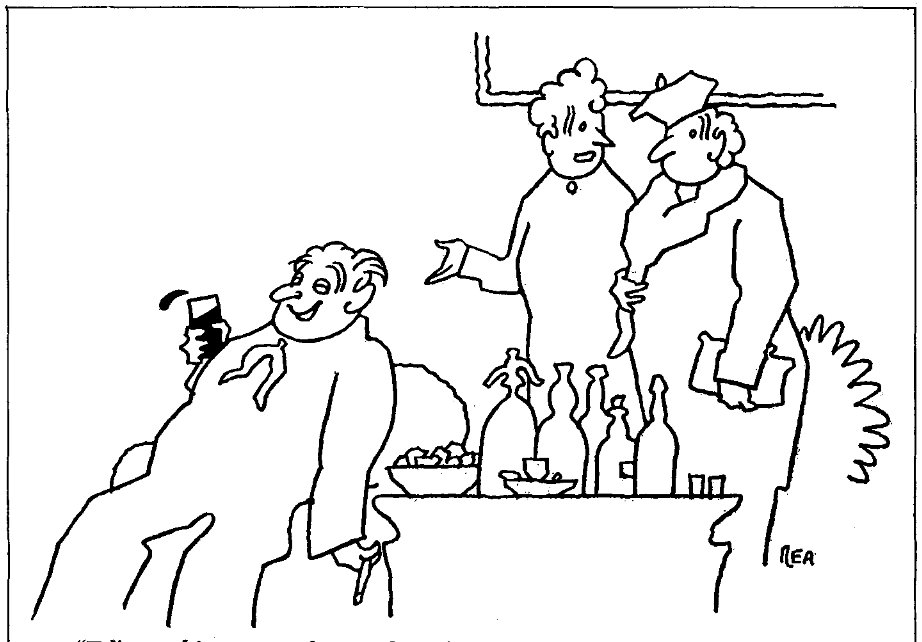
"But, Harry—"

"Of course, it may be a little difficult to get a bungalow convenient to town. In that case I suppose I'll have to take an apartment."

"Listen, Harry—"

"Well, I don't have to go back to work for two weeks, so I'll have plenty of time to look for a place. I'll start tomorrow, and if I don't find what I want, I'll just keep on looking, that's all."

The next morning after kissing Sophie



"Ed's working on a theory that if you merely add a touch of bicarbonate of soda to liquor, it'll never affect you. So far it's just a theory"

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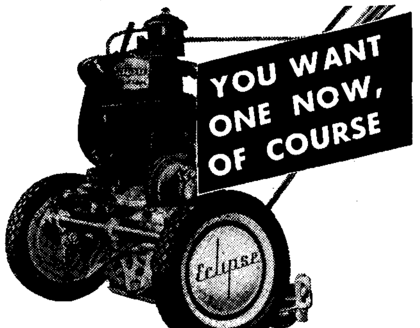
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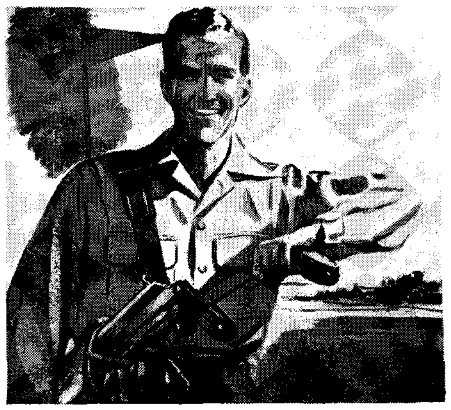

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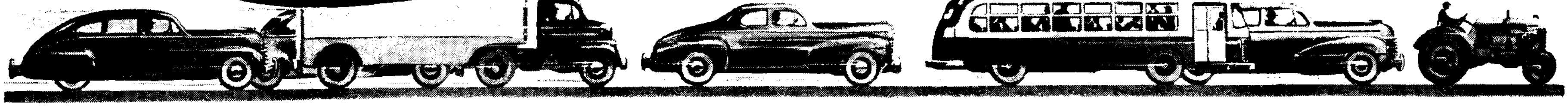


goodby and learning from Haskell that the population of the French Cameroons is 2,516,623, I went to the office of a reputable real-estate dealer.

"How do you do?" I said. "My name is Harry Clabberhouse. I just got home from the Navy and I'm looking for a place to live. I have a wife and an eight-year-old boy. We would like a furnished bungalow if you have one that is convenient to town, or else a two-bedroom furnished apartment."

"Ha," said the real-estate dealer.

"I forgot to mention," I said, "that the apartment must have janitor service."

"Mac," said the real-estate dealer, "you've been away a *long* time, haven't you?"

"Three years."

"Uh-huh." He pointed to a book on his desk. "Do you know what this is?"

"The Merriam-Webster International Dictionary?" I guessed.

"This is my waiting list for houses and apartments," he said. "My wife, who dabbles in mathematics, figured out that if I found places for everybody on this list at the rate of two a week, it would take me until 1995 to reach the end of the list."

"But you don't understand," I said patiently. "Three of us are living in a one-room apartment."

"Say," he asked, "you wouldn't like to sublet half of it?"

"Sublet? Oh, I see. You made a little joke."

"It's no joke, brother. I placed a family of five in an elevator shaft last week. It's that tough, friend. All I can do for you is to put you at the end of my list, if you'd care to wait until 1995."

I LEFT sadly and tried a few more real-estate dealers, but they all gave me the same story. Or worse.

I dragged myself home that evening, footsore and discouraged, seeking solace. Instead of solace I got, from the Junior Genius, this information: that the largest refractor in the world (62 feet long) is at Yerkes Observatory in Williams Bay, Wisconsin; that Labor Day in Canada is celebrated on September 3; that one hundred dollars, if compounded annually, will double in interest in 69.66 years; and that Guillaume Sam, a president of Haiti, was assassinated on July 28, 1915.

"Force is a confession of weakness," said Haskell when I had finished on him with the hairbrush.

"He's absolutely right, Harry," said Sophie. "You've no reason to beat the child. It isn't his fault there's a housing shortage."

"Housing shortage," I cried. "You're just like the rest of them. Everybody yells 'housing shortage' and throws up his hands and quits. The whole thing looks to me like a big scare to force up rents. I don't believe there is a housing shortage at all."

"Now, be reasonable, Harry. Of course there's a housing shortage. There are thousands of names on waiting lists at real-estate offices."

"If a real-estate dealer," said Haskell, "had a waiting list as long as the Merriam-Webster International Dictionary and if he could find places for the people on the list at the rate of two a week, it would take him until 1995 to reach the end of the list."

"Harry, you take your hands off that boy!" Sophie said.

"I'm not going to lie down and quit like everybody else," I declared. "I don't believe there's a real housing shortage and I'm going to prove it. I'll find a place. I'll search this town from one end to the other."

And I did. I walked Minneapolis from the river to the city line. I found places that the county surveyor didn't know existed. I answered every single classified ad. I looked at garage lofts and abandoned filling stations and piano crates and chicken coops and tool sheds and retired streetcars. The result was nothing. Zero.

Ten days of this and even I was ready to admit that there was a housing shortage. I sat at home, sprawled listlessly on the love seat, too beaten even to raise my hand when Haskell announced that the abbreviation "Hor. Decub." in doctors' prescriptions meant "at bedtime"; that the longest simple truss bridge in the United States was the Castleton Bridge over the Hudson River. I just sat like a lump and dreamed of the good old days in the Navy, tight pants notwithstanding.

"Cheer up, Harry," said Sophie one evening as I gazed contemplatively at a recruiting ad in the newspaper. "At least we have peace and each other."

"And a hole in the wall and a live *Britannica,*" I added.

"Now, don't be bitter, dear. Don't give up hope. Something may turn up."

"Ha," I said.

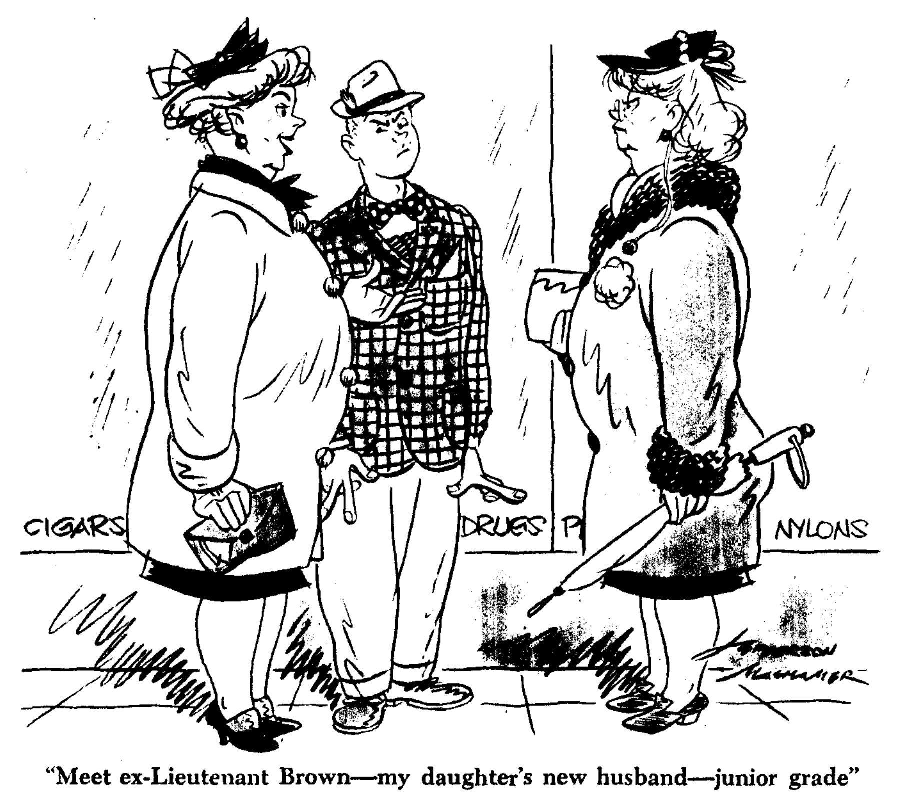
"Maybe we ought to advertise in the newspaper," Sophie suggested.

I picked up the evening paper. "Look, Sophie," I said, pointing out the classified ad columns headed Wanted to Rent. "There are six solid columns of people advertising for houses. What chance have we got?"

"We could try," she said. "Maybe we could write an ad that would make people feel sorry for us."

"That's been done too," I said. "Every day you see more and more of those ads. Some of them are positively maudlin. I read one tonight that absolutely turned my stomach. Wait, I'll see if I can find it. Yes, here it is. Listen:

"'Won't somebody please rent Mummy and Daddy a four or five room furnished apartment? It's so icky where we live now, and Mummy and Daddy are afraid I might get a loathsome disease. Mummy cries all the time. (Signed) Little Mary Ellen Nye, aged eight. Phone Emerson 7213.'



"Meet ex-Lieutenant Brown—my daughter's new husband—junior grade"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

"Can you imagine," I said, "people exploiting a child like that?"

"It's disgusting," said Sophie.

"Revolting," I said.

"Quite a maladroit bit of *ad misericordiam* writing," said Haskell. "*Ad misericordiam* means 'an appeal to the heart' in Latin," he explained. "I guess you didn't get that far at Vocational High School, Pater. But, as I was saying, this ad you read was quite bad. I could write one a lot better."

"I won't hear of it," I said. "You say you could write a better one?"

"Of course," replied Haskell. "I could do it a lot better."

"I wouldn't think of exploiting my child," Sophie said. "Just how would you do it, Haskell?"

"As I see it," Haskell answered, "the problem is to combine a maximum of childish ingenuousness with a well-directed emotional appeal, to state one's plight with a naïveté that does not seem studied. I feel that the best medium for this sort of thing would be poetry."

"Poetry, huh?" I said.

"Could you write it right away?" asked Sophie.

"Paper!" called Haskell. "Pencil!"

We gave him paper and pencil and tiptoed out in the hall so as not to disturb him. In fifteen minutes he called us back.

"I suppose I could insert a little imagery in this poem," said Haskell, "but I think it will do as it is. Listen:

My Mummy and Daddy and I, we three,
Are crowded to an intense degree.
Won't somebody rent us a four or five room flat?
Else Mummy and Daddy will pine away,
And I'll be left an orphan, hey.
Do YOU want to be responsible for that?

(Signed) Little Haskell Clabberhouse, aged eight. Phone Kenwood 2609."

"Not bad," I said. "Not bad at all."

"I think it's magnificent," said Sophie.

"The rhyme scheme," said Haskell, "as you probably recognized, is much the same as De Laboulaye's *Ode to a Hydrant.*"

But I wasn't listening. I was at the telephone, phoning the ad to the newspaper. This isn't the same as exploiting a child, I told myself. After all, the boy himself asked to do it. Good kid, that Haskell. Smart too.

The ad ran the next morning. Sophie, Haskell, and I kept a steady vigil at the telephone, one hour on and two hours off. The phone finally rang about noon, during Haskell's tour of duty. "Hello," he said. "Yes, this is Little Haskell Clabberhouse, aged eight . . . Yes, Mr. Pomfritt . . . Five rooms? . . . Furnished? . . . Upstairs, you say? You don't have anything downstairs? . . . Very well, then . . . 2123 South Fremont Avenue . . . Yes, we'll be there at two. Goodby."

"Well?" I panted. "Well?"

"Man named Pomfritt has a five-room furnished apartment. It's upstairs, but I suppose that will have to do."

"He supposes it will have to do," I snarled.

"Harry, let go of his throat. I have to dress him."

SOPHIE dressed Haskell in his best suit and an Eton collar and at two o'clock we were ringing the doorbell of Mr. Pomfritt's house. A nice, big two-family house with a wide lawn and a garden. I've always had a hankering to potter around in a garden.

An elderly man with carpet slippers and a kindly smile answered the bell.

"How do you do?" said Haskell. "I am Little Haskell Clabberhouse, aged eight, and this is my Mummy and Daddy."

"Howdy, folks," he answered affably. "I'm Ed Pomfritt. Come right in."

We followed him into a roomy, comfortable living room. "This is my wife," he said, nodding to a motherly, white-haired woman sitting before the fireplace. "Molly, this is Little Haskell and Mr. and Mrs. Clabberhouse."

Mrs. Pomfritt smiled at Sophie and me, then rose and walked over to Haskell. She put her hand on his head. "What a sweet little boy," she cooed. "So you're eight years old, are you, Haskell?"

"Well, yes," said Haskell, "but my mental age according to the Stanford-Binet aptitude tests is at least seventeen, making all due allowances for the margin of error inherent in aptitude testing."

Sophie and I laughed nervously.

Mrs. Pomfritt took her hand off Haskell's head.

I said quickly, "Is the upstairs apartment the same as this one?"

"Exactly," said Mrs. Pomfritt. "All the furniture and everything is the same upstairs and down."

"That's swell," I said.

"I was about to remark," remarked Haskell, "that your furnishings present a startling combination of the Victorian and the Edwardian, with just a hint of the Byzantine."

Mr. and Mrs. Pomfritt exchanged questioning glances.

Sophie tried to save the situation. "It was kind of you," she said, "to answer our ad. It's so hard to find a place these days."

"Yes," said Mrs. Pomfritt. "The people who lived upstairs moved out only two days ago, and we've already had hundreds of calls for the apartment. But we decided to rent only to a family with children."

"We had six boys," said Mr. Pomfritt, "but they're all grown and moved away now."

"It will be nice to have a child around the house again," said Mrs. Pomfritt. "There's nothing like a child to make a place cheerful."

"Oh, there isn't," agreed Sophie.

Mrs. Pomfritt put her hand on Haskell's head again, tentatively. "I love the innocence of children," she said. "Their shining eyes, the way they always want to know everything."

"It tears a man's heart out," said Mr. Pomfritt, "to think of all the poor little children living in crowded, dirty tenements. No place to play, no sun, no fresh air."

"How true," I murmured.

"There was another ad in the paper this morning, besides yours, that made us feel awfully sad," said Mrs. Pomfritt. "A little girl named Mary Ellen Nye. Poor little dear."

"A second-rate piece of composition," said Haskell. "Nothing like poetry for an *ad misericordiam* message."

MRS. POMFRITT took her hand abruptly off Haskell's head. I was about to break his arm when the doorbell rang.

"I wonder who that could be," said Mrs. Pomfritt.

"Doorbells were in use in the first century before Christ," said Haskell. "Several quite ingenious mechanisms were unearthed when the ruins of Pompeii were excavated."

Mr. Pomfritt went to the door. He opened it and there stood a man and a woman and a little girl. The little girl made a low curtsy. "How do you do?" she said. "I am Little Mary Ellen Nye, aged eight, and this is my Mummy and Daddy."

"Come in," said Mr. Pomfritt. He seemed a little flustered. "I told you," he said to Mary Ellen, "not to come until three o'clock, didn't I?"

"Yes," said Mary Ellen, "but I can't tell time."

"Now, isn't that cute?" said Mrs. Pomfritt.

Mary Ellen planted a kiss on Mrs. Pomfritt's cheeks. "I love you," she declared, "and I'm going to call you Granny, too."

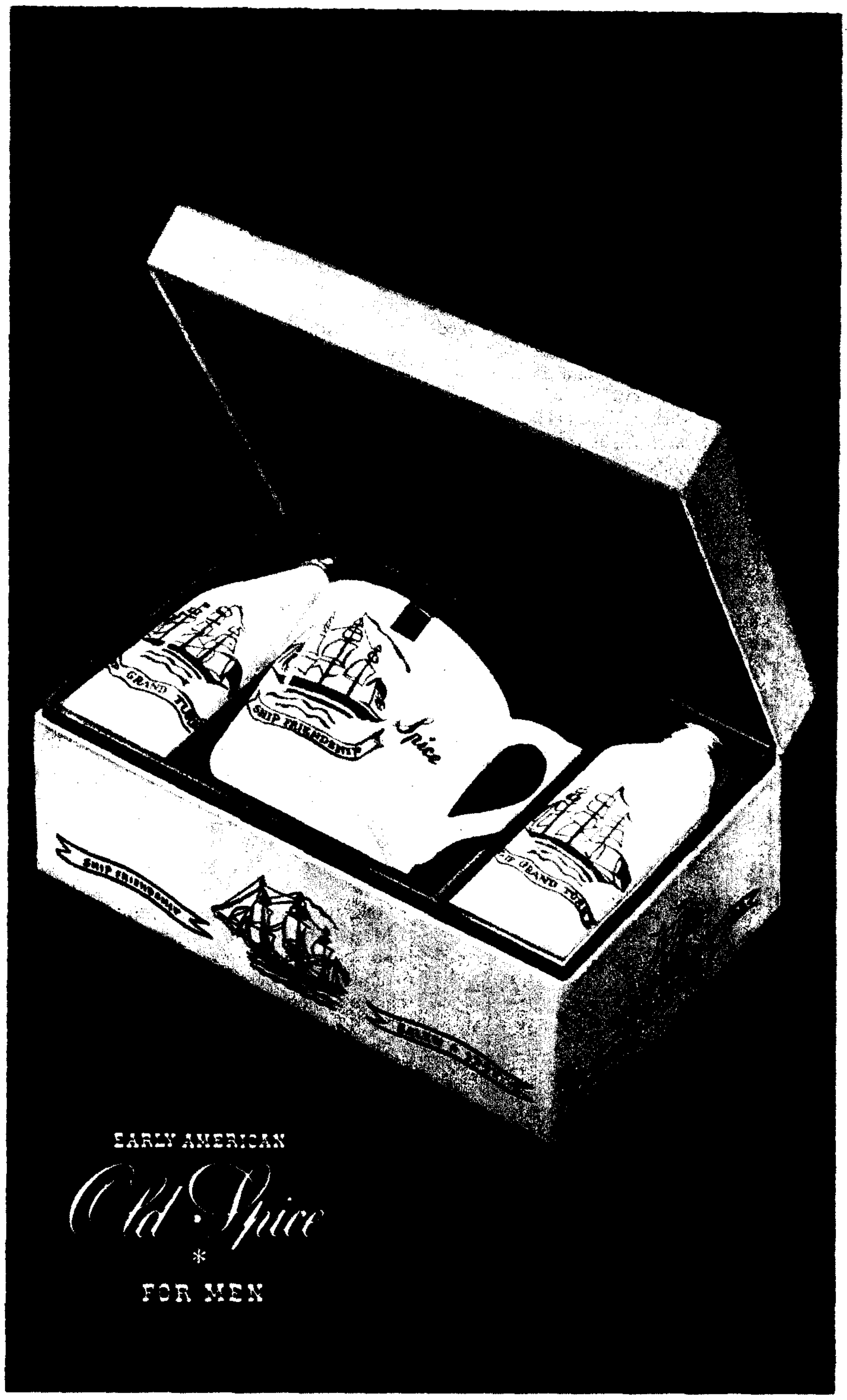
"Now, isn't that precious?" cried Mrs. Pomfritt ecstatically.

Mr. Pomfritt cleared his throat nervously. "This is Mr. and Mrs. Clabberhouse, Mr. and Mrs. Nye," he said.

We gave them curt nods. We got back curter ones.

"Mr. and Mrs. Clabberhouse are looking for a place, too," explained Mr. Pomfritt. "We were going to see them at two o'clock, and then see you at three o'clock. But as long as you're all here, we can get it done all at once. Heh, heh, heh."

"Where did you get those lovely blond



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"curls?" said Mrs. Pomfritt, who by now had both hands in Mary Ellen's hair.

"From the angels," confessed Mary Ellen.

"Nonsense," said Haskell. "They came from your follicles, of which you have about three million. A trifle more than three million in your case, blondes being somewhat more hirsute than brunettes."

Mr. and Mrs. Pomfritt directed sharp glances at Haskell.

"How fine," cried Mary Ellen, rolling her big blue eyes, "it would be to live in a house like this. I am living in a bad, terrible place now. It's dirty and the roof leaks and varmints run over me at night."

"Bless my soul," exclaimed Mrs. Pomfritt. "Did you hear that, Ed? Varmints!"

Mr. Pomfritt shook his head sadly and plunged both his hands into Mary Ellen's curls.

The Nyes smirked. The Clabberhouses scowled.

"You know, Ed," said Mrs. Pomfritt, "I've always been sorry we didn't have a girl."

Mr. Pomfritt nodded. "We had six boys," he explained to all.

"Yeah, I know," I said bitterly.

"Granny, I know a poem," said Mary Ellen.

"Why, bless you, honey, let's hear it," said Mrs. Pomfritt.

Mary Ellen curtsied, struck a pose, and recited:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky."

"Speaking of stars," Haskell announced, "the Gregg-Skjellerup comet will make a perihelion passage in April, 1947."

Sophie had to hold me after that one.

"My daddy," said Mary Ellen, "has been with the same firm for seventeen years, rising rung by rung to the position of general manager. He is a deacon of the church, and Mummy knows more than three thousand recipes."

I growled in my throat.

"Speaking of recipes," said Haskell, "the French chef, Louis Duplessis (1796-1854) once took a—"

"Ed," interrupted Mrs. Pomfritt, "I think we can decide now. Let's go into the kitchen for a minute."

They left. The Nyes sat and stroked Mary Ellen. Sophie sat and held me by main force. Haskell thumbed through the *Book of Knowledge* on the mantel.

The Pomfritts came back in less than two minutes. "I'm sorry, Mr. and Mrs. Clabberhouse. We've decided to rent to the Nyes."

"I am," I said through clenched teeth, "not surprised."

We rose and Mr. Pomfritt walked with us to the door. He opened the door and came out on the porch with us. He took my arm. "Mr. Clabberhouse," he said, "this is none of my business, but I'd like to give you a little advice. When we lived back on the farm, one of my boys started to get smart-alecky, like yours, and I took him out in the woodshed. Just once, and I never had a bit of trouble with him after that."

"A good idea," I said heartily. "A very good idea."

"Did you have a farm?" asked Haskell. "Where was it?"

"Near Potlatch, Minnesota," Mr. Pomfritt answered. "Why?"

"What did you grow?" asked Haskell.

"Barley," said Mr. Pomfritt. "Why?"

HASKELL sneered. "Barley! The soil around Potlatch is no good for barley. It's light, sandy loam. The aeration is too fast. At forty per cent water capacity the aeration factor is 262. Even at fifty per cent water capacity, which you'll never get around Potlatch, the aeration factor is still 265. You want an aeration factor of at least 500 for barley soil."

"Ed, close the door," called Mrs. Pomfritt from inside the house.

"Just a minute, Molly," said Mr. Pomfritt. "Now, look here, Haskell, what you say is true, but I was adding an inch of clay to my soil. That brings the water capacity up."

"Sure," said Haskell. "It brings it up to forty per cent, and your aeration factor is still 262. Even if you had been adding an inch of peat, you couldn't have raised the water capacity beyond fifty-five per cent. That would have given you an aeration factor of maybe 266, and you needed 500."

"Ed, close the door. It's cold," called Mrs. Pomfritt.

"Come back in the house a minute, folks," said Mr. Pomfritt. We walked back into the living room and he closed the door. "Haskell," he said, "I think your figures are wrong somewhere."

"They're not," said Haskell. "Listen, Pomfritt, why are you living in Minneapolis now? Why aren't you still on your farm?"

"Couldn't raise barley," Mr. Pomfritt said, "and we came into a little inheritance, so we left the farm and bought a house here in town about ten years ago."

"See?" said Haskell triumphantly. "You couldn't raise barley."

Mr. Pomfritt scratched his chin. "I guess you're right, Haskell," he confessed finally.

"I always told you that land was no good for barley," said Mrs. Pomfritt, coming into the conversation.

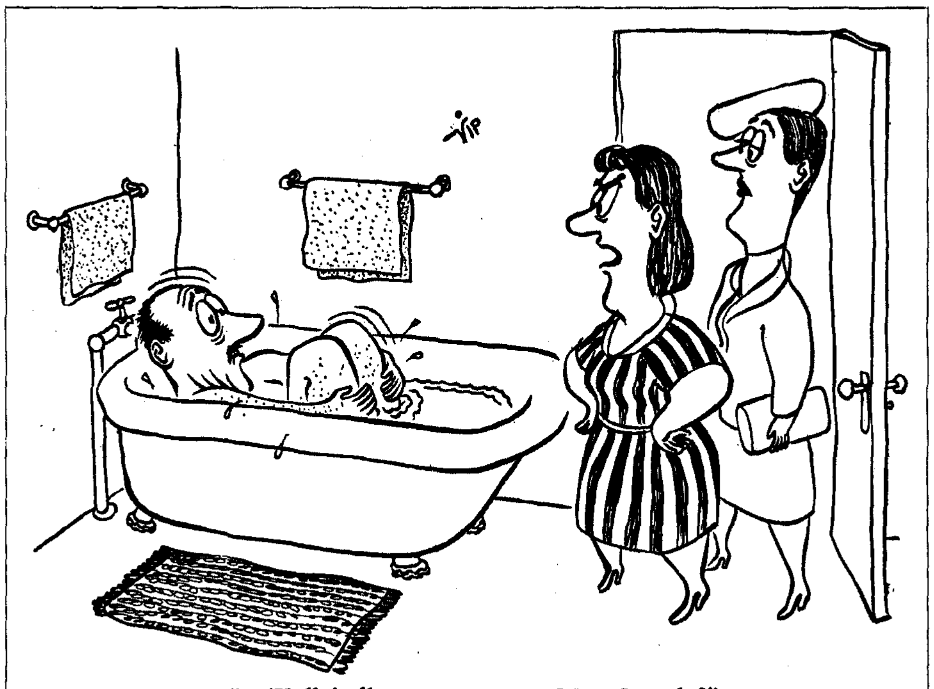
"I know a song," said Mary Ellen Nye. "Do you want to hear my song, Granny?"

"Go away, little girl," said Mrs. Pomfritt. "Tell me, Haskell, is that land good for anything?"

"You mean you still own it?" asked Haskell.

"Yes," said Mr. Pomfritt. "We keep a few cows. The hired man takes care of them."

"How many acres?" asked Haskell.



COLLIER'S "Is 'Hello' all you can say to Mrs. Gormly?" VIRGIL PARTCH

"Three hundred," said Mr. Pomfritt.

"Man," said Haskell, "you could make a fortune in soybeans."

"Soybeans?" said Mr. Pomfritt.

"You mean those things in chop suey?" said Mrs. Pomfritt.

"Ha," said Haskell. "That's all you know about it. Soybeans have become one of our greatest industries. In 1941 we grew 50,000,000 bushels of soybeans. In 1942 we grew *thirty* times that much, and the total has been rising in an almost geometric progression every year since."

"Land sakes," said Mrs. Pomfritt.

"Soybeans, before the war, were our great neglected food," Haskell continued. "But during the war, with food shortages, they came into their own. Did you know that soy contains Vitamins B_1 and B_2, not to speak of the reproduction Vitamin E, the blood-clotting Vitamin K and the antipellagra niacin?"

"No, I didn't," said Mr. Pomfritt. "And you think my farm would be good for raising soybeans?"

"Perfect," replied Haskell.

Mr. Pomfritt turned to his wife. "What do you think, Molly?"

"Well, Ed, you know I've never been too happy in the city."

"Me, either, Molly. Let's take a crack at soybeans."

"Sure," said Mrs. Pomfritt happily. "We can rent our downstairs apartment and—"

"Ahem," I said. "Ahem."

"Of course," cried Mrs. Pomfritt. "We'll rent it to the Clabberhouses."

"Fine," said Mr. Pomfritt enthusiastically.

Smiling, we all turned to the Nyes. I walked over and took Mr. Nye's hand. "I'm afraid we were a little rude before. My name's Harry and this is Sophie."

"You weren't a bit rude," Mr. Nye said. "My name is Nate and this is Alice."

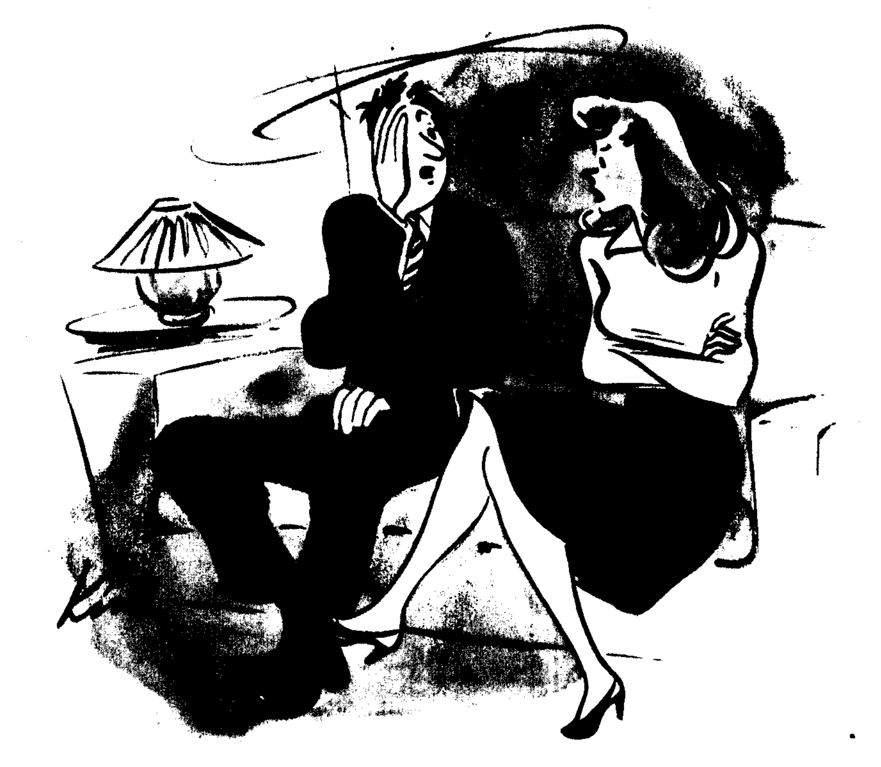
"How do you do?" we all said.

"That's a mighty pretty little girl you've got, Nate," I said.

"Thank you," he answered. "Your boy is smart as a whip."

"Yes," I said proudly. "He's a Junior Genius!"

THE END



"Of course I can take a hint. Why didn't you give me a hint?"

COLLIER'S KIRK STILES

Any Week

Continued from page 4

could he be a little more particular? What the title was and when? "Never mind," he said, "never mind. I just don't want to have no trouble with you, thass all. Goooby."

THE next was from New Hampshire. We didn't quite catch the name of the town. "Why didn't you accept that cartoon of mine I sent five, six months ago?" We said we couldn't remember and would he too be a little more specific. "Never mind," said he. "You didn't take it and I want to know what you think." We rummaged around our poor wits for a moment and then said, brightly: "Well, why don't you try again?" And that cleared up everything. "Good idea," he said. "Good idea. Thanks a million and goodby to you, sir."

WE HAPPENED in on a meeting of congressmen where a good deal of indignation was being squandered on the increasing resignations of members and the unusual number of announcements of refusals to run for re-election. It was the consensus that our congressmen don't get enough money. But the meeting broke up, off key, when one of them said: "Well, I've figured it out. A congressman's take-home pay is considerably better than his stay-home pay and I'm sticking if possible."

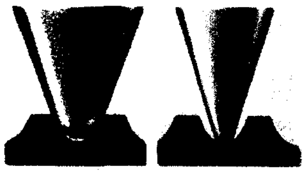
A CANDIDATE for something or other was warming up the populace in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, not long ago and seemed to be doing all right until he roared: "But, my friends, you don't catch us, the people, making the colossal mistakes our representatives in Congress make daily." Whereat a lady in the audience arose: "Pardon me, sir, but I think you're mistaken," she said. "Don't we elect them?"

FRANK DUFRESNE of the United States Wildlife Service, authority on Alaska, dodos, pterodactyls, carnivorous, swimming ostriches and other highly improbables, came in to tell us about Andy, sixty-six years old, a Republican, and Junior, sixty-two, a Democrat. They live in Sinuk, Alaska, prospectors, in a small cabin seventy-five miles from the nearest inhabited place, with twelve huskies for transportation. And they get along fine, Mr. Dufresne says, until just before an election. Not that they discuss politics. Lonely men living in the wilderness avoid controversies. But come election one of them hitches up half the dog team and silently heads for town. The other, sighing, "Well, I gotta cancel that damn' bigot's vote," hooks up the other half and follows. But neither ever speaks of it. Those two old-timers can't afford to have arguments. . . . W. D.

WHY LET NEEDLE-SQUAWKS DISTORT YOUR RECORDS?

New Floating Jewel* Tone System says "Goodbye" to needle-noise...chatter...hiss...and scratch

ON ONE RECORD!—an actual demonstration of the Crosley Floating Jewel* Tone System and the Master Tone Control. Hearing is believing—and you can hear this record at your nearby Crosley dealer's store.



NO MORE needles to buy—or change—or hear! Floating Jewel* Tone System uses a permanent sapphire stylus on delicately balanced tone arm. It plays on the sides of the record groove—cannot dig in (like sharp metal needles) to cause scratching, hissing or chattering.

NEW DELIGHTS await your ears—your favorite records played by the Crosley Floating Jewel* Tone System. Its permanent sapphire stylus on feather-light tone arm plays from the sides of the record groove—cannot dig in, wobble or scratch like old-fashioned metal needles. It makes records last up to ten times longer.

Also, the Master Tone Control gives you a choice of 64 different tonal combinations for radio or records. Select the one you like best for each type of program.

Nineteen new Crosley radios and radio-phonographs offer every modern electronic improvement—new beauty and styling—new high standards of mechanical excellence. Hear them at your nearby Crosley dealer.

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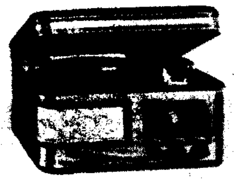
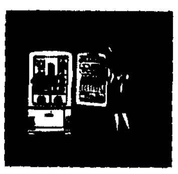


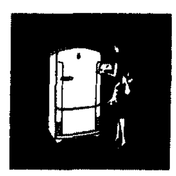
THIS Crosley Combination Radio-Phonograph, table model, is one of nineteen new Crosley instruments. It is an electronic achievement, a mechanical masterpiece, in a high-styled cabinet. Equipped with Floating Jewel* Tone System.

*Patented



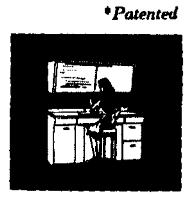
REFRIGERATORS

RANGES



HOME FREEZERS

LAUNDRY EQUIPMENT



KITCHEN SINKS AND CABINETS

returned, and to listen to them wishing one another *'guten Appetit'* in a hearty way.

"Around midnight when they finally understood that I couldn't stand any more of this treatment and that I was not going to talk, they left the room. They came back a short while after, carrying a tommy gun each. I was thrust against a wall and the guns were stuck under my chin. Then the colonel addressed me in broken English: 'You haf one minute to answer, wen you answer not we shoot.' He took out the watch from his pocket and started counting the time: 50 seconds . . . 40 seconds . . . 30 seconds . . . 10 seconds, and then 5, 4, 3, 2, 1. . . . The blood went rushing to my head and I fainted.

"As they were putting me into the car which took me to prison the cold night air made me come to. For a moment I thought it wasn't possible I was still alive. After a short drive we reached the prison and I was thrown into an icy cell. As I lay trembling with cold on the floor I could see the stars glittering in the velvety blue sky. I thought of the clear nights in Africa, when I used to fly over the desert, and I tried to imagine the wonderful feeling of being again free and a human being. But the cold was so intense and the pain in my head and body so strong that I couldn't think, and gradually I slipped again into the unconsciousness which had blessed me through that terrible night.

"The next day they tortured me again. By the end of the evening I was completely groggy. So they took me back to my cell. But before leaving the torture chamber I was told 'that from now on I would be tortured day and night until I asked to talk, since I had refused to answer what they had kindly asked me.'

"Back in my cell I decided to kill myself. I had no more religious scruples about it as I was beginning to feel the utter impossibility of holding out any longer.

A Chance to Commit Suicide

"At Ramiola I had hidden a razor blade in my shorts. It hadn't been seen by the guards and I still had it. Although I was handcuffed, I managed to get it and tried to slash the vein in my left wrist. I had to keep the blade in my mouth and rub my wrist against it. After cutting my lips and my tongue I finally felt the blade was biting into my flesh. I felt that some blood was dripping from it and I hoped it would all be over soon. It was terribly cold in the cell and I lay there waiting.

"Soon I realized that I hadn't done the job properly so I tried again but with no success. Finally I tried to slash the veins in my neck. But I was too weak and it was too difficult to do anything with the handcuffs on.

"Early in the morning the guards came for me again. They carried me to the torture chamber and started working on me again.

"Suddenly their attitude changed. I was carried back to my cell and there was a rough show of kindness which I couldn't understand. Shortly afterward Fräulein Ilse came into my cell. I was half unconscious and I remember believing, at first, that it was an hallucination. But there she was, with a pained look in her eyes as she glanced down at the mess I was, and she was talking.

"She said she had telephoned to Berlin to ask for my release. Someone had flown from Berlin to Verona to discuss my case with her and she had persuaded him to release me on the ground that I might get Countess Ciano not to do anything against Germany.

"When I heard this I told Fräulein Ilse that I would not be released on such an understanding. She then started to cry and said that she didn't care what I did, she only wanted to get me out of prison and into Switzerland because she felt personally responsible for my life since I had been arrested because she turned the letters in too soon. Finally I agreed to talk the thing over with the Gestapo general who had come up with her from Verona to see me.

"He repeated the proposition that Fräulein Ilse had made and I answered that I would not pledge myself to any action which might harm the countess. After a long discussion I agreed to convey the following message to her: 'She and the children would be killed if she did anything against the Germans.'

The Decline and Fall of Edda Ciano

Continued from page 24

"As soon as I could stand I was passed into Switzerland."

Pucci managed to stay on his feet for three days while he tried to contact Countess Ciano, but finally gave in and went to a hospital. There it was found his skull was fractured in several places.

(Those who read this account of what Pucci went through because he had helped Edda would do well to recall that the Gestapo and Fascists used these methods of terror and torture, with even greater cruelty, against hundreds of brave anti-Fascists who, inspired by idealism and the desire to free their country, had joined the patriot bands in the battle against the German and Fascist forces.)

A full year had gone by since these dramatic events when Allen W. Dulles, United States Office of Strategic Services representative in Switzerland, had his meeting with Edda Ciano in the small village of the upper Rhone valley to try to persuade her to give him her husband's diary. As she sketched the almost living role these little books had played in her life before she escaped to Switzerland, it became apparent that she would cling to them with all her power as the last link to the past and possibly her only bridge to the future.

"The closet is small, but it will keep your clothes pressed"

COLLIER'S H. SYVERSON

Conflicting motives made her hesitate. On the one hand was the desire to carry out her husband's last wishes regarding the diary, to satisfy her personal vengeance against the Germans, and to rehabilitate herself and her husband in the eyes of the Allies. As against this she was apprehensive about the safety of herself and her children if news leaked out that the diary had been surrendered to the Allies.

She wanted to bargain, but at the same time shied away from imposing conditions which would nullify what she wished to have considered as a generous gesture. She wanted assurances that she could get out of Switzerland with her children, preferably to America. She needed money but did not want to ask for it. She wanted to go through with the deal, but felt that once she had done it she had lost her bargaining power.

She required a good bit of persuading. And the argument which impressed her most was that the war was rapidly coming to an end, that in a few months the diary would have only historical interest and that no government would be much interested in it then. If she wished to do her bit to help in winning the war against Germany, there was not a day to lose. No promises were made, except that Dulles told her that in giving the diary to the government she would retain all her rights as regards commercial publication. She spoke bitterly of her father and could not forgive him for having refused to see her when she had tried to make a last plea to save her husband.

Of the Nazi leaders Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop was the one she particularly despised and she clearly relished the idea that the material in the diary might help to seal his personal fate. In fairness to her it must be added that although she was not in a rosy financial position she did not lay much stress upon the financial side of the deal.

Finally she gave her word that she would permit the photographing of the 1,200 pages of the diary. To make matters easier Dulles had not asked her to give up possession and volunteered to have it photographed in her rooms by an expert from his own staff. She kept her word and the day after the meeting, the photographer with an O.S.S. representative whose legal training qualified him to make a technical examination of the diary went to the sanitarium where she was staying.

The diaries were of the usual kind. Small, bound booklets, about 5 by 8 inches, one for each of the years beginning with 1939 and closing early in February, 1943, when Ciano was dismissed as Foreign Minister. Some days he would have so much to report that he would go over the page or attach a flyleaf.

Of course the documents were studied particularly carefully to see whether the original entries had been subsequently altered. There was no evidence of this, and any changes would have been easily detected, except possibly on the flyleaves, which might later have been rewritten. If he had wanted to make any real alterations, Ciano would have had to rewrite a whole year and he was certainly too lazy for that—or, to write two diaries, one for Allied consumption as Von Ribbentrop suggested later at the Nuremberg trials. Quite a number of pages were cut out entirely, but in certain cases this was traceable to a long absence from Rome when he apparently made no entries, as, for example, early in 1941 when he was a flight officer with the Italian air force.

Some other missing pages are not so easily explainable, but by and large, the external and internal evidence indicated that it was a true and contemporaneous record of his thoughts. Certainly, if he had wished to change the record toward the end of his career to curry favor with the Americans and British, he would not have preserved his cynical story of the Fascist attack on Albania and Greece.

It was only some months later when the military collapse of Germany had drawn the fangs of the Gestapo that Edda Ciano made her own arrangements for the commercial publication of the diary.

She wrote to Dulles on the day the diary was photographed and stressed the danger to herself and her children because of what she had done. She asked for certain protection and the eventual right to publish the diary: "I trust you and what you represent and I want a straight deal. So I beg of you to give me these guarantees. My mind will be at rest and I shall not have the feeling that I am just an idealistic fool.

"I must also draw your attention to my particular position in the country, in my fatherland and the reactions of the neo-Fascists and the Germans which were clearly and brutally said in one word—death. And they meant it. I should regret to die before having done my task and if I have to die, my children must be safe and well provided for. Another thing, the rest. The complement to the diaries are still in Italy. If you take me out of here, I am willing to go and fetch them. Only Pucci and I know where they are.

An Expression of Faith in U.S.

"I have put all my cards on the table and have confidence in you and your government and I expect a fair deal. And last but not least, I am no fool, or dumb, and I can help a lot. Things are not so easy as they looked and even my little stone to the building might mean a lot for what, we hope, is going to be a better world to live in.

"I am waiting with great anxiety your answer. Don't make me wait too long or I shall have a second and fatal nervous breakdown.

"Forgive the mistakes, but it's five in the morning, not able to sleep and too worried to bother about the right spelling. Don't let me down and have my thanks and regards."

The five volumes of the diary which were photographed were only part of the material the government had hoped to get, and Edda, as this letter shows, was ready to help in recovering what she had been forced to leave in the clinic near Parma.

So shortly after the German surrender, in May, 1945, armed with a letter from Edda giving instructions for the delivery of the documents, Dulles motored to Parma and found the sanitarium and the doctor to whom the precious papers had been entrusted. The doctor confirmed that Edda had hidden the volumes of the diary for 1937 and 1938 and a package marked "Ministry of Foreign Affairs—German-Italian Relations."

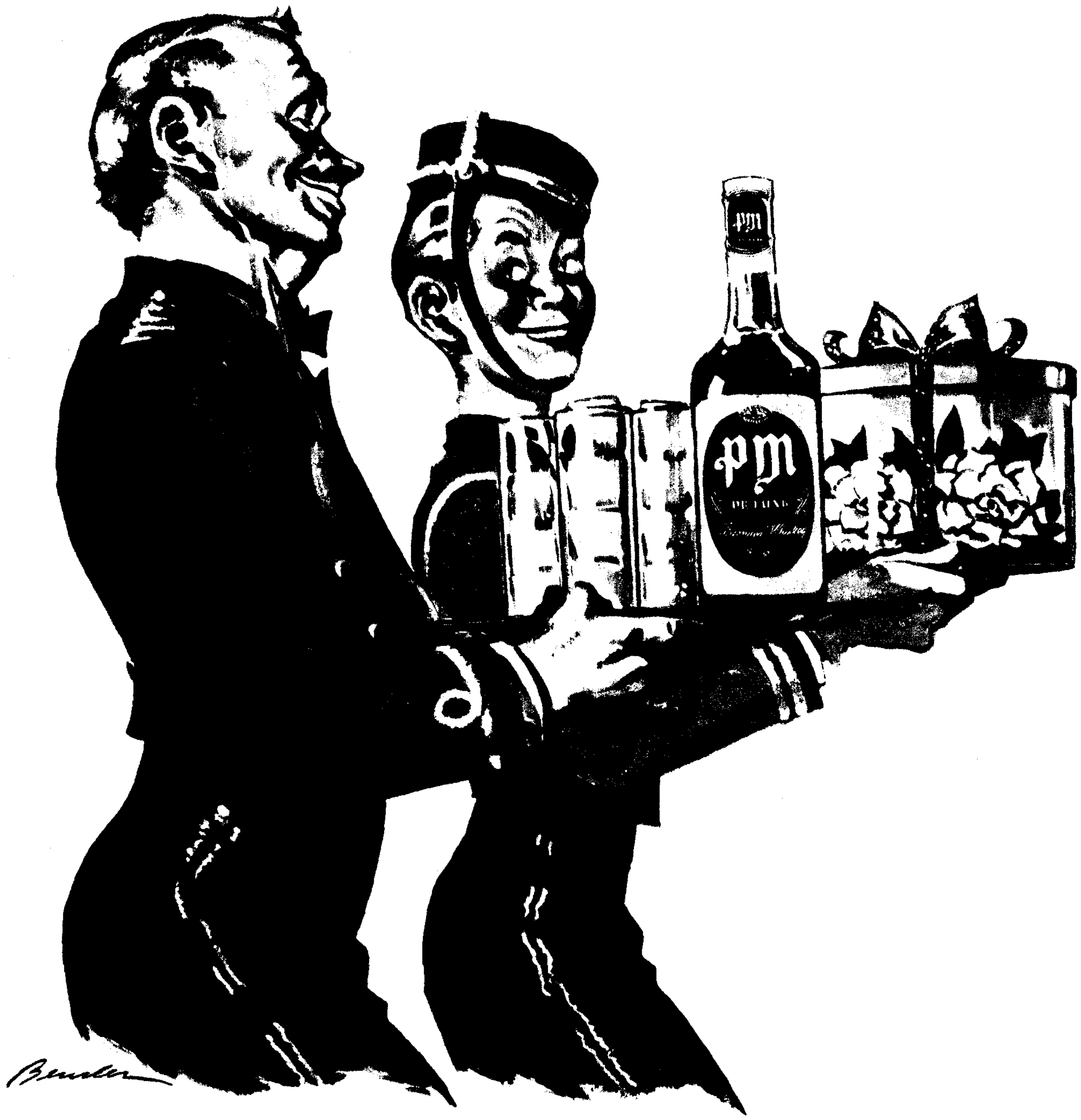
Two days after Edda's departure for Switzerland, he said, SS officers appeared at the sanitarium and asked for her, but did not insist when told that she was too ill to be interrogated. A few days later they returned and then learned of her escape. After threatening the doctor they departed, apparently expecting that they would learn what they wanted through Pucci, who was then in their torture chamber.

It was not until six months later that the sanitarium was again disturbed. The Gestapo sent an Italian emissary, who posed as a friend of Edda and blandly asked for the documents. Caught off his guard by this inquiry, the doctor asked for the written orders from Edda, which she agreed to send if she wished the papers delivered. This confirmed for the Germans that the papers were there. A couple of days later the agent returned bearing a letter from Edda, which was obviously falsified.

To gain time the doctor said that the papers had been taken away and hidden somewhere else. Then the Gestapo intervened in force. The doctor was taken to Parma. Under the threat of imprisonment he decided that the game was up.

"Why should I suffer torture," he said, "to protect the papers of a man in whom I had no interest and to whom I had no obligations?" Back they went to the clinic and all

(Continued on page 76)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Your Life TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Noise Is Out!

The exact nature of noise has been studied intensively at the Harvard Acoustics Laboratory for many years. During the war more than a million dollars a year was spent learning to deaden the roar of propellers as heard in the cabins of bombers. Results were so good that important advances in quieting planes and trains will soon be made.

Harvard scientists learned how to improve sound insulation by discovering that this insulation must have enormous area for its weight. Microscopic glass threads, woven into quilting and placed on the insides of plane cabins, were the result. Now, this insulation will be used on airliners, passenger cars, busses, even in noisy rooms. For stopping all echoes within halls and rooms they found that a lining of small glass-fiber wedges was most effective. This suggests new acoustic design for theaters, concert halls and lecture auditoriums.

In another research project on sound at very high altitudes, the Harvard workers found a way to redesign telephone microphones and head receivers to avoid the distortion of speech caused by changes in air pressure.

Important primarily for fighter planes, this discovery can be used to provide divers with new kinds of telephone equipment so that they can speak distinctly and hear easily even at great depths.

This Cotton Won't Rot

Government scientists have devised a chemical treatment for cotton cloth that will prevent mildew and rotting away in damp climates. The treated material looks and feels like ordinary cotton; the chemical does not discolor the fabric or make it poisonous, as some former preservatives have done. Tests made in special rot-producing soil show that the new cloth can be buried for a year without damage.

Fabric that resists mildew will be ideal for tents, awnings, fish nets and cloth bags for packing moist vegetables like potatoes.

Movies Go Aloft

Even if you're getting so used to flying that plane trips bore you, don't be discouraged. Airlines have begun installing movie screens at the front of the passenger space in the larger planes, and will be able to present the latest Hollywood features, news and shorts. Loud-speakers fixed in the ceiling will bring the sound comfortably within range of all passengers. A special projector has been devised for covering an oversize screen in the short length of the cabin. By drawing the curtains at the windows it can be made dark enough for a show, day or night.

No More Fuse Plugs to Change

The old household nuisance of the fuse plug that has to be changed in the cellar, often at night, is to be eliminated. An electrical concern will soon offer something new and better—a small circuit breaker based on the principle of the large breakers long used in power stations and factories. Instead of a piece of lead wire that is destroyed when too much current passes through it, a pair of spring contacts hold the circuit closed until a short circuit trips them by magnetic action.

Your future home wiring will be "sectionalized," just as power-plant wiring is now. The various circuits for lights and appliances will be wired through control panels conveniently located in the back hall—not down cellar. When an ironing cord "shorts out" the circuit breaker guarding that section of the wiring will snap out, preventing fire or damage. To restore the current, you need only to clear the faulty cord, then flip a switch on the panel, which resets the circuit breaker. No more groping in dark corners of the cellar to replace burned-out fuses; no more lighting candles because you have forgotten to keep a supply of fuses on hand.

Cold Will Save Lives

A new technique for refrigerating a patient's injuries is being adopted in hospitals. Ice packs, it is found, placed around a severely injured limb, actually stop shock, prevent infection and give the patient a chance to gain strength before a necessary operation. The cold treatment, much like ordinary home refrigeration, lowers the temperature of the injured part to about 59 degrees Fahrenheit, and interrupts all normal bodily functions in that region. By putting the nerves to sleep, it stops pain and prevents spread of gangrene. In accident cases where immediate operation is essential to save life, but where the patient is too weak for surgery, ice packs can put the whole injury "in storage" till the body is strong enough to survive the operating table.

Reports show that a mortality rate of 80 per cent, common in danger-list injuries, has been changed to about 80 per cent recovery by the simple use of ice. The method removes the desperate need for hurry and allows the surgeon time to work out the best method of treatment. He can now remove the threat of gangrene, eliminate the effects of shock and operate at his leisure.

Refrigeration has already saved many limbs that would have had to be amputated to prevent infection. It has even been used successfully to save hands and feet that have been frozen, and to relieve the pain and shock from severe burns.

Clean Those Carpets on the Floor

Cleaners can now buy a new soapless soap specially made for scrubbing carpets and large rugs without taking them up. It is a powder which is mixed with water and scrubbed into the carpet, then washed out again, bringing with it most of the dirt. When the carpet is dry, the remaining dirt has been reduced to a dust which can be removed by a vacuum cleaner.

Principally valuable to hotels, offices and theaters, where carpets cannot be removed without interrupting service, this "location cleanser" can also be put to work in private homes.

The equipment needed is a motor-driven scrubbing brush and a "wet" vacuum cleaner. The new soap will not leave a dried film or deaden the carpet, nor will it affect the "pile." In addition to cleaning, it disinfects the material, deodorizes and de-moths it.

Cloth That Changes Color

Shine red light on it and it turns red; green light and it is green; blue, and it looks like the sky. A nine-story stage curtain now in use at the Radio City Music Hall in New York has just opened a new era in chameleon-like fabrics that reflect strongly whatever light is thrown upon them. Called "glamé," and pronounced "glamay," the new material is a shimmering, transparent plastic that can be made into dresses, veils, curtains, even rugs and upholstery coverings. It has the usual ruggedness of most flexible plastics and can be cleaned by wiping with a damp cloth. Yet it is feather-light, some of it weighing only four ounces to the square yard.

The surface of glamé acts like a million tiny mirrors, so that different parts of the fabric glow with the different shades of light shone upon them. Illuminated by white light, the material is partly transparent, giving a soft sheen to its background. It is made of a delicate fiber warp into which is woven flat threads of cellulose. The new cloth can be sewn with plastic thread and "bonded" by pressing with a hot iron to give seams that are invisible.

Wandering Radio

The "fading" of radio broadcasts is an old story; not so old but far more troublesome, often downright dangerous, is the mysterious "wandering" of directional radio beams from their point of aim. A nuisance to radio telephone and television, this may be fatal to an airplane depending on a beam for its flight path.

Cause of the wandering is of vital interest to modern radio, with its many types of beams. For two years, M.I.T. scientist Harlan T. Stetson has made continual recordings of several commercial and government broadcast stations and of a near-by airline radio beacon. He finds that signals suffer badly from the weather, from the earth's magnetic changes, possibly even from sunspots. Changes in air density and humidity, Dr. Stetson believes, bend the beams as glass bends light. By collecting an enormous amount of data, he intends to establish laws by which the behavior of radio beams can be predicted. Already he has shown that the beam of an air beacon may be out of position by as much as two miles. Such an error, in mountainous country, could easily be dangerous.

The M.I.T. research may soon be extended to making field tests throughout the country. By collaboration with the Weather Bureau, a definite performance chart of every radio transmitting station can be worked out, matching beam strength and direction with weather conditions and magnetic variations. It will then be possible to make corrections at the station and at receivers, giving a new standard of reliability and safety. ★★★

The Decline and Fall of Edda Ciano

Continued from page 74

the documents were handed over. Probably they have disappeared forever, although the Germans have such a love of preserving records that they may yet turn up in the mass of archives seized by Allied armies.

Under cross-examination, the doctor denied that he had read the missing papers. Dulles did not believe him; it seemed incredible that anybody should have the custody of papers of so great historical interest and not have the human curiosity to read them. He persisted in his denials.

Finally, Dulles said, "You had the diary for 1938 and I cannot believe that you would not have the curiosity to read what Ciano had to say about the famous, or infamous, Munich conference." This struck home. Yes, the doctor said, he had looked at the pages for September, 1938, when the conference was held, and all these pages were cut out!

Reticence Regarding Munich

It seems inconceivable that Ciano did not recount those momentous days. Far more probable, he concluded at some later date that the views he expressed of Munich at the time of the conference would hardly enhance his reputation in a world dominated by the victorious armies of the United Nations.

The last word Dulles received from Edda Ciano was in two letters written in June, 1945.

"Please, if you can, do something for my family. They are guilty only to have the same name as my father. My father has payed; it was, alas, the only logical conclusion to that amazing life—only I can't think of that exhibition on Piazzale Loreto. (The square in Milan where Mussolini's body was displayed.) But then idols can't be taken down gently when people don't believe in them any more. They are thrown down and put to pieces by the same blind and stupid crowd which used to adore and cheer. As you see I try to take the philosophical point of view not to break down. But God, it's hard.

"To get back to the purpose of this letter, try to save my family. . . . It seems strange that I am asking you this, but you are a human thinking being with a heart and really shall we all go savage?"

And then in another letter of about the same date she wrote:

"I really hope that the publication of the diaries, apart from the interest they have, may be able to clear the memory of my husband and show him as he really was. If that would be so, all my sorrows and troubles and humiliations would have not been in vain. Unfortunately I could not do it before, but as you very well know it was not my fault."

It is difficult to understand Count Ciano's mentality in believing that the diary would enhance his reputation in the democracies. He seemed entirely blind to the fact that Italy's unprovoked attacks on Abyssinia, Albania and Greece were international crimes. Ciano could see the mote in the German eye, but was blind to the beam in the eye of Fascist Italy.

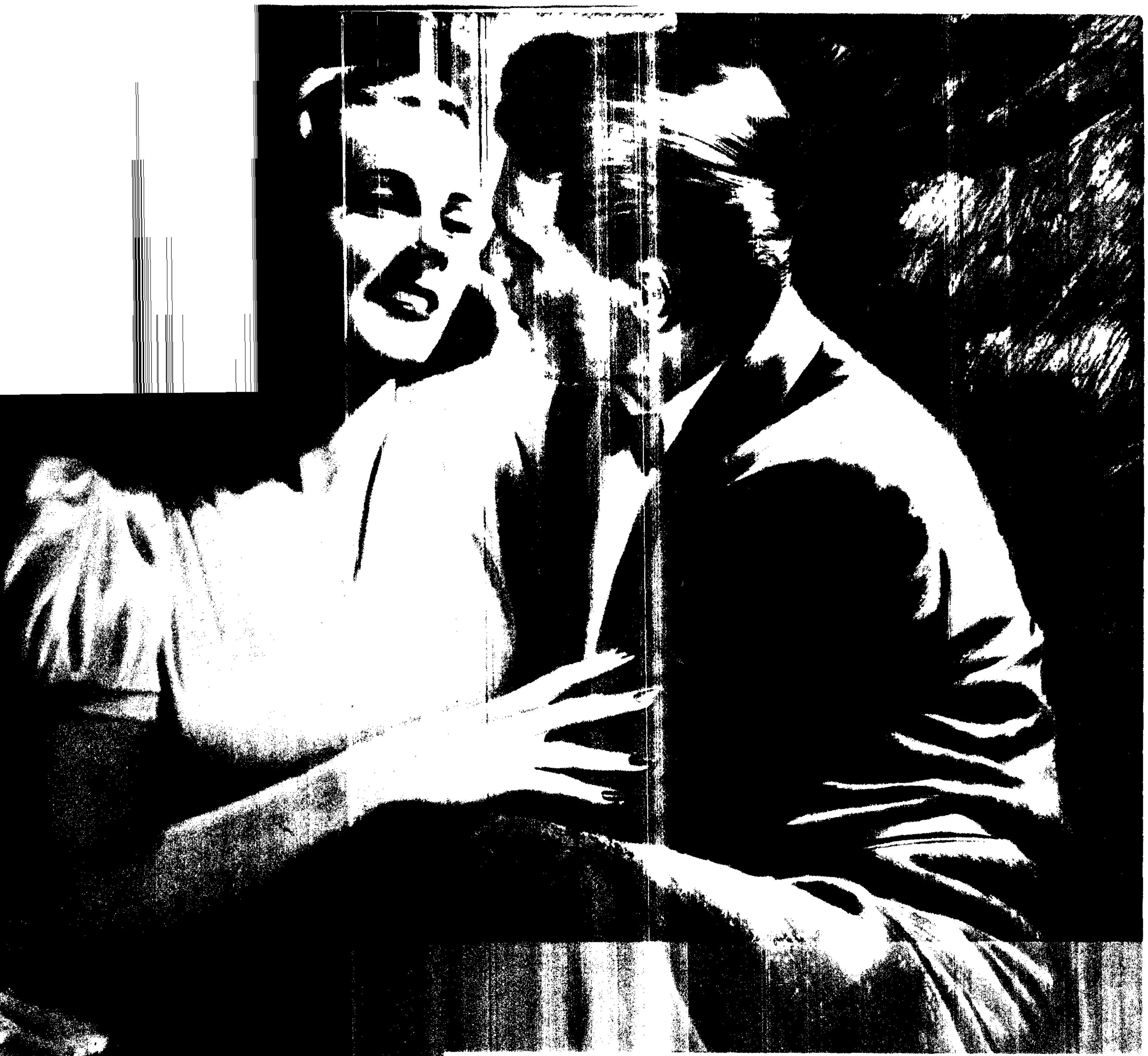
Later in this last letter, Edda Ciano refers to the plan of the Swiss government to expel her.

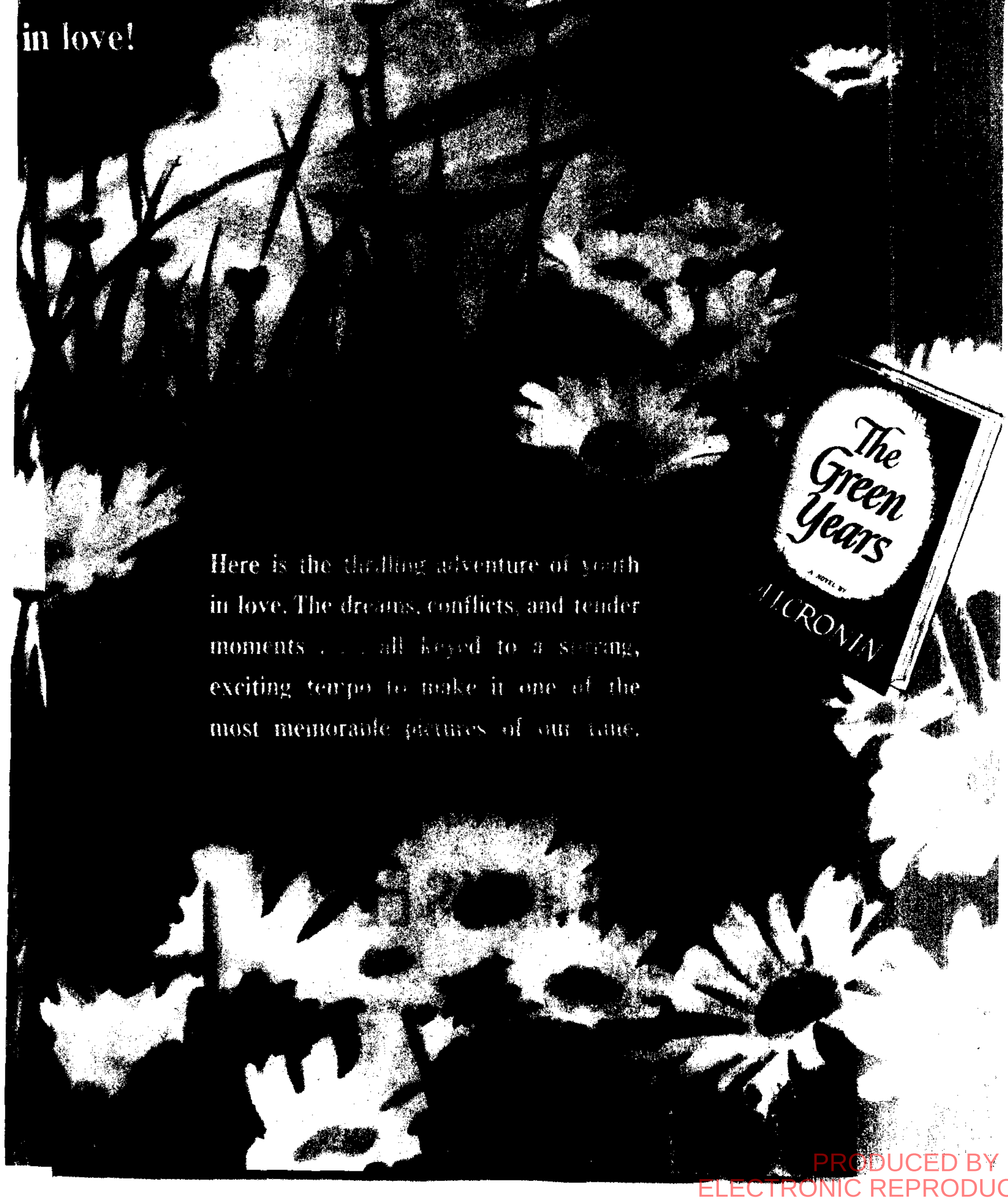
"Why is a mystery. I am not a criminal of war (how could I be?). My government has not asked for me. I have never in my life done anything against the Swiss. Anyway if they send me back to Italy I'll know the meaning of death soon enough."

Edda was overpessimistic. The Swiss, true to their traditions, were not unmindful of the human angle. They did not expel her until after passions had somewhat cooled. In Italy she received more moderate treatment than the daughter of Mussolini might have expected—two years confinement on Lipari, a small island some fourteen miles square, off the coast of Sicily. In the heyday of Fascism this same island was used by her father as a prison for those who had dared to oppose his Fascist state.

THE END

make him se
that loving her w
as natural as breath
...not something you
could run away from
or fight. Alison
and Robie are all
the young couples of
yesterday and
tomorrow who have
ever been
in love!





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M-G-M has caught, with vibrant warmth and understanding, the spirit of this modern masterpiece...

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HUME CRONYN
GLADYS COOPER • DEAN STOCKWELL
RICHARD HAYDN

Screen Play by Robert Ardrey and Sonya Levien
Directed by VICTOR SAVILLE • Produced by LEON GORDON
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

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Flash Flood

Continued from page 19

beside him, staring wide-eyed at the water and talking together as they always did. The ittle one had her thumb in her mouth, and he bigger one, Lois, who was just his age said, "Have you seen a pig yet, Joe?"

"Naw," he said gruffly. "Ain't high enough yet."

"Isn't high enough," Lois said mildly.

"What you doing down here?" Tom said. "Girls ought to stay off the bridge when the lood comes."

They amused themselves for a few minutes hen, relating horrible tales of bridges collapsing under sudden floods and drowning ittle children; and some of the younger ones fidgeted and edged back from the railng, but the minister's daughters stayed beside him, and Lois said, "You're making up stories again, Joe," and shut them up. She always made him feel uncomfortable with her precise grammar and her big, grave eyes.

He glanced at her, now, noticing that she was standing with her chin on the bridge railing, watching the water flow beneath her, faster now and deeper, her hands holding the bridge railing so tightly he could see the small white scar on her left forefinger where she had cut herself playing football with them the past fall. He had always wanted to talk with someone about the mysterious power of the river and the spring and the loods, and he decided Lois must feel the same way and, like himself, didn't have the words.

"You dreaming?" Eddie asked. "Wake up."

He shook his head and bent over the railng, his hair falling over his eyes and tickling his short, straight nose, absorbed deeply at once in the rush of the water, now lapping at the very top of the undercut bank and swishng well above the drayman's pasture fence in the lower meadow to their right.

He saw the drayman whack his grays heartly across their flanks, and the grays acted like a pair of skittish colts, prancing up and neighing shrilly and then galloping out in the rising water of the meadow, getting their noses wet and swishing their tails with what seemed to him great joy at this unexpected sight.

THEN Tom, with one foot on the second railing, shouted, "Here comes the water!" and Joe looked out to the north, following the swing of Tom's arm, and saw the low wall of water rolling toward the bridge, engulfing the turns of the creek and sweeping a mixed conglomeration of rubbish before it.

"Boy!" Eddie said. "Look at it come."

The water was two hundred yards away, across the drayman's meadow, then over the bend by the railroad bridge, then in the meadow, driving the grays back to high ground, and suddenly it was under them, a three-foot wall of grumbling dirty water that hit the bridge pilings with a solid thud, losing some but not much of its strength, and roaring on down the creek behind them; and as quickly before his eyes, the meadow was under a wide covering sheet of brackish water all filmed with debris, and the children were crowding the railing excitedly, straining their eyes to see a pig, for it was now or never, on the crest of the flood, that the unfortunate porker would come bouncing along.

"Should see one soon," Tom said hopefully.

The children were shouting at every piece of rubbish that remotely resembled a pig. They yelled "Pig" at old logs and gas cans and once they thought they had it in a weather-beaten tabletop that bobbed up about fifty feet from the bridge. Joe did not speak or yell, for that was beneath his dignity, nor did Eddie and Tom who stood on the railing, aloof from the younger children and watching where Elmer had taught them to, far up the meadow at that point just under the railroad bridge between the high banks, where everything coming down the creek had to pass and they could see, for just a moment, the true outline of its identity.

"I don't think a pig is coming," Lois said.

Joe turned, surprised, and saw Lois looking up the creek at the same spot where he had been watching; and for a moment he was very angry, feeling somehow like a poacher who found another poacher on the hunting ground he considered his own. He said, "What you looking way up there for? You can't see nothing."

"You look up there," Lois said. "So do Tom and Eddie. I know because I've watched you. And you and Tom and Eddie always see the pig first."

He was confronted with a grave situation here; Lois had discovered how they managed to see everything first, five to ten seconds before the others, and if she didn't keep the secret, all the children would look there and then they would have an awful fight over who saw the pig first. He wondered what he should do and, thinking of nothing that seemed right, he rubbed his mouth with his hand and said, "You don't have to tell everybody about it."

She looked at him quickly, then at her younger sister, and her eyes were grave. She said, "Oh, no, Joe. I wouldn't tell them."

He said, "Okay," like he had heard Elmer talk to customers in the lumberyard, feeling somehow in her debt and that she was doing him a favor. He didn't like for girls to be doing him favors, especially if Tom and Eddie noticed it, because they would kid him silly.

"Watch what you're doing," Tom said, glancing at him. "Talking to old girls again."

He said, "I was not."

"Watch for the pig," Eddie said.

He saw the familiar outline at the same moment Tom and Eddie opened their mouths; and in the instant they shouted all together, "Pig!" he heard beside him and just a fraction of a second before they shouted, Lois' voice, very soft and excited, crying, "Oh, I see one," and then all the children were yelling at once, and he forgot about her as the pig came tumbling along in the current, a small and runty one, but still a pig.

It had been caught in the lower meadows somewhere up the creek, and its short legs hadn't been fast enough to make the higher ground; and now it was a dead pig and rolling down the creek to the big river, where the catfish and gar and old turtles would make many a good meal on it.

Eddie was saying, "We all yelled at once," and Tom got down from the railing and hitched up his shorts and scratched his nose, grinning broadly at them.

"We sure did," Tom said, looking scornfully at the younger children, who were silent now, staring at them respectfully. "Now Elmer has to buy us all ice cream and pop."

"And August," Eddie added.

Joe did not look at Lois when they started up the road toward the lumberyard, but he knew she was following them with her sister and the other children, trooping along in their wake as they always did. He wondered if he had really heard her say the word, before they yelled, and he thought that was impossible, she couldn't have—not a girl.

The street was drying under the sun and the mud was sticky under their feet, clinging in big gouts and weighing them down. They crossed the tracks and angled toward the lumbershed, and he saw his father and Elmer standing on the porch, smoking and talking with Butch Becker, the filling-station owner across the street, and the saloonkeeper, Dale Beigler. Elmer waited until they stepped on the scale and began cleaning their feet before he went into their usual routine.

"No luck, huh?" he asked, a twinkle far back in the depths of his blue eyes.

"Well," Eddie said, looking at Tom and Joe, "we saw a pig."

"No," Elmer said. "You're kidding."

"Just a little pig," Eddie added, "but he was a real one. A Poland China, we could tell that, with a crooked tail and one torn ear. He was awful young."

"You sure?" Elmer asked again, looking at them and then over their heads at the younger children.

Then they all shouted assent at once; and Elmer looked at Dale Beigler and said, "You got enough ice cream for these three outlaws?"

"And pop," his father said. "We promised pop, too."

Dale made a long face and rubbed his fat stomach reflectively, while they waited in an agony of anticipation. Then Dale grinned, the smile they all loved so much, and said, "Plenty of ice cream."

"Well, come on then," Elmer said. "Let's go get it."

Elmer started up the sidewalk with Dale, and Eddie and Tom pulled at Joe's sleeve and moved out after them.

Then Lois was beside him and she said timidly, "Thank you for letting me watch beside you, Joe. I won't tell anyone about where to look, not even Eunice." Eunice was her sister.

He took a step after Tom and Eddie, and he knew his father was watching him quizzically, smiling over his cigar; and then he couldn't go on, for he was thinking about the minister and how he knew that the minister didn't have enough money to spend on ice cream and pop for Lois and Eunice like his own father and Eddie's and Tom's fathers.

He stopped and looked up at his father, fumbling for the right words, and his father removed his cigar from his mouth and said, "Hurry up, Joe, or you won't get your ice cream."

He said, "Lois called first."

"What's this?" his father asked, smiling faintly.

LOIS bit her lip and whispered, "Please, Joe," but he shook off her bashful arm and said, "Honest she did, Dad. She was beside me and she found out Elmer's trick by watching us, and she saw the pig first. She yelled, not very loud, just before we did. So she really won the ice cream." Then he got back some of his superiority by saying, "Aw, she's too bashful to say so, that's all. But she did."

His father said, "Lois, did you see the pig?"

Lois looked at Joe's father and rubbed one bare foot over the other. She said, "I don't know, Mr. Kilean. I guess I saw the pig but I don't remember saying anything."

His father gave him a long look, and he thought he saw something very good in it, and then his father said, "Well, there's only one way to settle this. You'll have to eat ice cream and pop with Joe and the boys to make it fair. Isn't that right, Joe?"

He said, "Yes, sir," and then remembered that the minister didn't allow Lois to go into the saloon. He said, "But Lois can't—"

"You can sit on the bench outside," his father said, "and get Eunice some, too. Here—"

His father handed him a fifty-cent piece and he was completely astonished because that was twice his ordinary allowance for the week. He said, "Gosh—" and his father smiled and said, "Hurry up, you two, before they eat all the ice cream."

He took the fifty-cent piece and turned down the steps to the sidewalk, and Lois was with him, walking shyly about a foot to the rear. He stopped and looked back at his father and said, "Thank you, Dad," and his father puffed furiously on the cigar for a moment and then looked at him sternly.

"No," his father said, one hand on the screen-door handle. "Thank *you*, Joe," and opened the door and disappeared into the office.

He walked up the street, wondering why his father had said that, not understanding at all; and passing the post office, he looked at Lois and said, "Why did my dad say that?"

Lois smiled and kicked her bare feet against the cracks in the sidewalk. She said, "Don't you know, Joe?"

"Aw," he said, "why should I?"

"You will," Lois said softly. "You will, Joe, some day."

He got red in the face, could feel himself blushing and he didn't know why; and he said, as they came to the saloon, "You sit here on the bench. I'll get the ice cream," and ran into the saloon, knowing that she was watching him.

He wondered why she had said that silly thing, and then he smelled the ice cream above the good clean smell of fresh beer and cigar smoke and chewing gum, and forgot everything in the great joy of the moment.

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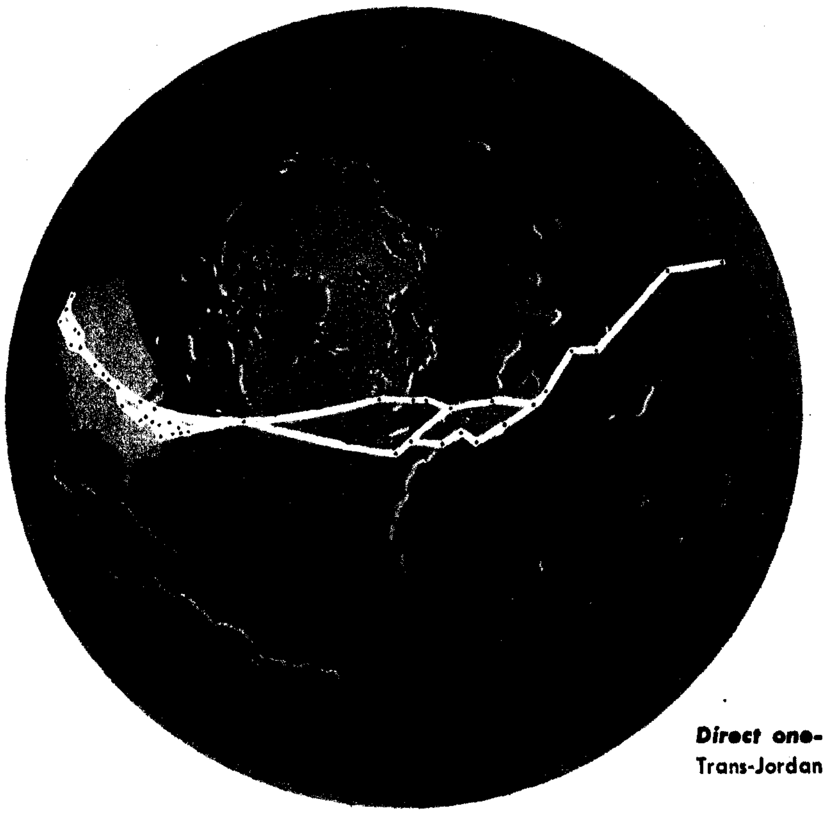


The Cub

Continued from page 14

could say plenty if she wanted. Alice been flying since she was sixteen. She had st as many hours as Robert.

hen breakfast was over, Tommy's mother him last-minute instructions, told him to e at least one call on his grandmother, if he should get tired of being alone, why, u can get in touch with us through Glo- and come up on the bus. I really wish would, Tommy. A month is a long time."

'll be okay, Mom."

ney went out to the driveway, but Alice ed behind with Tommy for a moment. oon as his parents were out of earshot, mile faded and her eyes searched his face. mmy," she whispered, "do you mind if l you something?"

ure, go ahead."

on't do anything you'll regret. Please."

ommy's eyes opened wide with astonish- t and guilt. He wanted to say something, the words would not come and Alice was ing away from him. After a moment he wed her out to the driveway and walked g with the car as his father backed it out ne tree-shaded street.

is father put the car in low, but held down lutch and leaned out the window to say, left the convertible here because it ld have to stand out up at the lake. You use it to go to the airfield, but use the tcars in town. And if you should run out noney, well," he laughed, "that's just too You should have plenty. See you later nd take care of yourself."

HE sedan disappeared around the corner, with his mother and Alice waving through ear window, and Tommy walked slowly into the house. How did Alice know ut Dotty? How could she possibly guess? e and his mother thought that Dotty was nicest girl in town. She was, too. So how d Alice have guessed at what he had just ntly discovered?

e stacked the dishes in the sink and ght of that discovery. Dotty had always his "steady," at least for the past three s, but up until now it had just been kid . Even kisses, back-seat necking, had more required than desired. Lately, gh, he had begun to change, and a kiss on a new and more specific meaning, an accompanying emotional disturb- that was also new—and exciting.

e had thought, at first, that it was due to e's disturbing presence in the house, with awareness of Robert's marriage and all it implied. But then he discovered that ty had changed, too. She was no longer just a kid with pigtails, and braces on her teeth. She was a growing woman, a revolution that had taken place virtually overnight. But more important than that was her awareness of him as a young man. He had noticed it first in her eyes and then in the startled, almost breathless, way she returned his kisses.

Tommy let out a deep breath and walked out of the kitchen into the living room. He looked about and listened to the silence of the house, and smiled. All his for a month; no one to bother him, no one to ask questions, and no one to become suspicious.

He walked to the telephone in the front hall and called Dotty's house. The kid sister answered, and then Dotty was saying, "Hi, Tommy."

"Hi. What did your mother say?"

"She said I could spend the day with you. Do you have something super planned?"

Tommy squeezed himself into a corner of the hall and scratched his right heel up and down his left shin. "Naw. Nothing special. Just sort of wander around. The gang just left a little while ago."

"Oh, they did?" There was a brief pause and then Dotty said, "And they're letting you stay in the house by yourself?"

"Uh-huh." He said casually, not even aware that he was lying, "I stay home alone lots of times. Dad knows I like to be independent. A guy's gotta be self-reliant these days. Plenty of men my age—" He switched his foot around to scratch the calf of his left leg, and said grimly, "We have to assume certain responsibilities in a hurry today. A man just can't hide his head in the sand any more." He added, daringly, "Or he'll get booted in the rump."

"Oh, Tommy," she giggled. Then she asked, "Have you heard from your brother?"

"Yesterday. He's got a layover coming to him, but he doesn't know when he'll get it."

"He's nice. I hope he gets home soon."

Tommy said, trying to hint at something beyond his words, "So does Alice."

"She's nice, too. But why does she always call me a waheenee? Do you know?"

Tommy laughed. "Wahini is Hawaiian for girl, or something like that. Al uses lots of words like that. When she first came here we could hardly understand her." He shifted his position, yawned and said, "I'll be by in half an hour. Dad left the convertible."

"Gee, that's nice. I'll be waiting."

"Let's get in some tennis before it's too hot."

"Okay. 'By."

Tommy hung up and walked out to the sleeping porch. He stuck two rackets under his arm and took his logbook from the bureau and slid it into a back pocket. Then he took it out, flipped the pages and studied the total of eleven hours and forty-two minutes, dual. A twinge of conscience plagued him for a moment. He should have soloed at eight hours. Seventeen was supposed to be a perfect age to learn how to fly. Yet, in spite of his talents on a tennis court, a baseball diamond and a football field, he was incapable of co-ordinating the flight controls. Swanson would probably wash him out today. He felt hot tears in his eyes, bit his lower lip and put the logbook back in his pocket.

He drove to Dotty's home, a few blocks beyond his own, pulled in to the curb and blew the horn. Dotty came out the front door, ran across the porch and down the steps. Mrs. Weaver waved to him from an upstairs window, and he yelled, "Hi," and returned the wave. But his eyes were on Dotty and he felt choked and his heart was beating faster. He was still astonished at the way she had grown up in such a hurry.

DOTTY was wearing a white pleated tennis dress, and her full auburn hair was tied with a bow, so that it would stay out of the way while she played tennis. She threw her racket and her bathing suit into the car and slid onto the seat at Tommy's side. Her green-amber eyes turned to him, and she smiled at him happily.

Mrs. Weaver called from the upper window, "Take your time, darling. Dinner will be a little after eight. Tommy, you take care of her. But then," she added, with an affectionate laugh, "you always do."

Tommy waved to her. "Yes, ma'am. See you later."

Dotty sighed and snuggled against his side, and Tommy pulled away from the curb. They drove to the private court of the Harrisons, who were away on vacation, and parked in the driveway. Tommy was paid to look after the house and keep the lawns in order during the summer, so he had a key to the tennis court.

He and Dotty wasted no time in preliminaries. They lobbed back and forth for a few minutes, then tossed for first serve, which Tommy won. He had a powerful serve and an excellent forehand, but his backhand was a little shaky. Dotty was a smoother player and had a good eye for placing, but there was no power to her playing. The few points she won were all against Tommy's backhand.

Tommy won the first set 6-1 and the second 6-0. They quit playing, as the sun was now directly overhead and burning hot. When they got in the car, Tommy was staring thoughtfully into space.

"Y'know," he said, "I can't understand that backhand of mine. I work on it and work on it and it's still sloppy. My stance is right and I follow through the way I should, but my timing goes haywire somewhere." He started the engine and asked Dotty, "What do you think about it?"

"Well," she said, frowning, "I'm not sure, but I think you rush it. Maybe it's psychological."

"Aw, nuts!"

"No. I mean it, seriously. Was your backhand weak when you first started playing?"

Tommy thought a moment while he was backing the car out of the driveway, then he said, "Well, when I first started playing I used to walk around the ball to take it on my forehand."

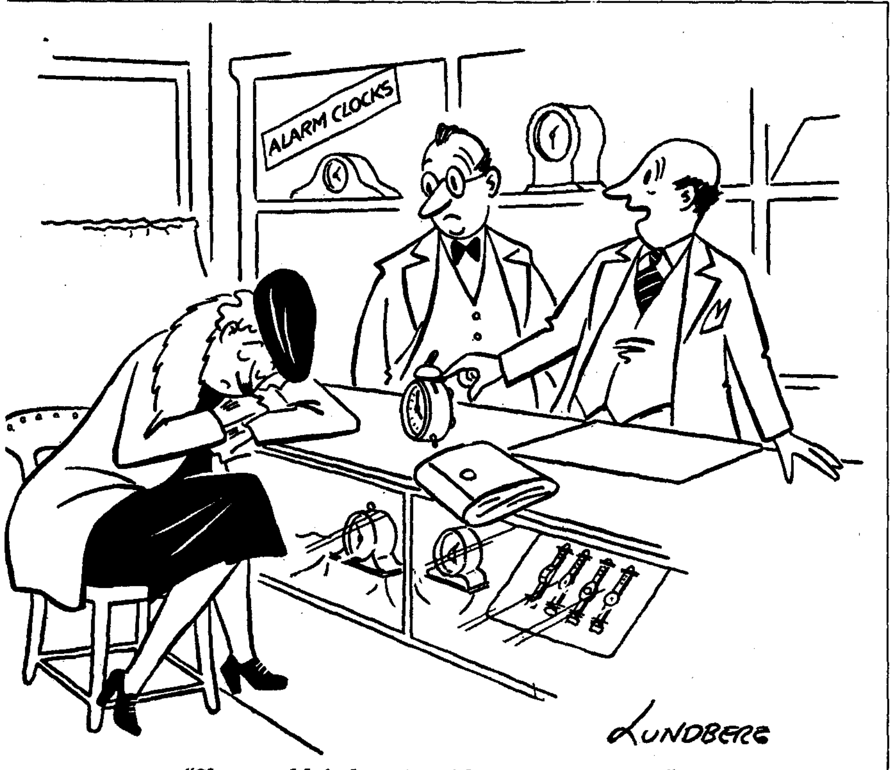
"You were afraid of your backhand. You're still afraid of it, so, subconsciously, you rush the ball, or take your eye off of it, or something like that. Don't you think?"

He shrugged. "Maybe. I'll have to think about it. Say, how about Pete's for lunch?"

"Yummmmm."

They parked on the gravel of Pete's Drive-in, and ordered two cheeseburgers, with the works. They had two more cheeseburgers, two bottles of milk, some pie and a bag of potato chips. Tommy ate all of his and most of Dotty's. He noticed that she was beginning to get fussy and ladylike about the way she ate. He was going to kid her about it but was, oddly, proud of her instead.

He was also proud of the way the counterman was staring at Dotty. He was an older man and what he was thinking, while appraising her youthful beauty, was very obvious. Then Tommy remembered that the



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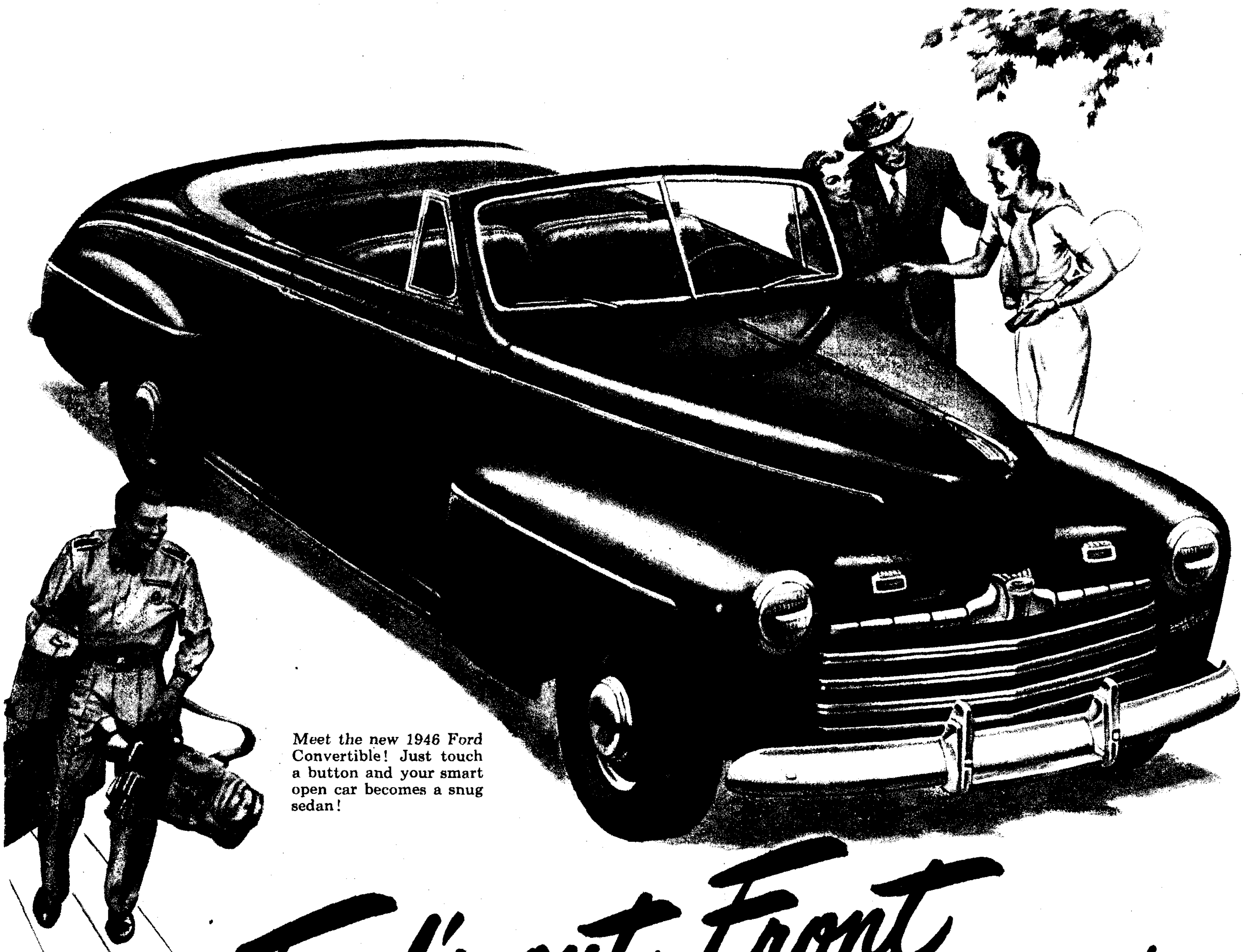

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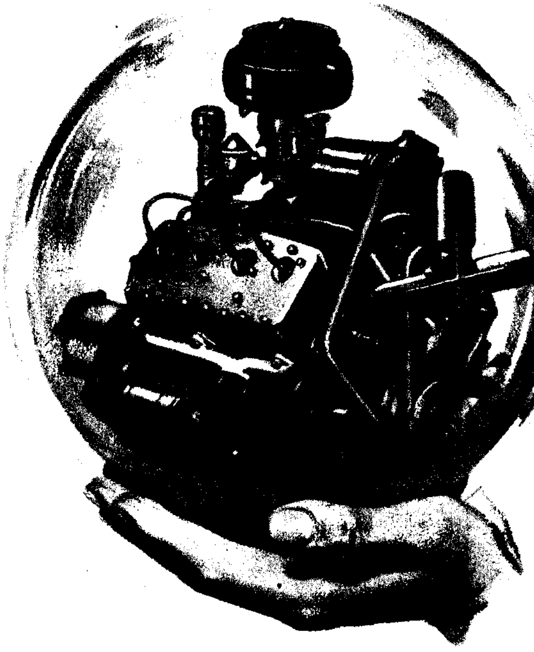

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fellow had once been in trouble over a young girl, and his pride and his smile faded. He paid the check, spun the wheel and left the drive-in with a shower of gravel from the rear wheels.

They drove out the highway and through North Sacramento with the top down and the hot wind curling about the backs of their heads. Dotty was slumped low in the seat and half-asleep when they arrived at the small airfield. Her skirt had crept far above her brown knees. When Tommy parked against the fence, she sat up, quickly pulled down her skirt and gave him an embarrassed smile.

Tommy started to get out of the car, but paused with a foot on the running board and turned back to Dotty. He felt a hard knot in the pit of his stomach. "Dotty," he whispered.

She glanced at him and suddenly looked surprised. "Why, Tommy, what's wrong?"

"I gotta tell you something I couldn't tell anyone else. I think Al knows, but she's the only one."

"Knows what? Tommy, you look positively ill."

"Yeah. That's how I feel. You know why Dad let me stay here while they went up to the lake? Because of my flying. I said I had to stay to get enough hours so I could pass the CPA exams and get my pilot's license next year. Dad is a few shades less than crazy about all this flying, but he wants me to be with Robert, if I can make the grade, so he backs me up."

"I know, Tommy, but—"

"Well—" He stared vacantly out at the line of little planes on the field and said hollowly, "I can't make the grade. I know it already. I wouldn't be surprised if Swanson washed me out today."

"Oh, Tommy." She patted his hand and looked as though she could almost cry.

Her sudden and heartfelt sympathy came close to unnerving Tommy. He had to get away quickly, before he changed his mind about the plans for the rest of the day. He pulled his hand away, stepped out of the car, jumped the fence and walked toward the line of planes.

THE instructor, Swanson, saw him coming and waited by the side of one of the little Piper Cubs, salvaged from government surplus. He shook hands with Tommy, but had to look up when he talked to him. Tommy was a good eight inches taller than the little man's height of five feet six.

Swanson rubbed a hand over his red windburned face and grunted, "Let's get goin'. Pylon eights and spot landings again."

"Look, Mr. Swanson—"

"Uh-huh?"

Tommy squared his shoulders, took a deep breath and blurted out, "If I don't straighten out today, are you going to wash me out?"

Swanson squinted at him from shrewd but kindly eyes and shrugged. "That depends on you, Tommy. If you're ready to quit, say so. But I'm not quitting."

"You mean you don't mind all the dual I'm running up?"

Swanson grinned. "Why should I? You're paying for it. But look, son; let me tell you something. The best student I ever had took eighteen hours to solo. It all differs just like people differ. I will admit, though, that you should have soloed long ago. Maybe it's me and maybe it's you. One of these days I'll figure it out, or you will, and then you'll solo."

"Yeah. One of these days." Tommy slapped angrily at one of the struts and cried, "Damn it all, it's got me licked! This should be the simplest plane in the world to fly."

Swanson leaned back against the ship and lit a cigarette. He blew out a puff of smoke and said, "It is. These little Cubs are pushovers. But one thing about 'em, Tommy, they don't have a mind of their own. They go where you want 'em to go. You think right—see?—but you don't act right. Your co-ordination is wrong, for some reason. Got any idea?"

"No. It's just that I don't feel right up there!"

The instructor's expression tightened and his eyes narrowed. "You mean scared?"

"Gosh, no."

"I didn't think so."

"But this co-ordination of controls—"

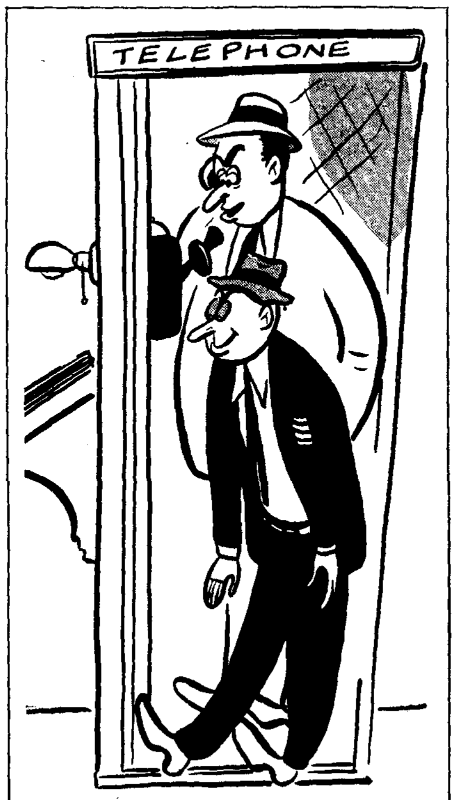
"Nothing to it, really. Co-ordination is simply a case of doing the right thing at the right time. So much stick, so much rudder and so much back pressure; they all have to balance. But getting back to the way you feel—just how do you feel?"

Tommy replied helplessly, "I can't put my finger on it. I'm not scared; I like to fly and I feel relaxed inside, but I'm *not* relaxed. I feel—well—tight and cramped, and sometimes my knees jump. But inside I don't feel that way, and it surprises me."

Swanson flipped away his cigarette and nodded his head at the ship. "Get in and sit down. I'll wind the fan."

He walked around to the front of the Cub, called the necessary signals to Tommy, and pulled the propeller through a couple of times. The little engine sputtered and caught and purred like a sewing machine. Swanson walked back to the side and looked at Tommy in the rear seat of the narrow cabin. He was hunched over, his feet on the pedals, his knees high in the air. Swanson shook his head sadly.

He swore softly, "I'll be damned. I never noticed it before. Is that the way you've been sitting all along?"



"I'm a friend. Can I bring your husband home for dinner?"

COLLIER'S WILKINSON

Tommy blinked at him. "Anything wrong with the way I sit?"

The instructor started to laugh. "Look, kid; you're over six feet. Didn't I ever tell you that that seat slides back so you can have leg room?"

Tommy grinned sheepishly. "Gee, I forgot." He reached under the seat, pulled the catch and shoved the seat back on its tracks. His knees were lower now, and his feet rested comfortably on the pedals. The instructor swore again and climbed into the front seat. He jerked his thumb, and Tommy let off the brakes and taxied out to the flight strip.

As soon as they were airborne, Swanson turned his head and told Tommy, "A gentle climbing turn up to a thousand." At a thousand feet he said, "Slide down to five hundred and do some pylon eights around those two towers to the right." When that was done, he said, with a satisfied chuckle, "Now climb to a thousand and come in over the field, cut your gun over the spot and do a three-sixty to land."

Tommy swung the little ship over a selected spot on the flight strip, closed the throttle and started into a slow turn. He remembered to keep the stick back for a moment after power was cut and then slowly ease it forward. He held the bank at about thirty degrees, kept his eyes on the field and felt completely relaxed, physically. Mentally, he was worried. It had gone so well so far. He concentrated on the job, felt the ship begin to float as ground effect and the heat took hold, kicked the rudder back and forth to lose speed, then eased the stick back and was rolling smoothly on the ground.

He taxied back to the downwind end of the flight strip and again headed into the wind. He was astonished when Swanson unflipped his safety belt and stepped out of the ship. He said casually, "Okay, Tommy; take it around once by yourself. I'll wait for you at the parking line."

TOMMY was five hundred feet in the air before he fully realized that he was actually alone in the Cub. For a moment he felt panic, then a great wave of relief swept over him and he wanted to shout with happiness. He grinned widely, started into a turn and mumbled, "Now, the right thing at the right time. That's it. Feels like a skid. Little more right rudder. Ah! Nose high. Too much back pressure. That's it. Easy now. Throttle back, not too much bank, keep that nose down, down, now up a bit, let it float, plenty of room, over the strip, back some more—" The wheels touched and rolled and the Cub began to slow down. . . .

Tommy sat on the edge of the swimming pool with his feet dangling in the cool water, whistling a popular tune that was more than a little off-key. It was late in the afternoon and, though the weather was sultry, the heat was not so intense as it had been. He heard the back door slam and turned to watch Dotty walking toward him across the lawn. She was wearing diaper-pants and a bra without a strap, obviously held in place by nature. Tommy saw the high spots of color in her cheeks and knew that she was aware of his stare. He looked down into the water, controlling his breath with difficulty.

Dotty dropped to his side, swung her feet into the water and sighed, "Gee, I'm so happy for you, Tommy. And all that nonsense you were telling me about washing out."

"Well, that's what I thought then. Funny, a little thing like a seat making such a difference." He laughed. "Old Swanson sure cussed himself out for not thinking of it."

Dotty splashed her feet and kicked water in the air. "Maybe I'm dumb, but I still don't get it."

Tommy mimicked his instructor: "Nothing to it, really. With the seat forward like that, considering my height, I was sitting in such a cramped position that it induced an artificial tension. I always made good take-offs, but after five minutes in the air my leg muscles would get tired and couldn't co-ordinate the rudder properly. That's what was wrong all along."

She shuddered. "Imagine if you hadn't discovered what was wrong."

"Yeah. Y'know, I think I know what's wrong with my backhand, too. A simple little thing I just thought of. You were partly right about it. I rush the ball."

"That's the way it looked to me."

"Uh-huh. Only the reason is different. It isn't because I'm afraid of my backhand: it's because the backstroke is too fast and then I have to rush the ball, whether I want to or not. I'll bet I work it out next week."

"I'll bet you do. Once a person knows, then everything gets pretty simple."

"Yeah."

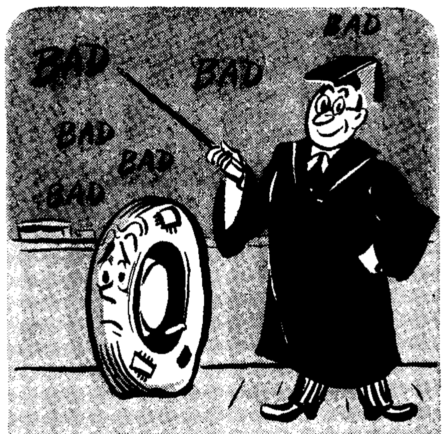
Dotty got to her feet, stretched up on her toes and dove into the pool. Tommy yelled and dove in after her and raced her to the end of the pool. They stayed in the water for an hour, then Tommy went into the house and brought out some cold bottles of Coke. They lay on their stomachs on the grass and sipped the Coke through straws. When it was gone, Dotty rolled onto her back and smiled lazily at Tommy. He leaned over and kissed her. When he pushed himself back to his elbows he saw the veiled, almost frightened, look in her eyes. The blood pounded in his temples. She must be thinking the same thing!

After a while she got to her feet and whispered, "I . . . I think I'll change. They wouldn't like me late for dinner."

"Aw, that's almost two hours from now."

"But I . . . I think I'll change, anyway."

"Okay." Tommy's voice dropped to a



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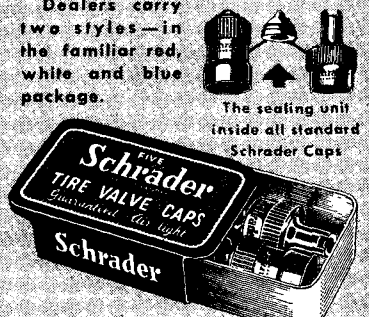

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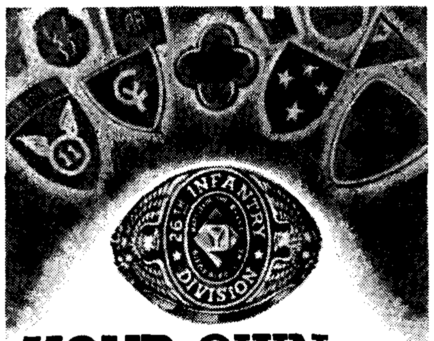

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husky tone as he asked, "What room did you change in?"

She looked down at him, that frightened look again in her eyes. After a moment she said, "Your room," then turned and walked to the house.

Tommy waited for a minute after the back door had slammed, then got to his feet and walked slowly, but purposefully, toward the house. When he was almost to the rear door he heard a light hum in the sky and looked up. A tiny plane—a Cub—was circling lazily above the house. Tommy felt a kinship with the unknown pilot and critically watched the way the ship was flown. It was smooth, very smooth.

Beautiful co-ordination, he thought. That guy really knows how to do the right thing at the right time. That's the secret with any—

His eyes came down from the sky and he felt the blood draining away from his face, leaving him cold. He turned away from the door and sat down on the back steps, his shoulders hunched over, his yellow sunburned eyebrows drawn into a straight line.

When Dotty came out, dressed again in her tennis clothes, he looked up at her as she stood quietly at his side. There was a curious look in her eyes that puzzled him.

She said coolly, "I thought you were coming in, a few minutes ago."

"I—"

"I was pretty sure of it, the way you've been acting the last few days, the way you've been—well—looking at me today." She paused, then said, "If you had, Tommy Linden, it would've been the worst mistake you ever made in your life."

Tommy nodded. "I know." Then he smiled and said, "But you can't put all the blame on my shoulders. You're really something to look at. You know that?"

"We're both growing up. And I am not trying to put all the blame on your shoulders." She smiled, sat on the step at his side and kissed his cheek. She whispered, "What made you change your mind? Tell me."

He jerked his thumb at the sky. "You wouldn't understand. It was just some guy flying around up there. He was good, plenty good. He got me thinking about something."

"What?"

"Aw, I can't put it in words," he told her. "It would sound too silly—and too simple."

He jumped to his feet, grabbed her arms and pulled her up. "Hey, look: suppose I called my folks and went up to the lake tomorrow. Do you think your mother would let you go along and stay with my family? Gee, we could swim and—"

Dotty nodded eagerly. "I'll bet she would. Hurry and dress and we'll go ask her."

"Great!"

Tommy slapped her on the back and ran into the house. Dotty jumped when the door slammed. She looked up into the sky, curiously, with a puzzled frown. Her shoulders shrugged delicately. You never knew what boys were thinking.

She smiled. But maybe that was the fun.

THE END

Rumanian Rhapsody

Continued from page 15

they would remember me and shout 'Make-up.' *Then I had to be made up, though no one ever saw me.*"

Groucho was full of advice. That name, Lisette, pronounced Lizzie by all three brothers. "Why don't you call it Lousette? That's simple. Americans could remember that." Groucho also had some cooking advice. "Can you cook Rumanian omelette? No? I will teach you. First you steal two eggs."

Lisette is very proud of her one compliment from the brothers Marx. "You went through earthquakes in Rumania, and a German invasion," they said. "Now you have made a movie with us. You have been through everything, and you are a good sport."

A Star in Red Cross Show at 16

In her native country, Lisette Verea was the daughter of a portrait painter, brought up with the proper schooling that included German, French and English. Her designing and acting talents showed up early. She made paper costumes for her girl friends. And when the society ladies of Bucharest put on a benefit for the Red Cross, she was one of the stars of the show at 16. When Nicu Kiritescu, producer, saw the show and offered to put her in one of his, she skipped off to rehearsal without even mentioning the matter at home.

"I sang double-meaning songs without knowing it. I memorized everything. Memory and nerve were my talents."

It was only when a producer in Budapest wanted her for a movie and she was still too young to get a passport, that she started lying about her age.

By the time she was 20, she was a success in movies and on the stage. She played in White Horse Inn, Front Page and anything else American that came along. Special comedies were written for her. Iancovescu, the leading comedian of Rumania, asked her to join him in owning and running a theater. They made the place famous theatrically in a year's time, but the business end was a shambles. They abandoned the project, and Lisette went back to the theater under contract. "I played little boys, girls, grandmothers; whenever they needed an American, I played it."

She designed all her own costumes. "I put bows on shoes, hats, everything," she says. "I introduced multicolored bows in Rumania. I made a waltz dress with every color in the skirt. I love color, especially fuchsia. My mother says that's a gypsy color. I love it."

She went to England to hear English as it is spoken. In three months' time she came back saying, "I say," and "Rawther." She also picked up a smattering of tap-dancing which she found came in handy; especially in a country where no one knew the difference.

She was playing in a parody on The Merry Widow the summer the Germans marched in. Everything closed down. Lisette was invited to sing songs in German. She refused.

"I had many American friends in Rumania," she says. "I talked English with them all the time after the Germans came, loud so the Germans would hear me. I wasn't troubled much, but I was afraid, when the Americans should go, that I might be. When you refuse to do what the Germans say, they may do anything to you.

"But I had a stroke of luck that helped me get out of the country. Al Bloomingdale, the New York producer, was playing cards with a friend of mine in New York and saw my picture. He cabled me to ask if I would be in a show of his called High Kickers. Naturally I said yes, because my American friends told me if I had a contract over here I would be able to get a visa to come. I got the visa. But it was necessary to leave by way of Turkey and the East, because of the fighting. It took me four months—the show had opened and closed by the time I got here. Anyway, I was in America."

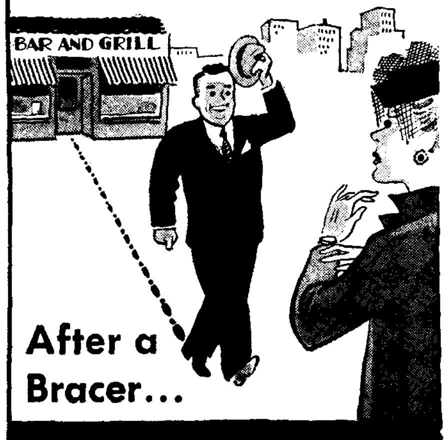
That was four years ago. Her first year in New York she tried a little bit of everything—radio shows, television tests, modeling—"mostly trying to learn what to do and not to do. Then came that wonderful break in The Merry Widow."

A friend of hers knew Director Brentano, and providentially was talking with him just when he was in a stew over filling one last part. He needed a girl with an accent. The friend got Lisette a tryout and she made good.

Right now Lisette is busy in New York, designing summer and Palm Beach prints, and working on her own wardrobe. "I have a fuchsia nightgown that is terrific," she says. This is a special wardrobe, because she is planning to be married. That's her next contract, and she says it's the best one she knows about. Who is the lucky man? She won't tell his name, but she will describe him. He is blond, he is handsome, and he is *not* of the theater. He is a businessman.

THE END

Make a Clean BREATH of it



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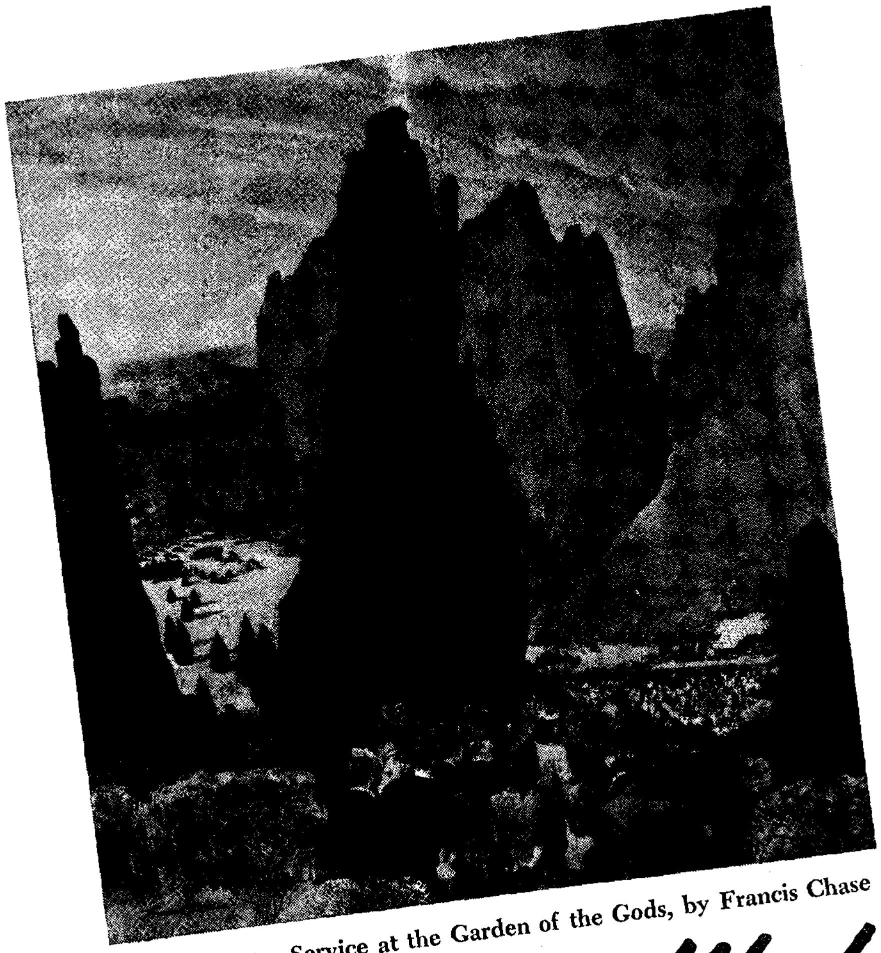

Sunrise Easter Service at the Garden of the Gods, by Francis Chase

The Week's Work

AT DAWN, on the first Sunday after the first full moon, after the 21st of March, millions of Americans will celebrate the Resurrection of Jesus Christ.

At the moment of sunrise, as the gleam of a new day touches the outermost eastern edge of the nation, choral voices will rise in joyous Easter hymns—"Christ the Lord is risen today, Alleluia!"

And as the sun travels westward, voices will take up the song in a nation-wide chorus.

In noble out-of-doors settings throughout the land, on hilltops, in groves, in open fields and parks, all touched with the pale green of early spring, Americans will greet the first peacetime Easter Sunday with prayerful thanks for the end of the war and prayerful hope for the end of all wars.

Starting at a few minutes after five o'clock—5:09 A.M. in New York, 5:23 A.M. in Washington, Easter music will sweep the Atlantic seaboard. Some 40,000 will assemble in a large field on the outskirts of Washington for the District of Columbia Bible Class service, where a Navy band will hymn the cause of peace. A little later, in the amphitheater of Arlington National Cemetery, some 15,000 persons will join in Easter song. Representatives of the Cabinet, of the Supreme Court, and possibly the President himself will stand at attention as a cross of flowers is placed on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

In New York's Central Park Mall, thousands more will sing and pray. Radio City's vast Music Hall will become a place of worship with a dawn service arranged by the Federation of Churches and set to music by the Rockefeller Center choristers robed in sunrise colors.

In remembrance of the promise of the resurrection of the dead, Moravians from all over the country will flock to gigantic cemetery services in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

Moving westward, sunrise will find great community Easter gatherings in the Cotton Bowl of New Orleans, the Rubber Bowl of Akron, among the oak trees of Forest Park, St. Louis; in Soldier Field, Chicago. The people of Indianapolis will gather in the center of town at Monument Circle. There each year, as the benediction is pronounced on Easter morning, a flock of doves is released high above the worshipers in a fluttering symbol of peace.

Still farther west, in Santa Fe, in San Francisco, in Hollywood, and in countless smaller communities, thousands more will sing of Easter.

Among the older outdoor services in the country is the one held at the summit of Mt. Rubidoux, near Riverside, in southern California, and the one held in the Garden of the Gods, near Colorado Springs, Colorado, which is the subject of this week's cover by Artist Francis Chase.

At Mt. Rubidoux a cross is erected to the memory of Father Junípero Serra, the heroic Franciscan of the early Mission days in California. Thousands gather at the base of the mountain at about midnight, the night before Easter, and set out on the long climb to the summit. There they rest and eat picnic breakfasts while they wait for dawn.

THIS will be the 26th Sunrise Easter Service in the Garden of the Gods, where a natural amphitheater is magnificently blocked out by great boulders of brilliant color. Pikes Peak is in the distance.

You enter the Garden by the Gateway Rocks—twin 300-foot giants of red sandstone (the scene on the cover). All around are rocks of strange shape, including a group known as the Cathedral Spires.

Here, as at Mt. Rubidoux, persons begin to gather at midnight. At 3 A.M. a corps of traffic policemen goes on duty to guide the thousands of cars streaming in from surrounding states as well as from all over Colorado. Bonfires and picnic suppers fill in the hours until dawn.

To attract birds, whose singing is a part of the service, the city fathers of Colorado Springs spread food for them on near-by Broadmoor Golf Course for a week before Easter. The songs of the birds are broadcast as background to the service. Chimes from the Will Rogers Memorial at Cheyenne Mountain are broadcast in the same way.

On the cover, Chase shows you the Garden as the sun lights up the Peak at 5:13 A.M. The first gleam on the great rock is the signal for a trio of trumpeters to sound the Call to Worship, and then the white-robed children's choir, standing in sign-of-the-cross formation, bursts into song. The sermon will be delivered by the man who held the first Garden of the Gods service, for only a few people, 26 years ago—the Reverend J. W. Luce. . . . A. P.

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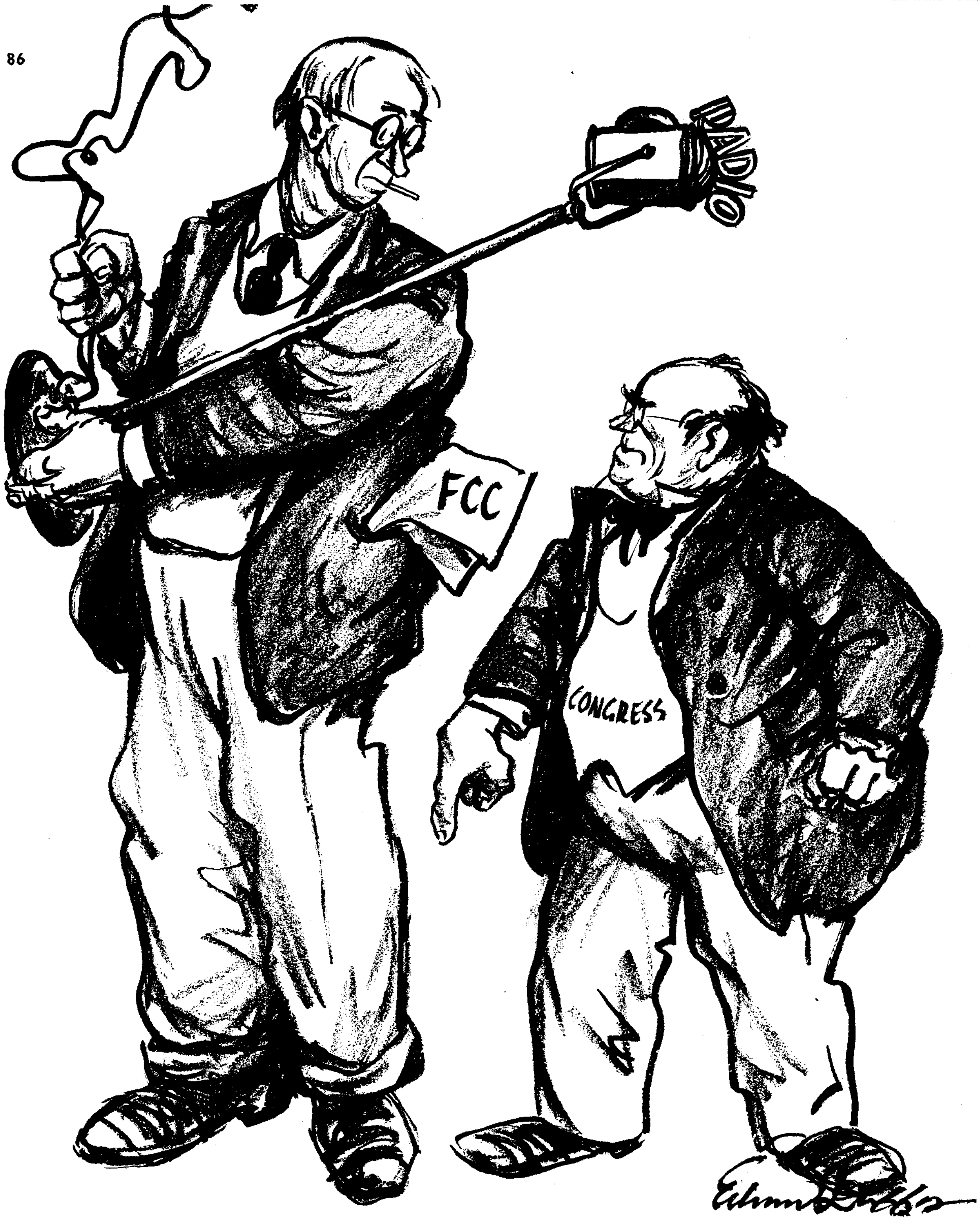


FCC RIDES AGAIN

THE Federal Communications Commission is up to its old tricks again, trying to interfere with the content of radio programs.

In a current 140-page report on the public responsibility of broadcasters, the FCC takes it on itself to warn radio people that renewal of station licenses and granting of new ones will depend henceforth on what is vaguely described as a station's service to its audience.

Elements of this service, it then appears, include the amount of commercials put on the air by a station, the amount of time given to discussions of public affairs, and the actual character of some of the entertainment features. A solemn curse is put on soap operas and excessive commercials. Then the FCC piously disclaims a desire to regulate radio programs, and calls for "forces outside the broadcasting industry" to do the regulating via criticisms and objections.

Holding no brief at all for the bad taste of certain soap operas and commercials, we think nevertheless that the FCC still suffers from its long-time itch to control radio broadcasting; to censor programs; to tell radio what it may and may not put on the air. The FCC has been slapped down on this score by an angry public opinion on previous occasions, but it is in the nature of bureaucrats never to stop trying to expand their powers.

This is the same commission that recently, and against the advice of various outstanding scientists in radio, booted Frequency Modulation (FM) radio off its long-occupied 50-megacycle wave band. If this ruling sticks, more than 400,000 existing FM receiving sets in this country will be made obsolete from the standpoint of FM reception; FM service will be pretty much confined to city areas; and truly effective broadcasting will stay largely in the hands of four big networks.

Radio's tens of millions of U.S. listeners had better get up on their hind feet and fight these latest FCC moves to arrogate radio-program control to itself and to destroy the brilliant promise of FM radio. One way to fight is to clip this Collier's editorial and send it to your congressman or one of your senators with any remarks you feel like adding.

If the public doesn't fight, as it has done in the past, the FCC encroachments will go forward, and a time can come when the FCC will be admonishing Mortimer Snerd to smarten up, or gagging Walter Winchell or Raymond Swing, or kicking some immensely popular comedian off the air because the FCC doesn't consider him an elevating influence. The upshot can be U.S. radio programs as dreary and depressing as most of those of the British Broadcasting Corporation, a government-controlled concern than whose offerings there are notoriously none duller on this earth.

Congress should long ago have taken away from the FCC its life-and-death licensing power over radio, and confined it strictly to the duties of an umpire amon stations in the matter of assigning wave bands. The onl proper censor for radio, as for the press, is the public To set up any other control is to violate the Constitution's guarantee of freedom of speech.

There may have been some excuse during the war though we doubt it, for postponing drastic reform o the FCC till after the war. The war is over now, an the reform is overdue.

DIG SOME MORE, PLEASE

OUR esteemed Allies and ourselves won the wa quite some time ago, but Victory gardens in th United States are as much needed this year as they wer while the war was with us.

As probably all of us are aware by now, a bad foo shortage has descended on the world for various reasons, and Americans are trying to help out.

Victory gardens, cultivated as energetically and i as large numbers as during the war, will be of grea value in this endeavor. They will increase the food supply, to begin with; but hardly less important than that they will cut down the strain on food transportation b railroad and truck.

So how about routing out the shovel and the hoe, a in each spring for several years past, and dubbing th appropriate vegetable seeds into the ground, and nursing them along till the time comes to harvest the produce? By doing so, you'll not only provide your famil with a variety of valuable foods for immediate consumption or for canning, but you'll also perform a mos patriotic, necessary and generous service.

HOW'S YOUR VETERANS' CENTER?

OR HAS your town or city a veterans' service center at all? There are some 16,500 cities and towns in the United States. Up to this writing, only about 1,500 of these have established veterans' service centers. Yet in these postwar times, a good veterans' center is next in importance in any city or town to the police, fire and health services.

A Collier's editorial suggested some time ago that a clearinghouse for information and experience on this subject ought to be established in Washington. Through this clearinghouse, all communities having service centers or wanting to start them could benefit quickly by improvements and new ideas worked out in each service center around the country.

It's a pleasure to report that such a clearinghouse has now been set up. It is headed by Marine Major General G. B. Erskine, it is in the Department of Labor, and it goes by the longish name of Retraining and Reemployment Administration. (See Vets' Best Bet, p. 34.)

Long name or not, the Erskine organization is carrying out plans which look more than good. Its first big job is the production of a book, based on the pooled experiences of 40 successful veterans' center directors, on how to do the best and fastest setting up of a service center in your own community.

There is no real substitute for a veterans' center run by the best-qualified, most sympathetic and energetic persons a city or town can find. About 30 per cent of the typical veterans' problems and worries come under one or the other of the two official veteran benefit programs. The other 70 per cent do not. In most cases, the 70 per cent of veterans' troubles can be ironed out only by local people who are genuinely interested in the veteran and are acquainted with local conditions, job prospects, public opinion, and so on.

Now that General Erskine and his staff have gone to work, with a policy of asking state and local governments for aid and advice instead of merely hurling advice at them from Washington, it would be a great thing if by this time next year all our 16,500 cities and towns had veterans' centers in flourishing operation.

It's a debt we owe the men who saved the country in our latest war. We ought to get busy paying this debt everywhere right now.

PLAZA DE TOROS
PLAZA DE TOROS DE SEVILLA
DOMINGO 10 de Junio
MONTE

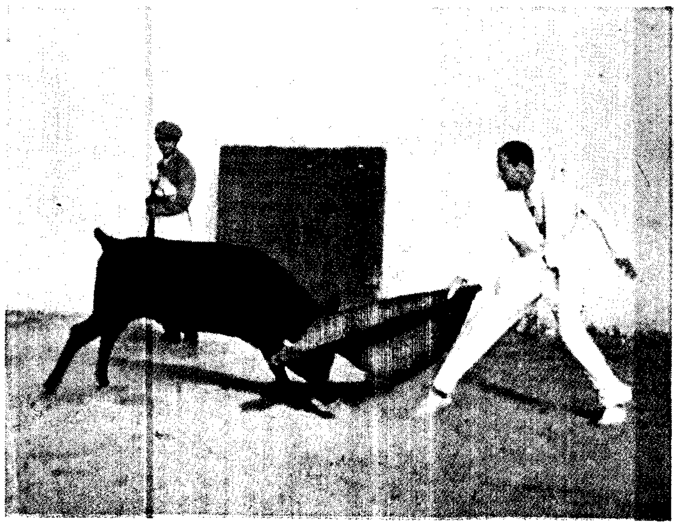
A lesson from

Spain's great bullfighter

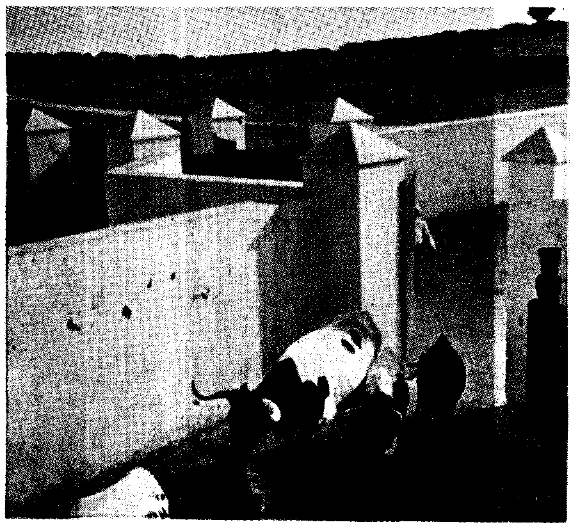
Juan Belmonte

1 **"Bullfighting as an amateur** was my hobby in Mexico City," reports Barnaby Conrad, novelist and friend of Canadian Club Whisky. "So when in Sevilla, Spain, writing my new book, I made for the bull-ring with the hope of arranging a fight. It was closed, but . . . 'Senor!' the *guardia civil* at the gate said, 'here comes the great Juan Belmonte. Perhaps he can help you!' *Did* he?—no man was ever more gracious . . .

2 **"When Sr. Belmonte learned** I'd done some bullfighting, he invited me to his farm where he was raining with young bulls. Seeing him work, I appreiated why he is called *El Terremoto*—The Earthquake.



3 **"Then—'Your turn!'** he shouted at me. At first I was all thumbs, but the little bull was a scrapper—had me on my mettle pronto. Under the eye of El Terremoto and his celebrated son, Juanito, I really strutted my stuff.



4 **"Later,** as the bulls filed to pasture, El Terremoto told me of an ambition to visit the States. 'Soon the great Pan American Clippers will be flying there in just a day,' he said. 'Then I may go.'

5 **"But I found** there's one Yankee pleasure he's already acquainted with. For in his patio I had the honor of toasting his unmatchable artistry in the unmatchable flavor of America's favorite imported whisky—*Canadian Club!*"

• • •

Even these days travelers tell of being offered Canadian Club all over the earth—often from a cherished pre-war supply. And why this whisky's worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon—yet there is no other whisky in all the world that tastes like Canadian Club. You can stay with Canadian Club all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after. That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

Canadian Club
Hiram Walker & Sons

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club"

Imported from Walkerville, Canada, by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof

"It's a Boy!"

— and his life expectancy is brighter, and longer by 15 years — thanks to medicine's "men in white."

Cold figures . . . with a warm, wonderful significance. This table based on figures from several leading insurance companies tells in seven lines as much as a five-foot shelf of volumes on the amazing strides modern medical science has made in protecting and prolonging life.

AVERAGE LIFE EXPECTANCY IN U.S.—1900-1943

YEAR	MEN	WOMEN
1900-02	48	51
1901-10	49	52
1909-11	50	53
1920-29	57	60
1930-39	60	64
1939-41	62	67
1943	63	68

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE!

THAT'S the significant showing made when three leading, independent research organizations put this question to 113,597 physicians in the United States: "What cigarette do you smoke?"

Figures were checked and re-checked!

And more doctors named Camel as their smoke than any other cigarette!

Doctors, like all of us, smoke for pleasure. Camel's rich, full flavor appeals to their taste...Camel's cool mildness registers with their throats...just as with millions of smokers the world over!

The "T-Zone"—T for Taste and T for Throat

The best proving ground . . . the most critical "laboratory" . . . for a cigarette is your own taste and throat. Your taste is the place to "test" the rich, full flavor of Camel's costlier tobaccos. Your throat will tell you most conclusively how Camel's cool mildness agrees with it.

T
CAMEL
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

CAMELS *Costlier Tobaccos*

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.